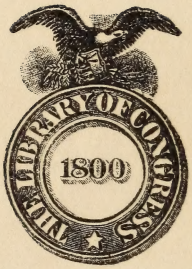

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TWO SUMMERS IN NORWAY.

TWO SUMMERS

IN NORWAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE ANGLER IN IRELAND."

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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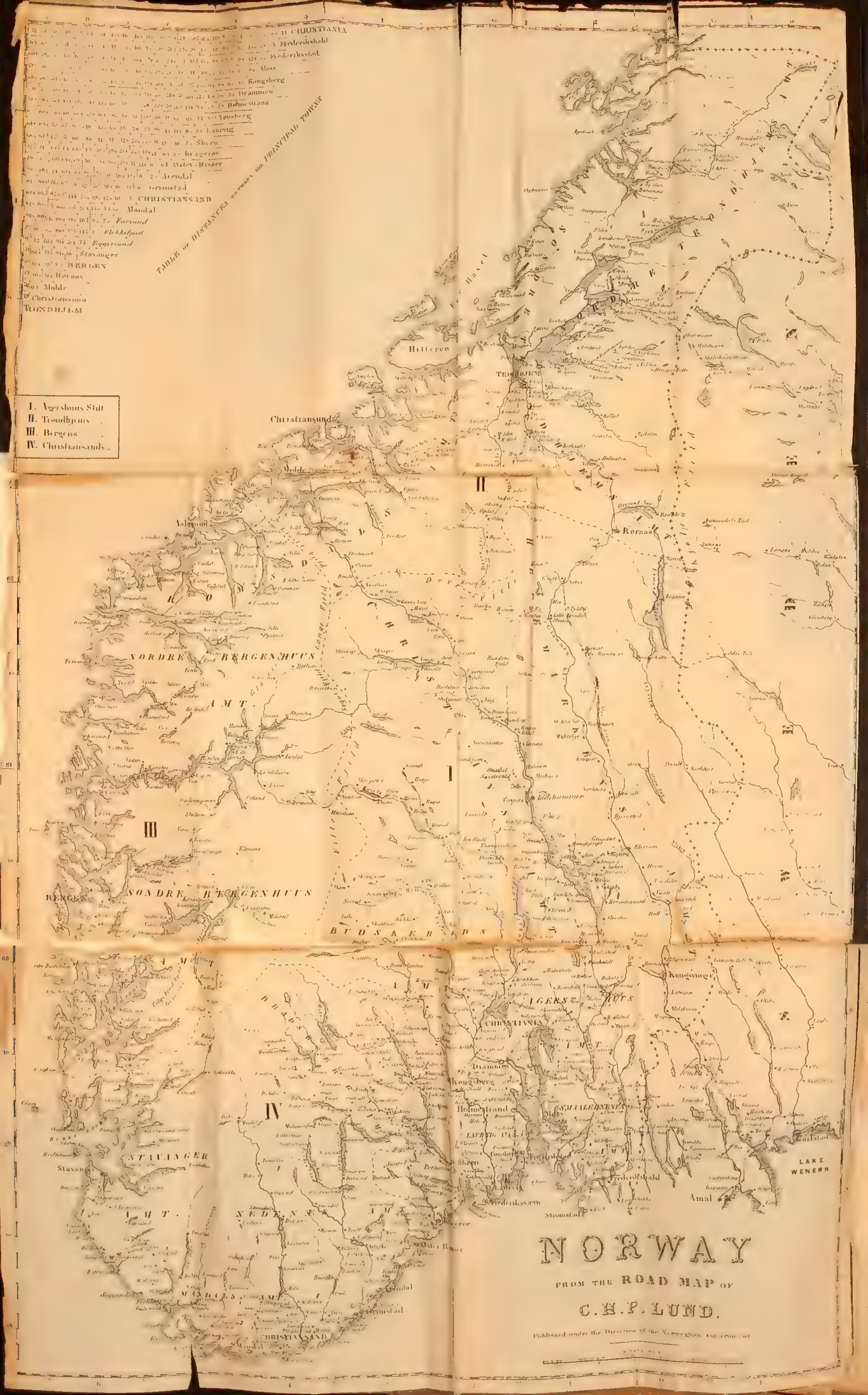
TWO SUMMERS IN NORWAY.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory—Reasons for writing—Interest of a Tour in Norway—Little attention paid by former Writers to the Picturesque—No account of the Angling—Norway pre-eminent in both—Ancient connexion with England—Different Routes: by Yacht; by Sailing Packets; a Merchantman; Steam Vessels to St. Petersburg; from Hull to Göthenborg; from London to Hamburg; and thence by Copenhagen to Christiania; Severally described—Copenhagen; Situation; History; Sights; Museums; Thorwaldsen's Statues—Helsingör—Hamlet—The Sound—Steam Vessels in the Baltic—Göthenborg—Beauty of Voyage to Christiania—Situation of City—Land Journey to Christiania—Falls of Trollhættan—Götha Canal—Kinnekulle, &c.—Uddevalla—Fredericshald—Sarpen Foss—Jonserud.

Of late years several brief accounts have been published of Tours in Scandinavia: but sin-



NORWAY

FROM THE ROAD MAP OF

C. H. P. LUND.

Published under the Direction of the Norwegian Government

gular to say, none that I have seen or heard of, give anything but the most meagre information regarding the piscatorial capabilities, or geological, or picturesque features of a country, which yet in all those respects is usually believed (and with justice) to be one of the most interesting within reach of the Tourist and Angler.

By far the best of these accounts is that of Mr. Laing, who has given most valuable information on the higher subjects of political, moral, and social statistics; which a two years' residence in Norway, and acquaintance with the language, combined with observation and intelligence, enabled him to collect. But Mr. L. is confessedly neither a Geologist, nor an Angler; while his pictorial descriptions of a country, so little known as Norway, scarcely satisfy the reader's curiosity. And even his very clever and valuable statistics must be read with a constant sense of his ultra-radical partialities in favour of Norway, (which appear inordinate in the eyes even of the Norwegians themselves,) and against

Sweden, which are scarcely less exaggerated; as they have the effect of preventing him from seeing any single fault in the one, or any merit in the other. Most northern travellers will, perhaps, agree with him in his main estimation of the two nations; but none, I think, can follow him without being convinced of the great exaggeration of his praise, equally as of his blame.

I have ventured to say this much, in order to show that there remains enough of unoccupied ground, to excuse another example of the *cacoëthes scribendi*. Without further allusion to other previous accounts, I may add in justification of this attempt to render my countrymen, and especially my brother Anglers, better acquainted with some of the features of Scandinavia, scarcely touched upon by former writers, that, besides having spent two entire summers there very recently, and having made myself sufficiently familiar with the language to converse with the natives, at least, without an interpreter, I have traversed many most roman-

tic districts, which, if visited, have not been described by Englishmen; and, above all, have been fortunate enough to pass the longest time, and have had the greatest success, on what I believe to be the best Salmon river yet known to Anglers, of any votary of the Gentle Art.

I need not detain the reader with any further attempts to explain my motives in thus adding to the overgrown literature of the day: I feel confident that if only my little notice have the effect of inducing any intelligent traveller to visit the "Land of the Fjeld and the Fjord," his own sensations will soon teach him to cease to wonder, that I should have attempted to convey to others, some faint idea of the strange delight and interest, a Scandinavian Tour is calculated to afford.

All is, indeed, so strange to one who has only trodden the hacknied route of Southern Europe: the scenery, the climate, and consequent mode of life, the strongly marked features both of the country and its inhabitants, the in-

stitutions, the language, all distinguish the stern North from the sunny South, so much, that a rambler accustomed to the plains of France, or the shores of the Mediterranean, imagines himself transported to another hemisphere. This novelty, this raciness of contrast, cannot but be highly exciting. But what greatly increases the interest of the Tour to an Englishman is, that in most of these points of contrast, he discovers so many links of union with the olden history of his own country.

The Northern men played far too important a part in Britain during the very period of the formation of our national character, not to have stamped indelible traces on its adolescent institutions. The progress of improvement has been much less rapid with them, than with us: so that we find there still existing, in almost their primitive state, habits, and principles, and customs, and laws, which with us have been gradually modified to our altered condition, but without losing many of the features

of their original parentage. Many customs and superstitions, now confined to our remoter districts, are still prevalent in Norway; in like manner as many words and expressions, that we usually consider vulgarisms, or provincialisms in language, are evidently Norsk. Again, the wild and grand features of the scenery, the atmospheric phœnomena, the dreary winters, involuntarily remind us of the mythology of Odin, or recall the shadowy pictures our boyhood conjured up, while devouring the pages of Ossian.

Of course a residence in the country, and an intimate acquaintance with the language and institutions, are necessary, fully to appreciate these traits of national resemblance; but any intelligent traveller cannot help being struck by many points of unexpected coincidence, the number of which will depend upon his knowledge of the language, as well as on his powers of observation. But independent of these, there are more general sources of

interest, in the beauty of the scenery, the novelty of the habits, the extreme kindness and hospitality of the inhabitants, the fineness of the climate in summer, that render it impossible, I should think, for any one possessed of a *mens sana in corpore sano,* not to derive deep gratification from a tour in Norway; even though he be not, as I frankly confess myself to be, a passionate lover of Angling.

The number of devotees to old Izaak's gentle craft has so greatly increased of late years, that the ancient haunts within the British dominions no longer suffice: while the opportunities of a free range, and a quiet "cast," have wofully diminished. The best English rivers have long been appropriated: the Lochs and streams of Scotland are now very commonly "preserved," from being found to constitute a very tempting addition to the grouse shooter, whom many of the Highland lairds have discovered to be a more profitable tenant of the barren magnificence of their muirs, than the

sheep farmer. Nay, even in the "far West" of Ireland, proprietors are beginning to scan their rights in the waters, as well as in the soil, more carefully than of yore: and I even hear that since I threw a line in the noble waters of the Erne, a regular Angling Club has been established at Ballyshannon.

Such, therefore, as have the power of taking a longer flight, naturally turn to other lands, where this art, so peculiarly English, is as yet unknown. A few adventurous brothers of the rod have already explored the Scandinavian wilds: that country will very probably, in its turn, soon become overstocked; and then nothing will remain for the more daring enthusiasts of this fascinating sport, but to follow the tide of civilization westward into the New World, and there pursue their mimic war against the gigantic tenants of the vast Lakes and Rivers of that Continent. Meanwhile, they will not, I imagine, be sorry to learn what verge and scope there is for their prowess, in waters so much nearer our own shores.

But, though I mention these piscatory details as constituting a main feature in the Tour I am about to describe, I would not have it be understood, either that Angling was the only point to which I directed my attention, or that it is the only attraction that Norway presents to the Tourist. I trust the following pages will bear sufficient evidence to the contrary of both these suppositions.

Although the Angler's devotion to his favourite pursuit is invariably so strong that it cannot but appear prominently, yet I believe there are none of our craft who do not keenly feel the beauties of Nature, with which it renders them so peculiarly conversant; and few who do not possess a desire for the general information befitting a gentleman and a Christian; even if they have not (as is very often the case) a turn for some particular branch of Natural History. While, therefore, I have entered at large into the subjects more immediately interesting to my brother Anglers, I have not omitted to describe, as dis-

tinctly as I could, the wildly beautiful scenes that Norway contains; as also the moral and social features of its inhabitants. I have done so, in the hope that these details may find favour in the eyes of my reader, no less than to satisfy the feelings of grateful recollection with which I look back to my Scandinavian Tours, and which I have sought to perpetuate in the following pages.

One of my chief inducements to publish these volumes was the desire of assisting such of my countrymen as may wish to visit Norway, and especially Anglers; I shall therefore commence by pointing out the best modes of reaching it. For this purpose, perhaps a private Yacht will appear to some the most desirable: but besides that not many of my readers can be supposed to possess so costly a mode of conveyance, I think it objectionable, as it must either remain in port during the Tour, an useless source of expense; or if it be employed as a means of transport from point to point, the interest-

ing and improving opportunity of seeing the scenery and inhabitants of the interior is lost.

There are every summer good sailing vessels from London, or Harwich, to Drammen, or Christiania, to Göthenborg, and even to Trondhjem.* There are frequently merchant ships, and occasionally Steamers, from Hull to Göthenborg: and for a short time last year (1839) the Steam Packets to St. Petersburg landed passengers at Christiansand, which enabled the Tourist to reach the southern shores of Norway, on the fourth day from London. Unfortunately the experiment answered so badly, that it was given up before the season was over.

All these opportunities, however, are precarious. The only route that can be depended on for regularity, is that by steam to Hamburg,

* This summer (1840) steam packets have been established between Hull and Göthenborg, touching at Christiansand. They leave Hull every Saturday afternoon; thus affording the shortest and easiest mode of reaching either Norway or Sweden, to those who do not object to the length of the voyage: and as they convey the letters by contract with Government, there is every prospect of their being continued for some time at least.

and thence to Kiel and Lübeck; from both which places there are weekly communications by Steam vessels, with the whole of the North. This route is longer and more expensive; and subjects the traveller to the frequent change of conveyance and of money, as well as to the annoyance of passports and custom-houses. But should he only have sufficient leisure, and an ordinary wish for information, he will most probably consider this delay and annoyance counterbalanced by the opportunity of seeing Hamburg, the Baltic, Copenhagen, Göthenborg, &c. The Angler will find little to interest him on the road, except at Falkenberg: but the geologist will be amply repaid at many points for any days that his time will allow him to devote to his favourite science.

Any Passport whatever will suffice, except for Russia; quite as much attention being paid to that of the Hanseatic consul, as to Lord Palmerston's costly Firman. Both in Denmark and Sweden all travellers are obliged to take out

a "land-pass," or passport of the country, in addition to the foreign one they bring with them: in Norway a passport is rarely asked for after the first landing. Almost any kind of English money can be exchanged for that of the respective countries. I obtained from Messrs. Norman and Sewell a circular letter to all their very respectable correspondents in the North, and took besides both sovereigns, and Herries and Farquhar's notes: with none of which I had the least difficulty in any of the principal towns; although the first secured me civilities, which of course I could not expect from the latter.

The best season for starting, for one who has the entire summer at his command, is as early in May as the weather may seem to be well settled; which will enable the Tourist to see a little of Copenhagen, Trollhættan, Christiania, &c. before the snows have sufficiently melted, for the interior of Norway to become easy of access.

There are commodious and powerful Steam Packets, from the Tower stairs, every Tuesday

and Friday night, to Hamburg. The passage is usually performed in about sixty hours; the minimum being forty-eight, and the maximum seventy or eighty hours, according to weather. The distance from point to point is called 450 miles; a great part of it, however, is either in the two rivers, or under the comparative protection of the land, so as to afford tolerably smooth water: in mid-channel there is almost invariably a violent swell from the North or South, (according to the wind,) that causes the vessel to pitch from side to side, in a manner most trying to landsmen's nerves and stomachs.

Hamburg possesses no manufactures, but has a great transit trade. Indeed it may be considered the commercial capital of the Continent; as it both serves for an emporium where most other countries obtain foreign goods and colonial produce; and also regulates the rate of continental exchanges. It is a large and handsome city. The more ancient streets contain singularly quaint, lofty buildings, with huge

gable ends towards the streets, of a fantastic scroll pattern: while the quarter round the Alster is built in the most approved modern fashion; and the ramparts afford extensive and most delightful promenades. This is one of the agreeable results of the long continuance of peace, that the defences which had been found worse than useless in war, as drawing on the devoted place the horrors of a siege, have here, as at Frankfort and so many other continental towns, been happily converted to the ornament of the city and the recreation of its inhabitants. No where has this been more successfully effected than at Hamburg.

There is great apparent luxury, life, and bustle in Hamburg; but I am not aware of any public establishment for any thing more intellectual than a good theatre, together with numerous cafés, most abundantly supplied with cigars and newspapers. The hôtels, as might be expected, are many and good: amongst them, I had every reason to be satisfied with the

Hôtels de Russie, and de St. Petersburg: and I believe there are several at the least equally comfortable.

From Hamburg, or more properly from the adjoining Danish town of Altona,* there is a Diligence direct to Copenhagen: but it is much too tedious, uncomfortable, and expensive, for any one to travel by it, that can possibly avoid it. The Tourist must, therefore, decide on proceeding either to Kiel, or to Lübeck; both cities on the Baltic: from each of which, steamers start for Copenhagen, every week during the summer; on Saturday evenings from the former, on Tuesday evenings from the latter.

The distance from Hamburg to Kiel is somewhat the longest, being rather more than sixty English miles: the road is excellent, though at the same time very uninteresting. There is a dilatory Diligence between the two towns; so di-

* The free town of Hamburg is only divided by an open space of less than half a mile from Altona, which belongs to Denmark, and stands by so much lower down on the Elbe. Altona is also a large, and actively commercial city, though it cannot in any respect compete with its prosperous neighbour.

latory that I have always preferred either to post, or to hire a Voiturier. The former is rather the more expensive mode, the latter rather the more tedious: in either way the distance may be accomplished in from ten to eleven hours: and as the steamer does not start before seven o'clock, P. M., there is ample time to get on board, by leaving Hamburg early in the morning.

The Extra-post is well managed in Denmark. Each Postmaster is bound to give the traveller a paper, specifying the distance, the expense, and time in which the stage should be performed. The Holstein horses are justly celebrated all over Europe: and at every station very fair carriages may be obtained by such persons as have not their own. The common Holsteiner Wagen consists of an inordinately long body of wicker work, with three or four transverse seats: it is a light, commodious, and inexpensive vehicle; but withal dreadfully jolting on rough roads. The soil in this part of Holstein is generally very poor, consisting of transported gravel and boulders; beneath which, on approaching Kiel,

the chalk is seen appearing. The stranger will be struck with the enormous hostelries, with their lofty gable ends, standing across the road, and covered with an immense expanse of thatched roof. The carriages drive into the centre of these houses, and the horses are there fed with the usual black bread of the country, without being unharnessed.

Kiel has nothing to recommend it beyond the gardens attached to the royal Chateau, and its rather pretty bay: but the voyage from it to Copenhagen is interesting, as it passes close to the islands Alster, Moën, &c.: it is performed in about twenty hours.

The road from Hamburg to Lübeck used to be proverbially the worst in Europe, in consequence of his Danish majesty's* not permitting the small portion of it that traverses his dominions to be repaired; with the view of driving all travellers to his own town of Kiel.

* This aged monarch is since dead: it remains yet to be seen what will be the course of his successor.

Lately, however, he has been shamed into allowing its improvement; though he still pertinaciously refuses his sanction to a Railroad between the two Free Towns; for which the necessary funds had long been raised, and a Company formed. Of its success little doubt could be entertained, since no two towns could be better situated for a railroad, and the intermediate land is a dead level.

By passing through Oldesloe, which makes the journey one German mile longer, (or about forty English miles in all,) the greater portion of the worst road may be avoided; and by deviating two German miles more, the Saltmines of Segeberg and Luneberg may be visited, which are interesting as being the only two spots where native Boracium is found, in minute crystals. The whole of this part of Europe is covered with a thick mantle of what French geologists call "terrains de transport," composed principally of rounded pebbles, with occasional tracts of sand, and in-

terspersed with those remarkable fragments of the older rocks of the North, named by Forchhammer, "Baltic boulders."

The environs of Lübeck are very pleasing: and to an admirer of the architecture of the Middle Ages, the town presents many striking monuments of its ancient grandeur, when it was confessedly the head of the Hanseatic League, the first Naval Power until Holland and England arose to eclipse its supremacy. A day may be agreeably spent in examining the picturesque relics of times, to which modern taste in our country seems fond of recurring for models, both in architecture and furniture: the environs also present many points for a delightful stroll; and the inns are good.

A small Steam boat conveys passengers down the river to the pretty little port and bathing town of Travemunde, (*i. e.* "Mouth of the Trave,") where the Copenhagen steamer is ready to transport them in less than twenty hours to the Danish capital. A third commu-

nication has also lately been established between Kiel and Copenhagen, by means of a small Steam boat, called the Löwen, to Wordingborg, and thence over land through Zeeland, by Diligence: I do not, however, by any means recommend it in preference to either of the others.

Whichever of these routes may have been adopted, no Englishman can approach Copenhagen without a melancholy recollection of events connected with the modern history of that fine city, in which he cannot help regretting that his country had any share. The seizure of the fleet in 1801, is supposed to be justifiable on the principle of self-defence, which holds equally good for nations, as for individuals; and it has been comparatively forgiven and forgotten by the Danes. But not so the bombardment of 1807; the memory of which still rankles in their breasts, and makes a large proportion of the population, both high and low, to detest the name of England. Can we wonder at it? the more especially, since the loss of their

colonies, the destruction of their commerce, the total extinction of their consequence, if not of their independence, are all associated with that most "untoward event."

Copenhagen may be called on the whole a fine, and well built city. The line of its palace streets is very handsome, though somewhat desolate: that of its shop streets (for they are quite distinct,) is lively, and gay, and amusing. In the former, scarcely a pedestrian is seen: while the latter are constantly filled with busy, bustling passengers: and the doors and shutters being universally adorned with tolerably executed representations of what is sold within, the stranger is amused, as he walks along, with a novel series of curious pictures. The squares are remarkably spacious; and it has altogether very much the air of a capital: a feature that strikes the traveller more forcibly, on returning from the Norwegian metropolis, which most undeniably has a very bourgeois look in comparison.

Denmark maintains an army, that appears totally out of proportion to the finances and population of this small kingdom: and as a large force is necessarily always present at the residence of the Sovereign, the handsome uniforms and martial bearing of the numerous officers, assist in giving the streets a very animated appearance, somewhat different from the bourgeois guard of the good town of Hamburg, or the few, slovenly, ill-dressed military of economic Norway. The ramparts round Copenhagen afford a pleasant walk, and display on what a low flat the city is built, scarcely above the level of the sea: I cannot think that the situation is healthy. There are several ships of war, of the largest class, conspicuously laid up in ordinary: the commercial docks are desolate and untenanted.

A few days may be spent in this city very profitably and agreeably, even without introductions to the society, which is said to be extremely good. Besides the well known Univer-

sity, and Societies of Science, and Antiquities, there are many public institutions, amply deserving a visit. Of these my favourite was the Geological Museum attached to the University, which I enjoyed the frequent advantage of seeing in company with the distinguished Professor Forchhammer.

It is, as every national Museum should be, very rich in the geological treasures of its own country; such as the chalk fossils of Faxöe and Stevensklint; and the contents of the "Quaternary" (most recent geological) formation, in which vegetable matter is seen in all stages intermediate between our own peat bogs, and the brown coal of Germany. It contains also an abundant and valuable collection of foreign specimens, both of geology and mineralogy: among which I will only mention the splendid Olenus Tessini, figured by Hisinger in his "Lethæa Svecica."

Next to this, I was most pleased with the Museum of Northern Antiquities. These chiefly

consist of objects that have been dug up within the Danish dominions, and are rendered the more valuable from being instructively arranged, so as to exhibit the gradation from the flint hatchets, knives, chisels, spear and arrow heads, &c., of the earliest inhabitants, through the same instruments made of bronze, and subsequently for a short period of bronze edged with iron; until at last the discovery of the mode of working and tempering iron completely superseded all other metals.

There are many other interesting objects in this Museum: and in some of the palaces, the curious in ivory nicnacs may see how much ingenuity may be uselessly displayed, and what vast sums foolishly squandered, in the delicate manipulation of that article.

But as it does not enter into my plan to particularize all the objects of interest that Copenhagen contains, I will only further mention that its present greatest boast and ornament are the works of Thorwaldsen, lately placed in the

Frauenkirke. They consist of a colossal figure of Christ, standing behind, and rather above, the Altar table; with those of the twelve Apostles, in heroic size, ranged against the wall, on each side, down the body of the Church. As a whole, I know of no group equal to them in modern Sculpture. The attitude and countenance of our Blessed Saviour are beautifully expressive of the text inscribed beneath: "Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden:" while the figures of the Apostles display not only general beauty and harmony, but also a variety, and individuality of expression, quite wonderful.

Raffael has shown how worse than absurd it is to venture to represent the Deity. But surely it is more allowable to attempt to embody the human form assumed for our sakes by the Eternal Son: and if any mortal hand has at all approached success in this attempt, in my opinion, it is Thorwaldsen. He is a Dane, but long resident in Italy, and last year, came from Rome on purpose to superintend the

erection of these noble statues in his native city; where he was, as he deserved, most enthusiastically received by all classes. The Church itself is simple, grand, and well proportioned, forming a worthy shrine for the treasures it contains. Above the portico outside is a beautiful group of St. John preaching in the Wilderness, esteemed by many to be Thorwaldsen's best composition. His famous bassi rilievi of the Triumph of Alexander, so well known to every visiter of Rome, have lately been placed in the Christianburg, a very handsome palace, built by Christian V., but never completely furnished, nor occupied.

In addition to the many public institutions and buildings, with the docks, ramparts, and environs, which may agreeably occupy as many mornings as the Tourist can spare, he will be amused in strolling through the Market by observing the singular costume and manners of the fish women, and market gardeners; who are the descendants of a Dutch colony

planted in a neighbouring island above a century ago, and have preserved their race and dress pure and unchanged. I may add that the figures for which Holland is celebrated, do not seem to have degenerated in proportions among her semi-Danish daughters. It is impossible not to smile at seeing them on a holiday in the dog-days, cumbered with an extraordinary superfluity of petticoats, and coifed and neckerchiefed up to the throat. The colours of their dress are showy; and they often display costly gold ornaments: the effect therefore is very picturesque.

In a morning, along the quay, besides plenty of the usual sea fish, are generally to be seen several carts, loaded with innumerable eels, bream, perch, pike, &c. from the stagnant waters, with which the neighbourhood of Copenhagen abounds. But the Angler will perhaps be more interested by observing in the neighbouring boats newly caught salmon, from Halmstad in Sweden, hanging up to dry:

and if he have any of my feelings, this sight will urge him to hasten his departure towards the streams where they may be killed.

There is a weekly Diligence from Copenhagen to Göthenborg; but I believe it to be very tedious; and that its only advantage is that it passes by Falkenberg, where is the best early Salmon river in Scandinavia, hereafter to be described. A far preferable conveyance is the Steam vessel, which leaves Copenhagen every Friday afternoon for Christiania, and reaches the Norwegian capital on the Sunday evening, stopping a few hours, on the way, at Göthenborg. Unless the traveller is bent upon taking a cast at Falkenberg, the best plan is to drive over on Thursday to Helsingör, (our Elsineur,) at the mouth of the Sound; a spot not only hallowed by the genius of Shakspeare, but of itself a scene of great interest and beauty: and having previously secured a berth in the Steamer, and arranged for the baggage to be put on board at Copenhagen, to embark at

Helsingör on board the Steam vessel, for which purpose it waits a few minutes off the pier.

The traveller will thus have an opportunity, so peculiarly acceptable to an Englishman, of rambling through the localities connected with one of our great Poet's most imaginative creations. And though he must not expect any very authentic records of the royal Dane, (all the many spots that are dignified with the names of Hamlet and poor Ophelia being comparatively modern designations to gratify the demand of English inquirers,) yet to tread the very spots once trodden by the visionary Prince, and the lovesick Maid, will amply compensate, by its associations, for the loss of a day at Copenhagen. The prospects, moreover, both of sea and land, are extremely beautiful.

In running through the entrance of the Sound, the scene presented by the shores of Denmark on the one hand, and of Sweden on the other, with the castles of Kronenborg and Helsingborg on either side, and a thousand

vessels threading the narrow channel, associated with so many historical recollections, cannot but charm the eye, and awaken sweet thoughts, as long as the waning light allows it to be enjoyed. The traveller must then dive below to seek his berth; when if the passengers are numerous, as they are almost sure to be during the fine season, he will most probably be greeted with a scene such as he has not often witnessed.

These steam vessels belong to a monopoly, and are very insufficient for the numbers that crowd them throughout the summer. They frequently take forty or fifty cabin passengers; while they cannot by any contrivance afford proper accommodation for half that number. The upper berths in the Kiel boat are licensed to carry double: that is, if the vessel be full, you must submit to have a stranger, it may be, squeezed into the diminutive crib apportioned for your joint occupancy during the night. This doubling plan being impracticable on board the

"Prinds Karl," which runs between Copenhagen and Göthenborg, the whole space in the interior of the small cabin is crammed full of hammocks, that at night-fall are drawn out of the hold, redolent of bilge water, and swing to and fro in the centre, so close to each other, as scarcely to allow room to pass, or air to breathe. In both vessels, the accommodation devoted to the ladies is so very insufficient, that they are compelled to invade the territories usually appropriated to the gentlemen, occasioning the most indelicate intermixture of the two sexes that I have any where seen.

Then the Northerns, who constitute the majority of the passengers, being accustomed to pass one half of their lives in rooms hermetically sealed, are perpetually calling on the steward to shut every possible avenue of air, which the stifled English as pertinaciously insist upon opening. The squabbles and positive battles which this difference of tastes leads to, may be partly imagined: but the details of the thou-

sand tragi-comic scenes that ensue baffle all description. How delicious to escape from this tainted atmosphere, to enjoy the "incense-breathing morn," and see the early sun rise over the rock-bound coast of Sweden! The air feels doubly pure; the smiling sky, and dimpled ocean, seem to greet one with a doubly pleasing welcome, that combined with the interest attached to the first sight of a strange country, soon obliterates all traces of the night's *désagremens*. In justice, however, to the steam boats, I should add, that they are as well conducted as their disproportioned size will admit. The fault is not so much in the vessels themselves, or their managers, as in the authorities who countenance Packets so inadequate to the service they are required to perform. Their engines (obtained from England) though small, are good; and they are commanded by very superior, and gentlemanly officers, lieutenants in the respective services of Sweden and Norway.

The mouth of the Götha is usually reached about eight o'clock on the Saturday morning; and is approached through an archipelago of islet rocks, among which flocks of Eider, and other ducks, are seen in great numbers. The Steam boat anchors in the lower part of the river, about two miles below Göthenborg: and as it does not start again until two o'clock, P. M., ample time to see the town, is allowed to such passengers as wish to proceed direct to Norway. In fact, although Göthenborg is the first commercial port in Sweden, there is little in it to detain the sight-seer: there are no galleries of art or science, no public buildings of any consequence, no handsome streets, no beautiful scenery.

The first aspect of the town, however, is pleasing. A branch of the river Götha runs through the centre, lined with the best houses that Göthenborg can boast, with alleys of trees here and there, in the fashion of the Low Countries. This canal is usually crowded with

country boats of picturesquely strange appearance. The Fauxbourgs also of the city will not fail to strike the traveller who here first sets his foot on Scandinavian ground. He at once finds that he has got into a country of wood. Wood is almost the only material used in the construction of the houses; and being commonly painted a dark red colour, is rendered more conspicuous. The southern shore of the river, for a long way below the town, is occupied with deal-yards, belonging to the principal merchants: the other chief export, besides timber, is iron.

By far the best part of the trade of Göthenborg has got into the hands of some very respectable Scotch families. There are about a hundred British residents, who form a very pleasant society among themselves; to the exclusion, apparently, of any but the principal natives. There is also an English Chaplain, Consul, and vice-consul, and a comfortable Inn, kept by a Mrs. Tod; the other hotels have not

a very good character; but the public Baths are among the best appointed I have met with out of France.

If the Tourist be resolved to reach Christiania with as little delay as possible, a glimpse at the town, and a dinner on land, will be all for which he will have time, before he returns to the Steam boat; where he will generally find a very inconvenient accession of passengers, most probably in high dudgeon at the paucity of accommodation provided for them. The passage from the Götha to Fredericsværn, a small town on the south-eastern coast of Norway, is rather rough in bad weather; as it traverses the Skagerack, and is completely exposed to the south-west: but the most disagreeable part of the voyage is that at Fredericsværn, the passengers and luggage are turned out before five o'clock in the morning, and put on board a small steamer that conveys them up the Fjord to Christiania; where it arrives about seven the same evening.

This latter voyage is in the highest degree

interesting and beautiful; and as the vessel crosses the Fjord from side to side, to leave or take in passengers at every town along its shores, there is ample opportunity of enjoying it. The first view of Norway presents a very favourable contrast to that of Sweden, which latter is (at least on the Western coast) as bare and wild as can be conceived, and almost devoid of habitations visible from the sea. Whereas, on obeying the early summons to leave the "Prinds Karl," and embark on board the "Constitution," in the harbour of Fredericsværn, the eye opens upon abundant evidence of the presence and industry of man. The shore is lined with houses; adjoining are verdant, well cultivated fields; in the back ground rise lofty mountains, partially bare, and partially covered with dark pine forests.

The town is entirely built of wood, with the exception of the fortress; and from its colour, as well as position, has a peculiarly picturesque appearance from the water. The little port is

singularly embosomed in granite rocks: a short way from shore is moored the whole navy of Norway, consisting of a couple of corvettes, and some half dozen gun-boats, laid up in ordinary. I suppose this Lilliputian force is kept as a nucleus for their marine; otherwise it would seem to be either too much, or too little, being useless in war, and needlessly expensive in peace.

Fredericsværn is situated at the mouth of a Fjord which extends for about seventy miles up to Christiania; without including several minor branches, the principal of which is that of Drammen. The lower part is very broad, but it gradually contracts, and about half way becomes extremely narrow; after which it again expands into the beautiful basin, at the head of which is seated the Norwegian capital.

I scarcely know a more enjoyable voyage, on a fine summer's day than this up the Fjord of Christiania. At first the course lies among the thousand islands of all sizes that line the

western shore, and is afterwards seldom far from one or the other coast. Wherever there is any level land, smiling hamlets and cultivation are sure to be seen: but even where the rocky soil seems to forbid all footing to man, in many a sheltering corner nestle small but well built cottages, with their green patches of corn and potatoes close by; while the numerous boats show that their hardy inmates consider the sea to be both their farm and high road. The extent of coast that Norway presents, indented with innumerable inlets, and the impracticable character of its rocky shores, render the passage from point to point by water infinitely easier than by land. Fortunately, also, for the Norwegians, the seas abound with fish, that afford them a plentiful supply of food, too often denied them by their niggard soil. Hence a large proportion of the natives have acquired a very amphibious nature, seeming almost as much at home on the ocean, as on the dry land; and are consequently excellent and intre-

pid sailors. The granite cliffs that guard the shore are often grand; and the inland mountains which tower above them, clothed with pines to their very summits, display the noblest forms and masses; particularly towards the upper end, and on the western side of the Fjord.

It will be readily felt that such scenes require not the additional charm of novelty to render them impressively interesting. But the head of this magnificent Loch (for it quite answers to the Salt water Lochs of the western coast of Scotland) is characterised by beauty, even more than by grandeur; and no one, I think, can view the softening shades, of an early summer's evening, steal over the waters of the lovely bay, along whose circling shores the white buildings of Christiania are seen backed by a vast amphitheatre of dark mountains, without confessing it to be one of the most pleasing pictures he has anywhere witnessed.

Leaving the stranger in the enjoyment of

this delicious prospect, I must return for a moment to Göthenborg, in order to point out another and still better route. For if the Tourist have leisure, I should strongly advise him to quit the Steam boat at Göthenborg, and wait for the packet of the following week: or, still better, if he have a native servant, or be himself moderately acquainted with the language, to proceed by land to Christiania. The falls of Trollhættan are situated less than fifty miles up the river Götha: and as there are almost daily steamers from Göthenborg, that pass close to them, it would be a pity to lose the opportunity of viewing so celebrated and grand a scene; which would justify and recompense a pilgrimage of ten times the distance and difficulty. The vast body of waters collected in the Wenern lake, (the second largest in Europe,) rushes through a magnificently wild gorge, evidently rent asunder by their force in the solid rock, during the lapse of ages; and forms a succession of torrents and cataracts,

for the distance of more than an English mile.

There is no one Fall of any great height: but the effect of the whole scene, from the immense quantity and impetuosity of the water, and the accompaniments of rock and wood, and the usual elements of a Scandinavian landscape, is inexpressibly grand. There are several points from which all the Falls can be taken in at one view: there are others, where the adventurous explorer of Nature's wildest scenes may stand, as it were, in the very midst of the cataract, scarcely a yard above the enormous flood that rushes so swiftly and so fiercely by, as to make the boldest heart almost doubt the security of the fragile bridge poised across the fearful chasm. Accidents have not been wanting, to add to the fatal interest of the locality.

In order to avoid this impassable barrier, and to open a water communication between Stockholm and Göthenborg, a canal has been

constructed in the solid rock, of two or three miles in length: though scarcely deserving the celebrity it has attained, it must be considered a remarkable work for the age in which it was executed, and the means of its projectors. It has however been found to be inconveniently narrow: and accordingly, after long discussion, the attempt has been commenced (1839) to widen it, and improve the navigation.

There is a tolerably good Inn at Trollhættan: and if the season be not too early, the Angler while here, may take the opportunity to kill a few of the large trout of Lake Wenern, which apparently descend the first or second Fall, and are glad to harbour in any of the side pools, where they can find quiet and food. The first time I tried this spot, I killed, with fly, one trout between ten and eleven pounds, besides a few others from four to six pounds each. But the next season that I revisited Trollhættan, the river was so full of "snow brew," that I could

not raise a fish, either with fly or troll. Mr. Lloyd, the well known author of "Northern Field Sports," resides about three miles above Trollhættan; where he has a fishery, and kills with the troll great numbers of much heavier fish than I have mentioned. These large fish are called "Lax," or Salmon by the natives, which seems to have puzzled Mr. Laing: whereas the slightest inspection of their form, colour, or teeth, independently of any consideration of their habits, might have satisfied any one as to their total dissimilarity to the *Salmo salar*. They are, in fact, identical with the well known large Loch trout, which has received, and well deserves, the name *Salmo ferox:* both here, and on the lowest Fosses of the Klara, and other rivers that fall into lake Wenern, they frequently exceed thirty pounds.

There are regular Steam boats, three times a-week, through the Canal and Lakes to Stockholm; and according to my experience, these packets by no means merit the unfavourable

character given them in a recent publication.* They are necessarily small from the dimensions of the locks at Trollhættan: but are conveniently divided into cabins for two persons, one of which a single traveller may, if he please, secure to himself at no great cost; and thus insure ample space and privacy. The *cuisine* on board is certainly not first-rate; but in what part of Scandinavia is it so? it is the fault of the country, not of the vessels. They stop for a few hours each night; and reach Stockholm on the fourth day from Göthenborg: thus affording a very convenient opportunity of seeing the central districts of Sweden, and admiring some of its most interesting scenery.

The geologist, who has leisure, will avail himself of his visit to Trollhættan, to examine the neighbouring mountains of Hunneberg and Halleberg, as well as to make a very interesting excursion to Kinnekulle, &c., hereafter to be more particularly described. If he be

* Hand Book for Northern Europe.

further prepared to encounter the overland journey to Norway, he will have the advantage of seeing the extraordinary collection of fossil shells at Uddevalla, the fortress of Fredericshald, where Charles XII. lost his life: the noble Fall of the Sarpen Foss, containing even a vaster body of water than the Götha at Trollhættan: and, finally, he will enjoy, in the two last stages, the most magnificent views of the Fjord of Christiania. Or, if he prefer the route by water, he must return to Göthenborg, whence he may make shorter excursions, sufficient to occupy the time agreeably, until the arrival of the weekly Steam boat on the following Saturday.

I cannot say that the environs of Göthenborg are altogether very attractive in my eyes. There is no softness of outline, nor beauty of detail: there are no well kept country seats and grounds; and the features of the landscape do not possess sufficient grandeur, to compensate for the absence of beauty. The low

banks of the river are occupied for a long way above the town by extensive reed beds, the favourite resort of innumerable wild fowl: and the surrounding mountains have that bare and sterile look that often characterises the Gneiss family. Still I must confess, that a ramble among them on a breezy summer morning has a peculiar charm derived from their very wildness and sterility.

The only pretty, and much the most interesting spot in the neighbourhood, is Jonserud, about nine miles from Göthenborg. At this place a small river issues from the last of a chain of lakes, affording an unfailing supply of water, of which an English company, Gibson and Keiller, have availed themselves to establish a manufactory of sail-cloth, upon a very large scale. Ten years ago this spot was a perfect solitude, where now some hundreds obtain employment and subsistence. The difficulties to be encountered were immense, as every part of the machinery had to be invented

and modelled by one of the partners, and afterwards to be manufactured under his eye by native artizans, whom he was himself first obliged to instruct. In addition to the interest of the establishment (which the civility of the proprietors much enhances) the situation is extremely picturesque. I will only add, that the geologist will find there a bed of shells similar, though much inferior, to the deposit at Uddevalla: while the Angler will not be sorry to learn, that the river affords very good Salmon fishing during the season: when I was there on 20th May, 1839, the fish had scarcely begun to enter it.

CHAPTER II.

Christiania: Hotel; Public buildings; Environs; Stadholder, Count Wedel Jarlsberg; State dinners; Bogstad; University; Museums; Professors; Charitable institutions; Timber trade —Preparations for a Norwegian Tour: Travelling servants; Carriages; Provisions; Regulations of posting; Indifference of inns, and fare—Mode of living, and farming—Houses; Horses; Breeds of cattle—Forbud—Rate of travelling—Englishmen driving—National character.

By whatever route the stranger may have arrived at Christiania, his first care will be to get his things passed through the Custom house, which he will probably find more rigorous and troublesome than he had expected in so free a country: his next, to secure the best accommodation he can in the Hôtel du Nord. There is an inferior inn, and several lodging houses: but the above hotel is much the best, especially for a foreigner: and although the charges may be a little dearer than the prices of the country

require, I have always met with great civility and much comfort there.

Much prejudice was excited against the Hôtel du Nord, in consequence of the Duke of Devonshire, some years ago, having been obliged to bring a formal complaint against the exorbitance of its charges. Humbler tourists naturally thought that if one of England's richest dukes found the house too dear, it must be totally beyond their more limited means. The fact, however, was, that his Grace ordered a sumptuous banquet, of which he did not partake, in consequence of a subsequent engagement. But though the master was elsewhere engaged, the servants did ample justice to the viands, not omitting a dozen of iced Champagne: and as all the preparatory expenses had been incurred, the proprietor, Mr. Smith, considered himself justified in charging the full price of a dinner, which the duke had ordered, but did not eat. This he was advised to resist, as an imposition; and

the story did Mr. Smith no good. A new proprietor, of the name of Schölter, has now taken the Inn.

There is a daily table d'hôte at two o'clock, frequented by most of the official residents, professional men, members of the Storthing, &c., in addition to passing travellers. There are seldom less than twenty at the table; oftener, in the summer, more than fifty: and yet the process is carried on with such unexampled rapidity, that by half-past two, there are usually only two or three Englishmen left in "the banquet hall, deserted." The charges (except for the wines) are moderate; the fare abundant, but without variety: the cuisine appears to one entering Norway, to be very open to criticism; but on his return from his northern tour, it seems, from contrast, excellent.

As a stay of some days, at least, in Christiania will be necessary, in order to complete the requisite preparations for a journey through the interior, it may be as well here to give a

brief description of what this town can offer to occupy the Tourist's attention. Christiania, it must be confessed, is both very small, and has a very bourgeois look for a capital. The streets are broad, and regular, but like all the northern towns, ill paved to a degree very unpleasant to either riders, or walkers: the principal thoroughfares are, however, under a course of slow improvement. Some of the private houses are of respectable size and appearance, though without any pretensions to architecture; they are almost entirely built of wood, and usually painted yellow, or green.

The public establishments are all on the humblest provincial scale; to which the Storthing-house, with its four unwieldy wooden columns, and the University, and even the Churches, are no exceptions. Nay, I must say, that the lately-erected royal Palace is an eyesore, rather than an ornament; looking more like a large, plain barrack, than the residence of a Sovereign. The first glance at the city betrays that little public

money is devoted to public buildings: perhaps, the new Theatre, and the Freemasons' hall, may be quoted as evidences of a better taste becoming prevalent.

At any rate, if Man have contributed little to the ornament of the place, Nature has done much towards rendering the site of this city one of the most beautiful that I know. It is impossible to attain any elevated point from which its environs can be commanded, without enjoying a variety of the most exquisite pictures. Immediately opposite to Christiania the Fjord branches into two spacious lakes, covered with numerous, well wooded islets, happily disposed. The vast amphitheatre of mountains, that hems it in, is characterised by considerable grandeur; while the irregularly rising ground, between the city and the hills, is studded with pretty looking country seats, belonging to the wealthier inhabitants. The outline of the shore is picturesquely broken by many projecting points and peninsulas;

one of the loveliest of which is occupied by the delightful grounds, and tranquil residence of the justly popular British Consul.

I am happy to be able to speak in the highest terms of the goodness of heart, the kindness of manner, and the hospitality, of all ranks in the Norwegian capital, from the highest to the lowest. The English language is spoken very generally: and not merely a respect, but an evident affection is universally shown for the English character, which is as gratifying, as it is unusual on the Continent; where all respect or even fear us, but few love us. Our habits of living, and of thinking, amalgamate much better with the Teutonic, than with either the Gallic or Italian character: and of all the Teutonic races, the Norwegians seem to sympathize with us the most readily. Any introductions that the traveller may have brought, will here pass for their full value; and he will not find it difficult to enter into the best society.

The Stadhölder, or Viceroy, Count Wedel

Jarlsberg, is confessedly the first man in the country, not only by official position, but by his own personal character, talents, rank, and property. In 1814, when the Norwegians were in deliberation as to the person they should elect for their sovereign, Count Wedel Jarlsberg obtained several votes: and when later he was appointed Viceroy, the nation was unanimous in testifying its satisfaction. He has travelled much; and is well acquainted with foreign countries: he speaks English perfectly well, and understands England better than most Englishmen.

In his official capacity, he gives State dinners, twice a week, in the handsomest style; to which access is by no means difficult, for our countrymen especially, who will meet there the most distinguished foreigners, and natives of all classes. It is pleasing to see at his Excellency's splendid board, not only the official heads of the Norwegian government, the highest military as well as civil officers, *en grande*

tenue, covered with orders; but also the first men in science, and in the learned professions, and even in commerce, all simply habited *en frac*. Not unfrequently also clergymen are there, in the quaint and striking costume, adopted by the Lutheran church. These parties are confined to the male sex: but when, as is often the case, the Countess is present, they receive all the additional charm that the most simple, yet most finished and pleasing manners can confer.

The Stadholder's official invitations are extended to every Traveller properly introduced: but whoever may enjoy the further advantage of being admitted into the delightful family circle at his Excellency's country residence, Bogstad, will, I am sure, consider the hours spent there, among the most interesting and pleasantest he has ever passed. It is a sweet, retired spot, scarcely seven miles from the capital, yet completely in the country, stamped with the most decided Norwegian features.

The first view of it is very striking. A rise in the road prevents its being visible until you are within a mile of it; when on a sudden the house (a long, low, and rather straggling building) is seen with its adjacent gardens and grounds, on the opposite bank of a quiet lake, embosomed in steep mountains, bristling with tier above tier of firs to their very top. It is, in short, just the happy tranquil valley, in which one can imagine a statesman would delight to take refuge, from the turmoils of public life.

On both my visits to Norway, the first and the last days I spent in that country, were passed at Bogstad: and it is to them that I feel indebted, not merely for a great deal of information respecting Norway, but for the favourable impression, which the unaffected manners, and excellence of character, of these its confessedly first and highest individuals, could not help leading me to form of the entire people.

There are a considerable number not only

of clever, but of scientific men, connected with the University of Christiania. For as this is the only establishment of the kind in the kingdom, and it being imperatively required of all who aspire to any public situation to have previously passed here a very strict and impartial examination; efforts have been made to secure the services of distinguished professors. Some, such as Hansteen, enjoy an European reputation: and it is only their inaccessible position and language that prevent others from being as well known, as they deserve to be. The stranger, that has any scientific or literary object in view, will meet with every readiness to afford assistance and information; and all that have an opportunity of enjoying it, will find their society extremely agreeable, as well as instructive.

To speak of what more particularly engaged my attention, there is a very interesting mineralogical and geological Museum attached to the University, comprising a good collection of the

rich mineral treasures of Scandinavia, and a suite of rocks intended principally to illustrate the metamorphic changes they have undeniably undergone in this neighbourhood, in whatever manner those changes may be explained; together with numerous and valuable specimens of the singular Organic Remains, belonging to the older formations, for which the territory of Christiania has long been famous. At the head of this department is Professor Keilhau, who has for many years been engaged in elucidating the intricate geology of his native country: and even those who do not agree with all his novel theories, cannot but appreciate his acuteness and powers of observation, as well as the kindness with which he unlocks the stores of his mind and Museum, to the most unlearned votary of this fascinating Science.

In the same locale is a small Museum of Natural History, which contains a few good specimens of the Scandinavian Fauna, but is far from being so complete as it ought to

be, in the capital of a country so abundant in the rarer forms of organic life. The specimens even of animals peculiar to these northern regions, such as lemmings, elks, reindeer, &c., are very bad: those of bears, wolves, silver-foxes, and others, are scarcely better. Some of the birds, that have been recently added, are pretty good: but the entire establishment betrays too evident marks of the stinginess of the Storthing in matters of public ornament, or even utility.

The public charitable institutions could hardly be expected to be upon a large scale. I was, however, much pleased with the manner in which that of Eugenia's Stiftelse seemed to be conducted. Its principal feature is the instruction of young women from the country, in all kinds of weaving, and other similar work: but besides this, habits of cleanliness, piety, and religion, are so strictly inculcated, as to have earned for them the honourable appellation of *Helge,* or saints.

Christiania is the chief port for the exportation of deals; as Drammen is for that of timber. This trade has considerably increased of late years, somewhat at the expense of Sweden: and would doubtless increase still more rapidly, if, as the Norwegians hope may eventually be the case, the protecting duties in favour of our Canadas were done away. Next to England, their best customers are Holland and France. There are many highly respectable merchants engaged in this trade; to some of whom the stranger will most probably have letters of introduction, when he will assuredly find the same reason, that I have, of speaking in the warmest terms of their hospitality and intelligence.

But, meanwhile, how are the preparations for a start northwards proceeding? The summer bursts forth very suddenly in these hyperborean latitudes, treading close upon the heels of winter; and though exquisitely beautiful, it is so very brief, that none of its fleeting hours should be lost.

The first requisite for the comfort of the tour, in my opinion, is a good travelling servant, acquainted with the language and habits of the country. And I am sorry to add, they are not only expensive, but scarce, and difficult to be procured: there have been so few travellers until within the last few years, that the demand and supply have necessarily been very limited. Some Englishmen have indeed lately travelled through Norway, without any servant, and without the slightest knowledge of the language. The consequence of which has been that they both perplexed and annoyed the natives, got into many scrapes and difficulties, obtained little information, and returned with most erroneous convictions of having been cheated and robbed by every body.

I met with several instances of "travellers of such a cast," who were full of complaints against the impositions that had been practised on them, and the treatment they had encountered. From their own statements even, it

was generally evident that they had themselves only to blame: and on speaking with the natives, I invariably found that my countrymen's complaints were founded in mistakes, which the people had endeavoured to explain, but in vain, from their being mutually unable to understand each other.

Some Englishmen also asseverated that they had had several things stolen; an accusation that greatly astonished me, as theft is extremely rare in Norway: I met with no instance of it. I travelled, however, long enough in company with these gentlemen to satisfy myself that many of their losses were more justly attributable to their own extreme carelessness: and, in more than one instance, I had opportunities of finding articles that they had negligently left behind, carefully preserved until means should occur of restoring them to their rightful owner. And yet such Tourists seemed to think themselves justified in branding a whole people as extortioners and thieves; when in reality, it was their own

ignorance and carelessness, that were in fault. Certainly, as far as complete inability to understand, or be understood by the people, among whom they were travelling, was concerned, together with the most entire disregard of their habits, feelings, and laws, these strangers were completely exposed, both to the imposition and indignation of the Norwegians. But far from thinking they suffered grievously in either respect, I consider they got off marvellously well; infinitely better than any foreigner, who should attempt to play the same pranks in England, could hope to escape.

On my first tour, I was accompanied by a Swede, named Jacob Karlblom, whom I engaged at Göthenborg: he spoke English, and had previously travelled in Norway. Prior to my second visit, I had taken some trouble to acquire the language, and being thereby enabled to dispense with an interpreter, I engaged a Norwegian from the Hôtel du Nord at Christiania, of the name of Peter Arnoodsen. I can

recommend them both, as honest, intelligent, and useful servants. I agreed with each on the same terms, viz. a Norwegian dollar, or four shillings a-day, besides paying all their expenses on the road. This is dear, considering the cheapness of the country; but I could not hear of any good servant for less; and some were unconscionable enough to ask much more. I should recommend my countrymen not to engage their domestic without consulting their banker, or the Consul: because, if they do not know the language, they are necessarily much at his mercy; and there are, as might be expected, men of indifferent character hanging about most of the foreign Inns.

The next important matter is that of carriages; for as there are no public conveyances whatever, in any part of Norway, it is indispensable for each traveller to have his own equipage. On this point, I strongly advise every tourist of common activity and hardihood,

(and no others have any business to penetrate into Norway,) to take the usual carriage of this country, and of no other, the Carriole. It consists of a seat, just large enough to admit the person, with a semicircular back, and a narrow sledge-like receptacle for the legs, and splash-board in front: the whole being fixed between two large wheels, into a pair of very long ashen shafts, with no other springs than what their length and elasticity supply. Short elliptic springs have been introduced into some Carrioles; but I think them objectionable on many accounts, and at best unnecessary, as the shafts, if well made, are quite springy enough; and the vehicle is so light that it bounds admirably over the ruts and obstacles in its way.

It is, indeed, possible for a Calèche, or even a light close carriage, to travel along the main roads in summer. But besides the impossibility of deviating from the great lines, and the difficulties, if not dangers, to be expected even on them, at ferries, bridges under repair, steep

hills, &c.: it must be remembered that the ponies, which supply the place of post horses in this country, are furnished by the different farmers in rotation, and that very often it will happen that the three or four which may be required, will never have seen each other before, and not one of them been previously in any but single harness. The Carriole is *par excellence* the carriage of Norway; and in fine weather, with a good little horse, and on good roads, a very pleasant conveyance it is: under the opposite conditions, none can be very agreeable; I may add, least of all this.

Of course the traveller must be prepared to be his own charioteer, and must take with him his own harness. He should also bring a light hunting whip from England, for nothing tolerable of that kind can be bought in Norway; and though the horses are usually spirited enough, they do occasionally require the *argumentum baculinum*.

To the splash-board should be affixed a

moveable leathern case, called a *flaske-fur*, capable of containing four or six bottles, which must be filled with wine, or cognac, at each large town. Behind the car is a small wooden seat, on which can be strapped a strong box, large enough to contain as many articles of the toilet as are required between the different resting-places; and on, or by the side of which the lad that takes back the horses, will be content to sit.

A gun can be slung in its case underneath; or occasionally be attached to the splash-board, ready for action: while the fishing rods, secured in very strong leather cases, may be strapped to each shaft. Between the feet, and in the diminutive car seat, is space for a few books, some strong rope, nails, &c., and such like indispensables: and a tin case for grease, dangling beneath, in the style of our country wagons, completes the Carriole's equipment. Of course, the servant's carriage will convey, at least, as much; or, instead of a Carriole, he may be

mounted in a kind of light tax cart, which is much more convenient for the baggage, though far worse for the horses.

So much of the tourist's comfort depends upon the ease and substantiality of his vehicle, that I should certainly recommend him to get it new, of the best quality, and from the best maker. I have chiefly dealt with a man of the name of Knudtsen, in Christiania, and have every reason to speak well of him. I have also bought other Carrioles at Drammen, which is the most celebrated place for their manufacture. If the traveller go to a respectable tradesman, and purchase a new carriage, he can scarcely do wrong at either town; if he attempt to cheapen a second-hand one, he may be taken in there, as elsewhere. The natives complain that the English have raised the price of Carrioles considerably. A good one can scarcely now be bought under thirty-five dollars, or seven pounds sterling: the harness and bottle-case will cost about three

pounds more. I have always found that on my return to Christiania, I could dispose of the whole readily for a little more than half what I had originally given; which, after the wear and tear of a four months' rattling over Norwegian roads, can scarcely be considered a heavy loss on so small an outlay.

The less luggage that a Norwegian tourist takes with him the better: if he have any heavier baggage than what can be conveyed in his own and servant's carriages, it must be despatched by the Forbud; that is, the peasant's cart, who precedes the traveller to order the horses he may require. The luggage will be perfectly safe in his care; only it is absolutely necessary that it should be protected with very strong cases, as it will be exposed to all sorts of weather, and the most tremendous jolting imaginable.

The commissariat department must not be neglected. The provisions necessary to be taken for the road, will, of course, much de-

pend upon the traveller's own tastes and habits. I should recommend him to take, in addition to a well-stocked *flaske-fur*, a little tea and sugar, with, perhaps, a few sausages, or a small ham; some maccaroni, or rice: they are all useful, and do not take up much space. But whoever attempts to explore the interior of Norway, must be prepared to submit to great privations in this respect. Indeed, except in the towns, he must not hope to meet with any thing beyond rye or barley bread, excellent butter and milk, potatoes, with occasionally fish, but never meat of any kind; unless by mere accident he may obtain some game.

Wheaten bread is never to be had, except in the largest towns, where it is made of flour imported from Denmark. Rye bread is more common: but the usual form under which farinaceous food appears in Norway is that of barley cakes, called here "flat bread." They are very similar in shape and appearance to the large, round oat cakes of the North of England,

and Scotland; but are generally thinner, and when well made are to my taste very palatable, especially with the delicious butter, in which Norway may compete with the whole world.

The only drinkables, (besides milk,) are a coarse, fiery spirit distilled from potatoes, and coffee; which latter I have frequently seen made in the humblest cottage, in a manner that would shame many of our most splendid hotels. This bill of fare will seem meagre enough to the *bon vivant,* but little more could be expected at the poor farm-houses, that usually perform the functions of inns on the road.

In the interior of Norway there are few villages, and no towns with the exception of Röraas and Kongsberg (which are supported by their respective mines) and Lillehammer, which the government has long tried to elevate into the dignity of a town, with very dubious success. The property being minutely subdivided by the law of succession, each man

builds upon and cultivates his own little plot of ground: and the habitations are consequently scattered over the entire face of the country. There are no manufactures to collect large masses together: and the only points, therefore, at which any considerable population congregates, are on the sea coast, where commerce affords the means of employment, and the ocean supplies the deficiency of the land.

At distances varying from five, to twelve or fourteen miles, along the main roads, one of these farm-houses is appointed by government to supply the post-horses that may be required: and which each farmer, within a circle not exceeding seven miles, is bound to furnish in rotation, on being called on by the Post-master. The latter receives the trifling sum of four skillings (or less than two-pence) for each horse so summoned. This splendid remuneration for a run, frequently of six or seven miles, is called "*tilsigelse-penge,*" or "calling-money;" and is

the only perquisite the innkeeper possesses, in addition to the trifling profits derived from the few travellers that may stop at his house. The rate of posting is sixteen skillings per horse, for each Norwegian mile, rather more than seven English. Cheap enough, it may be said, for posting: but when we consider that each single traveller must have a servant and Forbud, and thus pay for three horses, we shall not find the Norwegian mode of travelling so much cheaper than that of other countries, where there are public conveyances, by which double the distance can be performed, in the same time, with half the trouble.

In addition to thus furnishing post horses, the skydsskaffer, or gästgiver, as he is called, is obliged to supply both lodgings and food at a fixed price. But as there are extraordinarily few travellers, and the tariff is very low, his preparations for guests are not quite upon the scale of a Bath or Cheltenham hotel. There is always one room, and occasionally a second,

devoted to the reception of strangers; in which are usually a couple of wooden beds, or rather, cribs, of diminutive proportions, and most scanty supply of bed linen. There is rarely a proper mattrass; but generally a paillasse, stuffed with straw; or else, the sheets (of very insufficient dimensions) are laid upon hay; sometimes, sheep or cow-skins are added, to the great annoyance of any, but a very keen entomologist. To avoid such objectionable bed gear, I invariably took with me a pair of light blankets, which were easily stowed about the carriage, and contributed much to my comfort.

The furniture, except in the best of these houses, is very deficient; still more so the crockery and cutlery; while the stock of plate is comprised within a very small list of spoons. Nay, I remember one instance in which it dwindled down to *one*, which, moreover, my aged hostess vainly endeavoured to find, muttering all the while she was ransacking every

corner of an antique cupboard that stood in my room, "Well, I am sure, there was *a* spoon here—where can *the* spoon have got to, I wonder!" I was consequently obliged to drink my tea and eat my egg, without one. A very few days' travelling in Norway had taught me to dispense with an egg cup, such an article being never seen there: but though an egg may be safely held in the fingers, with a little dexterous management, a knife is, after all, a very bad substitute for a spoon, to extract its treasures. This reminds me that I should have added eggs to the occasional list of eatables: but they are very small, seldom completely filled, and of a poor flavour, in consequence as I suppose, of the insufficiency of food allowed the poor poultry.

Under the above circumstances, it could not be expected that the Norwegian farmer should keep ready any stock of perishable articles of food, with so little prospect of their being demanded, and with the certainty of their being

very indifferently paid for. Moreover, it is quite foreign to the habits of the country to eat meat in summer. November is, in their language, called "slaughter month;" because they then kill as many sheep and cows as the size of their herds will afford, and salt them for consumption during the winter: by which means they not only insure the keeping of the meat, but what is even more essential, they diminish the number to be supported in the stalls; a most momentous consideration in Norway, where for six or seven months there is no food for the poor creatures out of doors. During the summer months, the cattle feed and fatten on the mountain pastures, at little or no expense to their owners, who are so averse to stopping their growth at that season, that it is no easy matter in the interior to induce them to sell a lamb for the purposes of food: in their eyes it seems quite a crime to kill it at any other time than in November.

Norway is emphatically a country of wood.

Its vallies are clothed with forests throughout the whole length and breadth of the land; and every thing, from a church to a rope, is made entirely of wood. The houses are universally built of logs or trunks of large trees, notched at each end, and closely fitted together; the interstices being well stuffed with moss. The better rooms are lined with neatly planed transverse boards, as is also the ceiling: they are often extremely neat, the Norwegians being admirable carpenters and manipulators of wood in all forms.

Their houses are not more different in their material, than they are in their general arrangement, from ours. The several apartments, instead of being under one common roof, are portioned off into separate dwellings. That occupied by the family is usually distinct from the rooms destined for travellers, or visiters. The kitchen monopolizes another floor: then there are distinct apartments for the labourers, for the loom, &c.: and above all, there is

invariably attached to the poorest, as well as richest, bönder's residence, a store-house, supported upon pillars, to keep out the mice; whereto the housewifely matrons and daughters may be seen tripping, a hundred times a day, in all weathers, and returning laden with the dainties that are safely deposited there. Every farm-house has also its barn, which is entered by an inclined plane, broad enough to admit a cart with its load of hay: and besides the various other outbuildings, of divers designations, ample accommodation must necessarily be provided for the cattle that are entirely confined to them during the long dreary months of winter.

Hence a Norwegian farm-house resembles a hamlet more than the dwelling of a single family: and besides, as the size and appearance of his residence is a great subject of national pride, the bönder is fond of making yearly additions, as his family or means increase: a fancy, which the abundance of materials and

the peculiarity of Norwegian architecture, enable him easily to indulge. It might be expected that this style of building, combined with the usual bed-furniture in which sheep-skins and musty hay act a principal part, must afford a grand harbour for insects of the most noxious kinds. I must, however, confess, that although I have occasionally suffered more from their attacks in Norway, than in any country except Sicily, there were not in general so many studies for the entomologist, as I should have anticipated: the winged vermin were much more troublesome. Against them, or the prying curiosity of human intruders, there is no protection; the rooms being universally on the ground floor, with no curtains either to the bed or windows, and with several doors of communication.

Moreover, the store cupboard of the household is almost always in the principal room allotted to the stranger, which authorizes the hostess and all her belongings to enter at will:

a right of which they avail themselves with a freedom quite subversive of an Englishman's idea of the sanctity of his castle. Neither can I omit to mention, that wood is so good a conductor of sound, and the partitions are so thin, that all noises throughout the house are distinctly heard, to a degree that puts sleep out of the question, until use or fatigue have rendered the traveller invulnerable to all such annoyances.

But I will not frighten my reader by detailing any more of these domestic plagues. From what was before said of the Norwegian system of posting, it will be readily understood, that it is impossible to obtain horses at the different stations, without waiting a considerable time, unless they be previously ordered. This is done by means of a Forbud, which, in fact, is abolutely necessary in order to travel with any degree of comfort or expedition. Printed forms called "Forbud-sedler," can be obtained at all the towns; and are easily understood,

and filled up. The requisite number of these papers, mentioning the horses required, and the hours at which they must be ready, at the several stations, is committed to the first Postmaster, by whom it is regularly transmitted through the intended line; each retaining only the paper addressed to himself. Whether the messenger walks or rides, he is paid for after the rate of a single horse: and very little extra being charged for a peasant's cart, the heavy baggage can be sent on by it, provided (let me repeat) it be packed and cased against very rough usage.

In making out the Forbud, not less than four hours per Norwegian mile must be allowed for its very dilatory progress. The Forbud travels indeed by night as well as by day: but it necessarily has to wait a long time at each station, especially in the night time; and as the driver receives no remuneration, beyond the tariff for his horse, and has no one to watch him, he cannot be expected to drive his own

beast very rapidly. I also consider that an hour and half per mile must be calculated for the traveller's own rate of going. I am well aware that many of my countrymen reckon upon accomplishing a Norwegian mile per hour; and where both horses and roads are good, it may very possibly be effected in one hour and a quarter. Still, taking the difference of horses, and the variety of roads into consideration, together with the delays in changing, I feel assured from a long experience, that the rate I have mentioned is as much as can be generally calculated on, with justice to all parties.

Indeed, nothing has contributed so much to injure the good feeling of the Norwegians towards the English, as the character they have acquired (not without foundation,) for furious driving. The Norwegian horse is hardy, active, good tempered, and sure footed: but like all the domesticated animals of this country, he is diminutive; and, being fed on

nothing but grass, of course, is incapable of great rates of speed. Yet, forgetting this, many of our countrymen will most unfeelingly flog the poor little ponies, as if they never had had a horse of their own, or a whip in their hand before: and the Norwegian being remarkably fond of his horse, this unjustifiable conduct leads to the most angry altercations, and lasting dislike. Surely it is more consonant to right feeling and justice, especially when one considers the trifle paid for the use of the farmer's horse, to start an hour sooner, or arrive an hour later, rather than inflict a serious injury on what is to him a most valuable animal; at the risk too not only of a personal quarrel, but of exciting a strong prejudice against one's country.

For the benefit of such travellers as are not swayed by motives like these, it is as well to mention that the Norwegian laws for the protection of the farmer are sufficiently severe. If upon arriving at the next station, he complain

of ill usage to himself or horse, his complaint must be examined into and decided, before the Post-master dare supply horses for the next stage. If the horse has been injured, the Post-master summons a jury of the neighbouring farmers, who assess the damage; and until that be paid, the traveller cannot proceed. He can, of course, appeal afterwards to a higher court; but few would encounter the trouble, with the very doubtful chance of a reversal of the verdict. Many of the Day-books show that this law is not altogether a dead letter in the case of Englishmen. At each station a Day-book is kept, in which the traveller is required to enter his name, date of arrival, destination, &c., together with any complaints he may have to make. This book is submitted every month to the Foged, or Amtmann; and strict cognizance is taken of all complaints, that are written in *the language of the country; but in that only:* so that it is often highly amusing to read long grievances stated in most eloquent English,

with a brief notification, in Norsk, to the above effect, appended.

I have mentioned how much smaller the horses are, than with us: their colours also, are not such as are the most common in England; bay, or brown, or black, being by no means so usual as dun, chesnut, or white. The cows bear a near resemblance to the Alderney breed, and are, likewise, very diminutive. Equally dwarfish are the sheep, which, both in size and shape, are not unlike those on the Island of Portland. The pigs are, without exception, the ugliest I have anywhere seen, being gaunt, long-legged, high-boned, bristly, and half-famished. I may add, that the little of their flesh I have tasted, did not belie their appearance.

In speaking of national characteristics, every one is guided in his opinion by the most marked individual examples, that come under his observation. I have heard considerable difference of opinion respecting the bodily and

mental qualities of the Norwegians. In my judgment, they are a remarkably fine peasantry, above the ordinary stature, good looking, strong and hardy. There is a decided improvement of appearance, as one advances Northwards; and beyond Trondhjem, especially in Naumdal, there is a very unusual proportion of female beauty.

Perhaps, it is not without justice, that the Norwegians are accused of slowness in their ideas, equally as in their corporal movements: and from their isolated position they are necessarily contracted, more, however, in their information than their mental capacity. They do not seem readily to comprehend any thing out of the sphere of their limited experience; and exhibit inordinate wonderment and admiration at every thing strange or new to them. On the other hand, they show considerable intelligence with respect to the things within their reach; and if not gifted with much original genius, are excellent followers and imi-

tators: of which, for example, they have given sufficient proof in the too great readiness with which they have copied the implements of Fly-fishing. They are patient, industrious; loyal, and brave; sincere lovers of truth, and of liberty; in the highest degree, hospitable towards strangers; and kindly affectioned towards each other. I scarcely ever saw two Norwegians quarrel together, even with words: and perfect strangers, when they meet on the road, invariably interchange a friendly salutation and remark.

I should say that they are a generally moral, but not a deeply religious people. I wish I could add, that I thought them exempt from the besetting sin of Northern nations: but though I did not meet with many habitual drunkards, very few, that possessed the means of indulgence, seemed able to resist the temptation of an idle Sabbath evening, or a christening, or a visit to the neighbouring town, or fair, to drink more than was good for them.

The neighbourhood of large towns exercises the same corrupting influence here, as elsewhere: and it is, indeed, sad to see the peasants returning with their empty carts from Christiania, or Trondhjem, in the worst state of intoxication. But in the interior, habitual drunkenness is rare: almost the only exceptions I remember, were two innkeepers of low caste.

On the whole, we may safely say that the good preponderates much over the evil in the Norwegian character. It is, moreover, what one so much likes to see, idiosyncratic; marked with well pronounced features of its own, not a bastard intermixture of all the bad, and a few of the good qualities of its neighbours, like the Belgian. The Norwegians pride themselves not only on their ancient connexion with, but also on their national resemblance to Englishmen: and doubtless, making due allowance for the immense difference of position and advantages of the two people, there is at bottom

a strong similarity, in most important particulars. Long may they sympathize with, and stand by each other! They are the sons of Liberty, and are bound by every tie of interest as well as feeling, to be her defenders.

CHAPTER III.

General character of Country: Mountains; Fosses; Vallies—Farms: Cultivation; Sætters, or Hill pasture; the Fjelder; or Mountain ranges—Fjords—Forests: Varieties of trees; Abundance of wood; Mode of felling and floating timber; Fruit trees; Wild fruits—Loveliness of summer nights—Mode of living and farming adapted to climate—Rapidity of vegetation—Incessant labour in summer; Repose in winter—No manufactures—Attachment to native country.

Norway may be described in general terms as a vast collection of mountains, disposed in clusters or chains, and divided by long deep vallies, through which the drainage of the country rushes in very large and very rapid rivers.

There is scarcely any level land to be seen from Lindesnæs to North Cape. In traversing the whole length of the country, the road, if not carried along a Fjord, or over a Mountain, almost invariably passes through noble vallies,

walled in by lofty rocks, dark with Scotch and spruce firs. Above them, rise the higher chains covered with perpetual snow: these are, however, seldom visible, though at no great distance, in consequence of the extreme narrowness and depth of the vallies.

I shall have occasion hereafter to allude more particularly to the formation of these mountains. I will only here remark, that they all belong to the older rocks, such as the Gneiss and Slate Families: and as might be expected from the well known hardness and irregular contortions of that class, they frequently form barriers across the course of the streams; thereby occasioning either Lakes, or waterfalls, called in Norway, Fosses. These Fosses are one of the most peculiar, as well as picturesque features of Norwegian scenery. Some of them, as the Vöring Foss, and the Rjukan Foss, are extremely high: but the greater number are not so remarkable for their height, as for their immense body of water, and the savage gran-

deur that accompanies them. They are usually environed on either side by abrupt rocks, that have evidently been worn and torn asunder by the long action of the torrent; while below them is a huge basin excavated by the same irresistible agent.

It is comparatively seldom that the large rivers fall perpendicularly: they more frequently sweep in a succession of tremendous waves over the opposing ledge, which generally presents a long, irregular inclined plane; or else tumble down it in a hundred broken cataracts. The splendid water-power afforded by the Norwegian Fosses has been by no means neglected. Wherever it is at all possible, Saw-mills are boldly projected into the very centre of the cataract, that threatens at each moment inevitably to annihilate them.

Often, also, (as for instance at Hönefoss, near Klekkan,) long wooden bridges are thrown across the face of the Fall, from rock to rock, with an effect scarcely conceivable. Standing

on the tottering planks, one sees high overhead a wide flood, of which our tame British rivers convey no idea, rushing down in foaming wrath, as if about, in the next moment, to carry away not only man's puny works, but the firm set barriers of nature. Broken and baffled by a thousand rocks, it angrily jostles by them; sweeps in whitened foam scarcely a foot beneath the frail fabric that vibrates to its fury; and dashing, bounding, roaring, casts its headlong waters into the seething caldron below; where they boil up again in endless eddies, whirling round and round with them enormous trunks of trees unable to escape the perpetual torment.

The principal Vallies are narrow in proportion to their length; varying from half a mile to at most two miles in width: when broader, they are generally occupied by Lakes. They are filled with a fine silt and gravel, derived from the attrition of the higher mountains, and deposited by water. This soil constitutes the

cultivated land of the interior; and is almost universally disposed in a succession of ascending terraces, which undeniably attest a corresponding succession of depressions of the water's level, produced in some instances, perhaps, by the elevation of the land, hereafter to be referred to, but oftener evidently by the bursting of the barriers already described as so frequently curbing the course of Norwegian rivers.

Upon these terraces are situated the Gaards, or Farm-houses, generally isolated from each other, but from consisting of the clusters of buildings, before mentioned, having each the appearance of a little hamlet. Immediately adjoining to the Gaard is usually the Hop-garden; rarely any other, for vegetables or fruit; and all round, wherever the soil and lay of the ground permit, are unenclosed patches of rye, and barley, and potatoes. Behind the cultivated land, the hills, or more properly rocks, rise steeply, clothed with dark pines, intermixed with birch, and alder, and occasional mountain-

ash. Not unfrequently they are so precipitous, that not even these hardy trees can cast anchor; but instead, streams fed by the melting snows above, trickle down their naked faces. Ever and anon they are rent asunder by lateral ravines, down which roars a torrent, whose wild, unruly waters are taught to turn the rude mill usually attached to each Gaard. Wherever a patch of soil can be won from the barren acclivity, there is often seen a green little nook of potatoes and barley, smiling cheerily amid the gloomy forest, with a humble log-hut, belonging to the Hausmand, or labourer on the farm below.

Ascending from the valley, we soon come to the limits within which trees can grow in these Northern latitudes. Their region is succeeded by the district of mountain pasture, which is of essential importance to the Norwegian, as it alone enables him to support his cattle during the summer months. Each farmer has a certain extent of hill pasture, generally from five

to fifteen miles distant from his Gaard; where he keeps an establishment, called in Norsk, a "Sætter," exactly similar to the Swiss Chalets. Above, and intermixed with this district, rise the mountains covered with perpetual snow, the inexhaustible feeders of Norge's thousand streams, the summer home of the Reindeer, the Bear, and the Elk.

It will be readily conceived that a country such as this must contain much grandeur, if not sublimity; and such is undoubtedly the case, although I must once for all confess that in all my wanderings through Norway, I have seen nothing to equal the unapproachable majesty of the Swiss Alps. Indeed, the Tourist, who has not penetrated into the Province of Bergen, or Romsdalen, will be almost inclined to decide that beauty, rather than sublimity, is the character of Norwegian scenery. He cannot, indeed, help often meeting with scenes of striking loneliness, and desolate grandeur: but if he follow only the usual track through

Gulbrandsdal, and Hedemark, he will still oftener be greeted with pictures of unexpected softness and loveliness, decked in all the brief, but delicious charms of a Northern summer. Not only along the lovely shores of southern Christiania's Fjord, but even of Hyperborean Trondhjem, or of Mjösen's Lake, I have enjoyed a thousand scenes of placid, tranquil beauty, and harmonious combinations, for which, I own, I was not prepared: while on the other hand, the much talked of passage of the Dovre Fjeld, though in full view of Sneehættan, will scarcely impress an Alpine traveller with an overwhelming idea of the sublimity of Norwegian Mountains.

Sneehættan was until within these few years acknowledged to be the loftiest ground in Northern Europe; but it has lately been ascertained that the highest point of the Hurungarne Mountains exceeds it by a few feet: each is a little under 8000 feet above the sea. The highest mountains are confined within a dis-

trict stretching irregularly to the South-west of the Dovre Fjeld: to the North and South-east they sink very considerably.

The shores of the Bothnian Gulf are very flat, but rise towards the chain of the Kjölen, which separates Sweden from Norway. The Kjölen range cannot, however, boast either grandeur, or loftiness, except in isolated points: and in the few portions of it where the snow lies throughout the year, it is rather in patches, than in continuous tracts, of any extent. This is also the general character of the mountains north of the Dovre Fjeld: and hence these two elevated districts form the summer feeding ground of the migratory Laplanders, for their domesticated Reindeer. The "Shore Lapps" remain tolerably stationary in the extreme north, during the whole year; but the Nomadic Lapps, that possess Reindeer, feed their herds in the summer, along certain tracts of high lands, from Cape North, down nearly to Röraas.

But in the district which lies principally to the west of the great Valley of the Mjösen, the Mountains rise to a far greater elevation; presenting infinitely sterner and finer features: and containing within their extensive range connected fields of eternal snow, trodden only by the wild Reindeer, or the adventurous hunter. Where these mountains meet the Western sea, in the Province of Bergen, they exhibit the grandest and most peculiar scenery in Northern Europe. They bate nothing of their majestic height as they approach the ocean; and at these latitudes are covered far down their huge sides with deep snow. Their forms are extremely wild and abrupt; and most singularly, they are so disposed as to allow Fjords, or narrow arms of the sea, to wind within their recesses, fifty, or one hundred miles from the line of coast.

The Western coast is further guarded by a conformable range of Islands, the northernmost of which, the Loffoden, are a celebrated fishing

station: while more than one hundred miles out to the Westward is a bank of sunken rocks, equally well known to fishermen, which is said not only to preserve the general parallel, but even to follow the most marked details of the coast.

In the Southern portions of Norway, nearly the same Forest trees grow, as with us; and in favourable situations, near the sea, even attain considerable size; although the most southerly point, Lindesnæs, is scarcely more than half a degree to the south of John o'Groat's. The beech is found about Christiansand, and Laurvig; but I believe not so far North as Christiania; where, however, oak, and ash, and chesnuts, and limes, &c., thrive well. The common elm is not, I think, very abundant, though usually mentioned in the catalogue of Norwegian trees; I have, however, seen remarkably fine Scotch elms a few miles beyond Steenkjær, in latitude 64°, or within $2\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of the Arctic circle.

Vegetation evidently depends upon many

conditions, besides latitude, some of which to our ignorance seem to be arbitrary; as being apparently unconnected with either aspect or soil. Steenkjær, and Molde, are the two most celebrated spots for the growth of trees that will not thrive in intermediate places. The oak ceases to be common soon after you leave Christiania; as does also that valuable tree, the ash: notwithstanding both may be occasionally seen in a stunted form much further north. The aspen and the alder thrive well, as far north as I have penetrated: and the mountain ash grows both luxuriantly and abundantly in certain spots along the Namsen, in nearly lat. 65°.

But at any distance from the coast, and at any even trifling height above the sea, these forest trees cease almost entirely; and their places are monopolized by the Pine family, and the Birch. The two species of the former found here, are the *furu*, or Scotch fir, and the *gran*, or spruce. I have never been able

to satisfy myself which is the hardiest of these two, as sometimes the one, and sometimes the other, is seen occupying the highest elevations. Their growth appears to be influenced by causes, for which I could obtain no rational solution; whole districts being covered with the fir, where the spruce will not grow, and *vice versâ*. On the whole, however, I should be inclined to conclude from the information I obtained, that the spruce generally thrives at a higher level above the sea, but the Scotch fir in a more Northern latitude.

The Pine Forests constitute a very distinguishing feature of Norwegian scenery. They universally clothe the sides and summits of the hills, as far as the climate allows them to reach; and strike their tortuous roots into every crevice of rock, where the least soil can be found. Often are they seen, as if in defiance of the storm and torrent, anchored by Nature's hand in some bare projecting crag, or on some islet in the very centre of the cata-

ract, where no art of man could possibly induce them to exist. And to my taste, this strange boldness of position combines admirably with their tall majestic forms, and impenetrably dark shades, to suit them for the peculiar character of the wild landscapes they adorn. It is not until the eye has become tired by constant repetition, that one begins to complain of the real stiffness of their forms, and the monotony of their colours; whereof we are first made sensibly aware, by the exquisite pleasure, with which on our return we gaze on the more graceful outlines, and the more refreshing verdure of our own forests.

I saw many fine trees during my Tour, but none of such extraordinary dimensions as to induce me to measure them: unless I was deceived by the scale of the surrounding scenery I observed no Firs much larger than what I have seen in Great Britain. Indeed, on the exposed mountains, and rocky soil of Norway, they by no means attain so great a height, as

in the congenial sands, and along the protected shores of the Baltic. On the other hand, their growth being slower, the texture is closer, and the timber more valuable: it is even said, that there is a very decided superiority in the timber cut on the Northern face, over that of the Southern side of the same mountain. Near the main lines of communication the trees are scarcely ever seen of any considerable size, since they are invariably cut down as soon as they will remunerate the labour and the carriage. In the interior they are of comparatively little value: every one cuts what he requires for his house, or fuel, or other purposes; and the rest are left to rot where old age, or the storm has laid them.

It is well, indeed, for the inhabitants of these Northern climes that they have such an abundance of wood; for there being no coal, the country would be otherwise untenable for man during the long winter. Besides, not only is it so universally employed in the construction

of houses, that I question if there are fifty in the whole country, built entirely or chiefly, of any other material (and those only in the largest towns, and of recent date); but it is also used for a thousand purposes, for which one who has not visited Norway would hardly think it could be made available. By a dexterous manipulation it is rendered the universal substitute for ropes: the rowlocks of the boat, tethers of the animals, springs for closing gates, and innumerable other things, are formed of it: and I have even seen light poles used as stays for the masts of the sailing Vessels on the Mjösen. Then the felling, and sawing, and transmission down the streams, of such wood as is employed in commerce, afford a very considerable source of employment to a large portion of the natives.

The "*Travels of a Norway deal,*"[1] before it reaches its destination, would astonish many that unthinkingly tread upon it, in a London floor. Felled perhaps in the primæval forests

of central Norway, the trunk is dragged over the hardened snow in the following winter to the nearest stream; in readiness to be floated down, as soon as returning Spring unbinds the waters from their frozen sleep. Then down many a foaming cataract, across many a torpid lake, along many a tributary river, must it be conveyed into the Götha or the Glommen; to be finally floated into the timber yards of Christiania, or Drammen, or Göthenborg.

It is usual for the principal merchants of those towns to hire from the proprietors in the interior, the privilege of cutting trees in the forests the best suited for their purpose, at the rate of about two shillings for each dozen; besides paying for the labour. They are marked, and sent down in the manner described: and at different stations of their route, there are persons appointed by the respective merchants to assist them over the different obstacles they have to encounter. These men may often be seen, when the rivers are in flood

from the melting of the snows, with long hooked poles in their hands, directing the timber over the Fosses, and along the tortuous channels: their labour is severe, and they are usually paid one mark (or ten-pence) a day, without victuals; or half a mark, if provided with food. Few labourers are paid so well in Norway, except during the height of harvest.

On such rivers as are very wild, and have many falls in their course, the logs are necesarily cut shorter than on the more tranquil streams of the Baltic; which acts greatly to the disadvantage of the Norwegian trade. The most expensive impediments are the numerous lakes; across which they are generally floated on a rude raft, with a still ruder sail, or not unfrequently with a leafy birch tree as its substitute: on the more extensive lakes, such as L. Wenern, the merchants employ their own vessels to tow them across; and in the Tyri Fjord there is even a steam-tug. Steamers are also about to be introduced on the

Mjösen. All these obstacles cause so much delay, that many of the trees do not reach their destination at Christiania, or Göthenborg, before the third summer after being felled.

While speaking about trees, I must not omit briefly to mention that Fruit trees, no less than Forest trees, evince a predilection for Scandinavia, over the corresponding latitude of our Island. All the common fruits thrive remarkably well, not only at Christiania, but much further North: and I have even seen apricots and plums ripened in the open air. Many excellent, and some peculiar, kinds of apples and pears flourish throughout Southern Norway; whereas I remember to have been shown as the tenth wonder of the world, an apple that had obtained a crab-like degree of maturity, in a sheltered garden near Cape Wrath, at least a degree South of Christiania.

Our gooseberries, currants, and raspberries are found wild in all suitable situations. The latter, as also the mountain strawberries, are

as finely flavoured as any I ever ate. There are also many other wild fruits, such as the cranberry, bilberry, cloudberry, and other similar fruits found on our moorlands. But deservedly the most celebrated is the Moltebær (*chamæmorus arcticus,* or Northern ground mulberry). It is a low shrub, fond of a marshy soil, with a large dark raspberry-shaped leaf, and its fruit not unlike that of the mulberry, but of a rich golden yellow colour, tinged with pink that fades as it ripens. Its flavour is peculiar and delicious; and in my opinion is heightened by the addition of sugar and cream, or by some of those confectionary secrets, which the matrons of the North so well understand, and which our grandmothers did not despise. I believe this pleasant fruit is not found in Scotland, or the Orkneys; nor even in the Shetland Islands.

The difference between the vegetation of Norway, and of Scotland, is, indeed, very remarkable; and cannot help striking the most

cursory observer. In some respects, it may depend on causes beyond our ken: at the same time much of the former's apparent superiority may be explained by considerations derived from its very excess of Northern latitude. The Norwegian winter is long and severe: but then many seeds do not require to be sown until the spring; while many plants and trees are so protected by nature, as to suffer little from cold, during a period of suspended germination, similar to the hybernation of animals in the same climate.

Again, the Summer is, alas! very brief, if we reckon the number of days from the last of the previous, to the first frost of the succeeding winter: for we cannot talk of springs or autumns in this latitude. But, then, each day may be almost counted as double, since for three months the sun shines uninterruptedly, with oblique, but still very powerful rays upon the earth, which thus has scarcely any time to cool. This, added to the fact, that the energies

of vegetation have never been weakened by the occasional deceptive warmth of our winters, and perhaps also to the fertilizing effects of thawing snow, causes a rapidity of growth that is quite startling. It seems as if the seeds are scarcely put in the ground, (only just cleared of snow) when their green shoots begin to appear: in a few days they have attained a considerable height: in a few weeks they are ready for the sickle. On revisiting a place after the lapse of a fortnight, during the height of a Northern summer, it is difficult to believe it to be the same spot, so totally are the features of the cultivated parts changed, in what appears so brief a period.

It is to this circumstance of its lying dormant and protected during the winter, and requiring, only for a short time, a greater degree of warmth than even the North of England can supply, that I am inclined to attribute the fact of the Hop being found, as I have seen it thriving, very nearly as far North as lat. 65°. However,

it will soon be decided whether the Norwegian Hop be, as it has been supposed, a different and hardier species, as I brought a good many roots home with me, which have been planted in Scotland.

If I may judge by my own experience, I should say there are few circumstances connected with a Scandinavian Tour, that afford deeper enjoyment, not unmixed with surprise, than the exquisite beauty of the short summer nights. It has been beautifully said by one of their native Poets, that, "At Midsummer, on Norway's hills, the blush of Morning kisses the blush of Evening:" and so slight is the interval at this season between the fading of the setting sun's rays a trifle to the West of North, and the rapid reappearance of his orient beams, as little to the East of that point, that this pause between the two sweetest periods of the day might be compared to the balmy breath that parts the coral lips of the sleeping infant.

Those few brief hours are, indeed, surprisingly

lovely in the further North; I say in the further North, for it is not until the Dovre Fjeld is crossed, that their full charm can be felt. On the Southern side of the Dovre Chain, the nights are only shorter and lighter than those of the Scottish Highlands: when that barrier is passed, they seem to assume an entirely new character. There, at that season, the course of the sun is so oblique to the plane of the horizon, that while he never rises high in the zenith, he also never sinks far beneath view. Unlike, therefore, "the set of Tropic Sun, who sudden sinks, and all is night," the glorious orb, for some time before and after the summer solstice, remains so few degrees below the horizon, that the refraction of its rays preserves a perpetual twilight: how holier, sweeter far than garish day, and yet how different from our own Midsummer nights, sweet though they be! The light is strong enough to enable one to read or write in the interior of a room: and stars even of the first

magnitude are invisible. Yet is it a chastened mellow, light; not casting strong shadows, but throwing a golden mantle of tranquil repose over every object it touches, and beautifies.

It is impossible to describe the peculiar effect it produces not only upon the eternal snows of Sneehættan, or, "the Pine forest's immemorial shade," or the silvery cataract's ceaseless turmoil; but still more upon a sleeping city, like Trondhjem. The buildings lie so palpably stretched before the eye, yet so harmoniously blended together, their picturesque points heightened, their harsher defects softened down; the vast Fjord expanding distinctly without a wave or ripple to the feet of the distant blue mountains; the boats rocking idly by the shore; the scenes of labour silent as the grave; all the records of Nature and of man so perceptible, yet so still: it needs but to follow the musings of the imagination to fancy oneself alone in a new world, or realizing the conceptions our childhood formed of Fairyland.

However dreamy such fancies may appear to others, not conversant with these latitudes, they portray but faintly the emotions I have felt on those lovely Northern nights, which are classed in my memory of memories with the delicious evenings of Naples and Baiæ.

It is a necessary, but striking consequence of this perpetual light, that the Traveller's arrangements, as to his journey, or repose, are totally independent of the considerations that would guide him elsewhere. Midday being as favourable for sleep as midnight, and the latter being as well adapted for travelling as the former, he is entirely governed by his own convenience, or powers of endurance. Not only the Tourist, but also the Farmer, often finds it advisable to rest during the sultry part of the day, on account as well of the heat as of the flies, that torment the poor horses to death; and to work at night.

It is very interesting to witness the modifications which the peculiarities of the climate

have produced upon the condition, the habits, the national character of the Norwegian. His summer is, indeed, no season of repose. The period is so short within which the crops must be put into the ground, must come to maturity, be reaped, and secured, as well as provision be made for the maintenance of his stock during six or seven winter months, that he cannot afford to be idle for a single day. His rye is sown early in November; in which month he also kills and salts a certain number of sheep and cows, according to the size of his herds, and family; and thus prepares for the long season, during which no out-door work can be done, except felling trees in the forest, and bringing heavy loads over the frozen snow. He has, therefore, plenty of time to attend to his cattle, which must be entirely fed in-doors, the whole of these dreary months, when every trace of vegetation is hidden under several feet of snow.

This is also the season for making and

mending all articles of personal and domestic requirement. There are no public manufactures in Norway; neither are they required, as each family supplies all its own wants, with the sole exception of articles of colonial produce. Of course every thing on this system is necessarily made badly, and at an inordinate expense of labour in comparison with machinery: but then, that labour, costs nothing, since it could not be otherwise devoted; and the employment is evidently beneficial in many ways.

In every house there is a loom, and working room; of which the sleepy Traveller is too often reminded early and late, by the incessant annoyance of its monotonous, jarring rattle. Every operation, from the production of the raw material, to the last stage of its manufacture, is performed at home. The women dress the flax of their own fields, and the wool of their own flocks, and spin it, and dye it, and weave it: transforming it afterwards into those substantial articles of clothing, which are more

suitable to a Norwegian climate, than the elegant inventions of a Parisian milliner. Neither are the men idle. Every Bönder (for so the peasant proprietors, or yeomen, are called) is a tolerable shoemaker and tailor, and an excellent carpenter. Their houses, both internally and externally, are universally made and fitted up by themselves, with great skill and neatness.

The Winter, however, is not a season of unmitigated labour: if ever the Norwegian enjoys any relaxation, it is then. The period about Christmas especially is the great time for merry-making, which too often, I fear, degenerates into intemperance. And thus they pass the depth of winter.

At last the sun begins to peep for a few minutes, and then for an hour or two, above a well known hill, on a certain well remembered day—and how joyful must that sight appear! In these deep valleys, the sun is not visible unless it attain a very considerable altitude

above the horizon: I know Gaards, to the North of Trondhjem, which do not obtain a glimpse of him for fifteen weeks. Then soon the snows begin to melt, and the rivers to flood, and the green grass to appear; and man and beast are called forth from their long confinement, as into a fresh world.

There is now no time to be lost: for here most truly does "Winter lingering chill the lap of May;" and before the end of August frosts may be expected, which are often severe enough to destroy all the hopes of the husbandman. The whole process of cultivation must, therefore, be compressed into an inconceivably short time: but so rapid is Northern vegetation, from the causes I have above mentioned, that no fear need be entertained that the crops will not ripen, unless they be nipped by the much dreaded early frosts, which, for the last five or six years, have been deplorably prevalent in the Northern Provinces, and have occasioned incalculable distress.

A trifling quantity of wheat is grown in the South, and I have seen a few patches of it even near Trondhjem; but the chief part of the wheat that is consumed, is imported from Denmark. Rye is a general crop; and the species of barley, called *bear*, is universal; as are also potatoes. Fifty years ago this useful vegetable was almost unknown; but large fields of it are now to be seen on every farm, nearly as far as the North Cape, thriving remarkably well. A little flax, and a few hops, with still fewer *kohl rabi*, are the only other crops of any consequence cultivated in the interior.

They must all, of course, be put into the ground immediately that it is fit to receive them. Besides which, there is mill-work, (the streams being then all full from the melting of the snows,) and other employment about the farm, sufficient to occupy all their leisure, until the hay harvest begins. The cattle, as soon as they are released from their long confinement, graze at first round about the

Gaard; but as early in June as the snow begins to disappear from the higher grounds, they are despatched to the upland district of the Sætters, before described.

Where that important appendage to a Norwegian Farm is distant, and possesses an ample range, the herds are left there the whole summer, under the care of the most useless women and children, attended by faithful dogs: but where the Sætter is near, or confined in extent, they occasionally come down for a fortnight to allow the grass to grow again.

As soon as the hay harvest begins (usually in the North from the 10th to 15th of July) there is no cessation of labour until winter. I never saw people work harder than the Norwegians do at this season. Labourers for hire are very scarce, and the poverty of the Bönder rarely allows him to employ any: consequently, each member of the family that has the least strength whatever, is compelled to toil to the utmost extent of that strength. Every day the weather

permits, they "*slay* grass," as they call it, turn it over, and house it in log huts built for the purpose, in what we should consider a very green state. They never at this season work less than sixteen hours, and often more; taking four or five hours rest in the night time, and a couple of hours during the day. Their hay ground (for I cannot call it meadows) consists of little patches, sometimes interspersed among the corn lands, or upon slopes where the plough cannot reach; or of a few roods along the river; or of upland glades in the depth of the Forests, where the reaping hook only, and not the scythe, can be used. Hence the labour required is very disproportionate to the quantity secured: and there is consequently, as I said, no time for repose.

The last hay is rarely housed before the corn is ready for the sickle: and if they are fortunate enough to secure this, and dig up their potatoes, uninjured, they must immediately put the plough in requisition, and sow

their rye, before the impending snow and frost throw all field operations out of question, and consign them to their long winter's repose. Any spare time that they may have is fully occupied in stripping the trees of their leaves, and in making bundles of the more tender branches, to assist in supporting the cattle in winter. Artificial food being unknown, and the period being so long during which nothing whatever to eat can be got out of doors, every thing is made use of, that is in the slightest degree calculated to keep life in the poor animals: and miserable enough do they turn out from their protracted imprisonment; but they soon fatten after they reach the Sætter.

What wonder then is it, if we consider such a scene of unmitigated toil, that when one condoles with the Norwegian Peasant over his tedious, dreary winter, he should almost invariably reply, It is the happiest season of the year! With him it is the season not only of feasting and social enjoyment, but of a cessa-

tion from labour carried to the utmost powers of endurance. Clad in his impenetrable furs, in the clear bracing air of his Northern climate, and lighted by the coruscations of the Northern skies, he envies not the dubious light, and raw cold of our winter days; but thanks Providence for blessing him with so much happier a season.

CHAPTER IV.

Different routes: Tellemarken, Bergen, Romsdalen; to Trondhjem, by Hedemarken and Röraas, by Guldbrandsdalen and the Dovre Fjeld—Money to be taken—Language—Horses—Roads—Ironworks of Bärum—Krogkleven—Geology—Splendid prospect—Ringeriget—First introduction to Norwegian Fare—Excursion to Kongsberg—Hönefoss—Tyri Fjord—Excellence of Ferries—Cobalt Works and Serpentine at Modum—Falls at Hougsund—Costume of Peasants—Traveller's delays—A Midnight Walk—Kongsberg—Silver Mines—Ambuscade for a Bear—Night in the Forest—Lake Mjösen—Guldbrandsdal—Pass of Kringelen, and Slaughter of Colonel Sinclair and his Highlanders—Laurgaard—A Bivouac on Rundene, to shoot Wild Reindeer—The Sætter Life—Splendour of Mountain Views—An Escape—A bad Shot—The Dovre Fjeld—Jerkin—Angling—Botany—Sneehættan—Kongsvold—The Vaar-stieg—Peasants travelling—Vale of the Guul—First view of Trondhjem—Mme. Homberg, and Louis Philippe.

I TRUST that the preceding sketch may give the Tourist, who takes these volumes as his guide, a general idea of what he has to expect; and that

he will now be better prepared to accompany me into the interior. His course must depend very much upon his time, and his objects. As to the former, he ought to be at Christiania by the very beginning of June, ready to take advantage of the first settled weather. As to the latter, if he be in search of the picturesque, his points will be Tellemarken and the Gousta Fjeld; Bergen, Hardanger Fjord, and the Fille Fjeld; Romsdalen, Dovre Fjeld, and Trondhjem. It is difficult to attain all these objects in a single summer; but if he make no delay anywhere, it is perhaps just feasible to accomplish them. If, on the other hand, my reader be a brother of the Gentle Art, he will either try the Southern rivers at Laurvig and Christiansand, and the Mandal, &c., or else will steer at once for my favourite, in the extreme North, the Namsen, the king of Salmon Rivers.

At any rate, most travellers who have time, will visit Trondhjem in the course of their

tour; and I shall therefore first describe the best routes to it. There are two principal routes: one through Hedemarken, and by Röraas; the other through Guldbrandsdalen, and over the Dovre Fjeld. However as the first, though occasionally fine, is on the whole by no means so interesting a road as the other, (unless the Tourist's object be to shoot an elk, or to visit the Copper mines,) I should advise him to proceed to Trondhjem through Ringeriget, by the Western side of Mjösen, and across the Dovre Fjeld; returning by Molde, Romsdalen, and the Eastern shore of Lake Mjösen.

Before starting, it will be necessary to lay in a good supply of small money, since change can rarely be obtained on the road. The circulation of Norway may be said to be confined to paper; so much so that I have never seen any coin, except as a curiosity: the standard is silver, in bars. The notes are neatly executed, and conveniently divided; consisting of dalers, (containing five marks, and

equal to about four shillings English) half dalers, and marks, which contain twenty-four skillings. There are of course larger notes; but the Tourist will not find those of higher amount than five and ten dollars of the least use in paying his travelling expenses. Then, he should have a well-filled bag of the smaller coin, one, two, and four skilling-pieces, made of mixed metal. And as a final addition to the preparatives already mentioned, I should advise him to take a parcel of the printed forms for the Forbud, the best maps he can procure, and a Norsk Grammar, or Vocabulary.

The language is so easy to an Englishman, that there is no excuse for his not learning at least the names of the only dozen articles, which there is any chance of obtaining at a Norwegian inn: but if he have the opportunity of making still further progress, he will be amply recompensed for the time and trouble bestowed, by the infinitely increased comfort and advantage of his Tour. I have mentioned

that English is very generally spoken in the towns, all of which are situated on the sea coast: but in the interior no foreign language will be understood, except German; and that only by the Clergy, Medical, and Official men. Therefore, in order to travel with any degree of comfort it is absolutely necessary, that the master or man should have a tolerable acquaintance with the language of the country.

Having then duly despatched the Forbud to Klekkan, paid the bill, and received Mr. Schölter's last bow, we steer as dexterously as we may through the awkward passage from the Court-yard, and soon emerging from the ill-paved streets of Christiania, take the road to Jonserud, along the lovely shores of the Fjord.

Probably the best charioteer will feel a little nervous at the thought of being about to drive some two or three hundred strange horses, over strange roads, through so wild a country as he has understood Norway to be. At least,

such I confess, was my first feeling; but I rapidly got over it: and as I soon discovered what good-tempered, and sure-footed creatures the Norsk ponies are, and seldom met with any serious mishap, I latterly took great pleasure in managing them. By strictly following my own advice to drive temperately, I insured the good will of the peasants: and if any unexpected difficulty occurred, a nondescript sound, which the Traveller must do his best to acquire, stopped the quiet little animals at once; and in a moment we were able to jump off to their assistance.

The first day's journey is hardly calculated to diminish any apprehensions the stranger may have formed. The roads round Christiania are abominably kept; and there are parts of the two first stages sufficiently precipitous to alarm the Tourist who is not yet accustomed to their *belles horreurs*. However, as he advances, he will find the roads improve, the materials being better, the bottom firmer, and less injured by

traffic. They are entirely maintained by the peasants, a number of ells, proportioned to its size, being assigned to each farm, and marked along the road-side by small wooden posts. The law enjoins that they should be put into thorough repair immediately after the spring ploughing is finished; but it is not very strictly enforced. And as the *repairs* consist of little more than throwing earth and sand into the lesser holes, and big stones with fir branches into the deeper, they cannot be expected to stand much traffic, or continued rains. In fine weather, and with a light carriage, they are passable enough.

But the most annoying circumstance connected with them (next to bridges being carried away, and such like accidents) is the extremely bad line the Norwegian roads universally follow. In order to avoid injuring a little patch of tolerable soil, or to escape the least labour of cutting or blasting, they are carried up and down the most tremendous hills: and where

that excellent guide in a mountain country, water, plainly points the best course, the Northern MacAdams often perversely prefer going out of their way, to scale unnecessary precipices, as if merely to try the nerves and patience of the traveller. I have frequently been inclined to think there was as much truth, as humour, in the explanation given me by one of the most intelligent of Norway's sons; "How," said he, "could you expect it to be otherwise? The first road maker in our country was the goat, who naturally always takes the highest ground. His track was followed by the cattle: theirs by man, first on foot, in passing from one Gaard to another, and next on horseback: and last of all, when carriages were introduced, the original track was only a little levelled, and a little widened! How could you possibly expect it to be any better?"

Some three or four miles after leaving Christiania, the road turning sharply to the right,

at once commences to ascend the mountains, which form so marked a feature in the prospects round the Capital; and soon enters a much wilder and very romantic district. The mountains are composed chiefly of the porphyry happily named Rhomboidal by Von Buch, from the shape of its felspathic crystals; and have the abrupt broken character belonging to that rock. In a picturesque Valley, embosomed in them, are situated the Iron works of Bärum, belonging to the Viceroy, Count Wedel Jarlsberg, and managed by one of his sons, with whom I had the advantage of inspecting the establishment. It is not exactly on the scale of Merthyr Tydvil; but appears well arranged, and well conducted, and capable of considerable extension. A large proportion of the stoves used in Norway are made here: the ore comes from Skeen and Arendal, and contains on an average about thirty per cent of metal, with enough lime in it to act as a flux.

Something less than thirty miles from Chris-

tiania, we come to the celebrated pass of Krogkleven, an extraordinary fissure in the wall of porphyritic rock, down which the road passes at as steep an angle as is well practicable to carriages. It is a spot well known to Geologists. About half way down a reddish sandstone is seen, apparently underlying the porphyry; but it is evident that the latter has burst through, and partially overflowed the other, in a manner common to plutonic rocks. It is very interesting to observe the modifications mutually produced on each other at the point of junction: the rhomboidal crystals disappear from the porphyry; and the sandstone, which at a little distance is finegrained, becomes there charged with rounded quartz pebbles.

Krogkleven is however even yet more renowned for the glorious prospect obtained from the heights that crown it on either side. On his way to the South-western "Look out" (much the finest) the Geologist will remark several blocks of red sandstone lying on the

porphyry, which have every appearance of having been borne up by the rushing torrent of volcanic matter. The view from the summit unites the elements of grandeur and beauty in an eminent degree. You stand on the brink of a lofty wall of rock, the termination of the porphyritic range. Immediately below, at a depth of many hundred feet, lies an extensive and fertile plain, once the domain of an ancient chief whose name it still bears, Ringeriget, or "the kingdom of Ringe." The foreground is occupied by a considerable sheet of water, called the Tyri Fjord; while in the distance is just distinguished the silvery foam of the Hönefoss, a noble Fall on the river that feeds the Lake. The view is closed by numerous mountains, capped with snow, which when I saw it, looked little able to withstand the action of twenty hours' continued sunshine.

Unfortunately, the outline of the mountain ranges is too tame; and their glaciers want the depth and intensity of the everlasting snows of

Switzerland. These patches appear nothing more than the traces of the last winter, not yet effaced; whereas the frozen honours of Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau are associated in our minds with the ages that have elapsed since the dawn of creation. However, it is undoubtedly a very fine prospect, with which no one would feel disappointment, if it were not, from its vicinity to the capital, perhaps, a little over-rated. The lover of the sublime and beautiful need not fear but that he will meet with many a nobler scene than this, in the course of his Tour.

Hönefoss should certainly be visited: it lies but a short distance from the road, and is an excellent specimen of the Norwegian Falls, I before attempted to characterise. There is also said to be good angling, late in the season: earlier, the rivers are too full of snow water. The traveller can sleep either at Hönefoss or at Klekkan: at both places he will find good accommodation.

If his object be to reach Trondhjem, and his time be limited, he must at once proceed Northwards: but in case he have sufficient leisure, or wish to see Tellemarken, he will make a circuit from this point to Kongsberg; whence he will either cross the mountains to Gousta Fjeld, or return by Drammen to Christiania, according to the Tour he may have chalked out for himself. On my first visit to Norway, I adopted the latter line; and the interest of the objects it presents, added perhaps to the charm of its being the first excursion I made in the country, rendered it so delightful, that I feel strongly inclined to advise my countrymen to endeavour to comprise it within their tour. They might easily accomplish it, by reversing my route; that is, by going from Christiania, through Drammen, to Kongsberg; and thence Northwards by the Tyri Fjord, to Klekkan, &c.

After thoroughly examining Krogkleven, I dined at Sundvoll, a small inn at the foot of

the Pass. It was my first introduction to Norwegian fare, outside the capital: and it gave me a very unpleasant foretaste of what I was to expect in the remoter districts. Here at a point of great resort, scarcely thirty miles from Christiania, and after giving three or four hours' notice, I could obtain nothing but a plate of insipid grayling, and a cake of fried eggs, with some hard, stringy, ill-flavoured bacon: the potatoes were scanty and bad; and I had not yet become accustomed to the sour rye bread. To wash down this indifferent dinner, there was only one bottle of wine in the house: it was labelled "Padus," a name I never heard of before or since; and reminded me of Tavel wine, of which most visiters to Switzerland will probably retain a disagreeable reminiscence.

I slept that night at the village close to the Falls of Hönefoss, which I greatly admired as well under the brilliant effect of the morning sun, as by the milder evening's light. There are many grander, many much loftier Falls:

but I know none more thoroughly Norwegian. It forms, if I may so say, a long inclined plane of broken water, with rocks irregularly protruding in the midst. On these so many sawmills are built, as to look like a little village floating on the wild torrent. The breadth of the river, and the body of the water, are very great: and across the very centre of the Fall, a long bridge of planks, scarcely raised above the rushing flood, offers an apparently very insecure passage to carriages as well as pedestrians. In autumn, there is said to be very good fishing in this river, and in the Rauna, which joins it just below Hönefoss: Trout from twenty to thirty pounds in weight come up to the Falls, from Tyri Fjord, at the approach of the spawning season. When I was there in early June, the water was too discoloured to afford any chance with the fly: and though, on my way to Kongsberg, I took a boat the whole length of the Lake, for the purpose of trying the troll, I had no success whatever.

The scenery of the Tyri Fjord is pretty and pleasing: I should not class it higher than a second-rate Scotch Lake. At its southern termination I regained my carrioles, at a point where the stream on issuing from the Fjord, seemed to offer most beautiful harbour for large trout, which, I was also assured, do lie there. Salmon cannot ascend this river, being stopped by the Falls at Hougsund.

I had great difficulty to reach Hougsund. The floods, which are usual in the early part of the summer, in consequence of the melting snows, had carried away most of the bridges, and torn up some of the road: so that we were frequently obliged to make our way, as best we could, across fields, and through intricate places, which nothing but the lightness of our vehicles joined to great labour and perseverance, enabled us to surmount. At some of these spots, I must confess, the thought involuntarily came into my mind, How is it probable that I shall be able to accomplish 1200, or 1500 miles, in the

wilder parts of this country, when I have already experienced such difficulties, and some extraordinary escapes, in two days' travelling, within forty or fifty miles of the Capital?

During this little excursion, I had occasion to cross several Ferries; and I was greatly relieved to ascertain that what I had invariably in all other countries found to be the certain scenes of imposition, annoyance, and delay, if not of risk to man and baggage, were much better regulated in Norway. There is a fixed, and very moderate tariff at all the Norwegian Ferries: the boats are usually kept in good order, and are sufficient for the carriages they have to convey. The ferrymen are remarkably expert in their management; and are very thankful for a trifle over the legal charge. After a long experience of them, the only instances of the slightest annoyance of which I have to complain, were at one or two, where the men were somewhat in liquor: of these by far the worst, on three occasions that I

crossed it, was Minde, at the southern end of Lake Mjösen.

Between Tyri Fjord and Hougsund the road passes within a short distance of the Cobalt works of Modum: they are under the direction of a very intelligent gentleman, named Böbert, and will amply reward a visit: the crystals of Serpentine are especially remarkable. A little above Hougsund, the whole body of the Drammen river, (as large as a dozen of Father Thames,) falls perpendicularly over a considerable ledge of rock, into an immense basin; whence it flows more tranquilly down to Drammen, carrying with it timbers and deals innumerable. The height of the Fall is not proportioned to its breadth; but the quantity, force, and impetuosity of the water, render it an impressive spectacle. No Salmon can possibly ascend it: they, however, may be seen vainly attempting to surmount the obstacle that Nature has placed to their upward course: and at certain convenient spots, baskets are ingeniously set,

into which the fish occasionally fall back, after making their ineffectual spring. Hougsund is not a place for the fly-fisher.

I was here first made experimentally aware of the necessity of despatching a Forbud in Norway. Not having quite determined my route, I had ordered no horses: and the consequence was, that I was detained upwards of three hours waiting for them. I whiled away the time, after examining the Foss, in watching the numerous parties that crossed the Ferry. The river is extremely broad, and the stream very strong: and this being the principal point of transit between Tellemarken and Drammen, there was no lack of passengers. And curious figures some of them were. Many were dressed in the true old fashion of the province, which retains a more distinguishing costume, than any other part of Norway, except some portions of Bergens Stift. The men wore ridiculously short jackets, almost up to their shoulders, and equally diminutive waistcoats, studded with

buttons. Their breeches also were ornamented with large silver buttons half way up the thigh: their stockings did not quite reach the knee, so as to leave it free and bare. The most usual colours were pale green, or brown, relieved with red. They all wore their hair curling long over their shoulders, and under their chins: it was very evident that they are bad customers to the barber. I could not, however, help regretting that almost all the women were dressed as much *à la Française* (with Gigot sleeves, &c.) as their materials allowed them. Few of the fairer sex displayed any national costume, and none that was picturesque, like that of their mountain sisters in Switzerland.

At length the horses arrived: and we were safely ferried across the stream, that in its swollen state looked sufficiently formidable. A mark and a half (little more than an English shilling) not only paid for my two carrioles, servant and self, but also left so handsome a surplus as procured me a profusion of bows and

acknowledgements. With all this delay, it was nearly nine o'clock when I reached the next Station, Dunserud, a small isolated cottage tenanted by two old women, one of whom must run for the horses. As she assured me they had to be summoned from a farm between five and six miles distant; and Kongsberg, I knew, was not more than seven miles off, I at once determined on proceeding there alone, and on foot, leaving my servant to follow with the carriages.

The evening was most lovely; and though the sun soon set, it remained so light that I could at any time read the smallest print without difficulty. My nocturnal walk, alone, and in so entirely strange a country, had something of singularity: I, however, met with no adventure, indeed scarcely saw an individual on the road. All was still as death: the only sound heard was of distant cataracts. The road was hilly and bad; and rewarded me by no fine scenery, until I reached the hill imme-

diately above Kongsberg. The view from that point of the sleeping city, at the bottom of a savage and spacious valley, with a turbulent river roaring through its centre, was very fine, particularly under the circumstances I saw it.

I lingered long to enjoy it, smoking meanwhile my last cigar; and listening anxiously for the distant sound of my chariot wheels to break the silence of the night. But in vain: so I descended into the town. Its streets were completely deserted. I perambulated them once or twice without seeing a soul, or observing the slightest appearance of an inn: it is not the custom in Norway, as in Denmark, to give any pictorial representation of the articles sold within. By this time, I had become alive to the unpleasantness of being alone in a strange city, with little or no knowledge of the language. At length I discovered a watchman fast asleep (as is the privilege of watchmen in all lands) with his "morning star" by his side: for such is the name given to

the staff, with a round head studded with spikes, that as far as my experience extends, is confined to the watchmen of Scandinavia.

I knew the name of the hostess with whom I was to lodge, Mrs. Semmelsohn; and I made no doubt, therefore, of being able at least to make known my wish to be conducted there. But either Charley was impenetrably stupid, or I was inconceivably unintelligible: I could make nothing of him; and I was equally unsuccessful with two or three peasants with whom I eventually met. Once, indeed, I was as I afterwards ascertained, brought to the very house; but there was no outward indication of an inn, and all was so still and so like a private residence, that I did not like to disturb its inmates, knowing how impossible it would be for me to explain my mistake, or my wants. I, therefore, continued pacing up and down the streets, and occupied the chief part of the time in admiring the fine Fall in the usual style of cataract, formed by the river in

the middle of the city. About half an hour after midnight, day began evidently to break; and a little before two, to my infinite relief, my carrioles and servants arrived, thereby releasing me from one of the most unpleasantly singular situations I ever was in. Mrs. Semmelsohn was greatly distressed to hear of my embarrassment; and soon gave me a refreshing cup of coffee, and an excellent apartment, where I forgot all the night's adventures.

The next morning, after a late but capital breakfast on capercailzie, &c., I drove over to the famous Silver Mines, which had been my great inducement to visit Kongsberg. They are situated about five English miles from the town, up a wild lateral valley, entirely occupied with Pine forests. Their situation is strikingly secluded: the entrance to them lies high up the side of a rocky mountain; and as far as the eye can reach, nothing but fir-clad rocks are visible, until glancing up from the lower

ranges, it rests upon the everduring glaciers of the highest Fjelder. I do not intend to trouble my reader with a lengthened description of these mines, because they have often been visited and described, and I have elsewhere given some details of them.* From what I have said there, and now, it may be gathered that a visit to them cannot but interest the lover of the picturesque, as much as the geologist.

While exploring them, I learned that two young men, concerned in the management of the mines, intended to shoot a bear that very night at a spot, about three miles off. An old horse had been deposited at a favourable ambush in the depth of the Forest, and covered with trunks of trees too heavy for any animal but a bear to remove. Bruin had been there three nights before, and had eaten part of the cheek and shoulder. A strict, but silent watch

* See Volume II.

had been maintained every subsequent night; and as the bear had not returned, it was inferred with much apparent probability that he must be so hungry as to be sure of coming this night. The opportunity was too tempting to be neglected: and I easily obtained their consent to be a partner in their watch.

I accordingly drove back to Kongsberg: got my gun, and made other necessary preparations; and about sun-set we proceeded with stealthy steps, through the tangled mazes of the Forest to the scene of what I expected to be very probably a perilous encounter with a bear. On arriving at the spot, all idea of danger vanished. I found a small, but strong and well built log-hut, on a rock immediately above the dell in which lay the carcase of the horse at a distance of forty yards, where with a fortnight's provisions, and plenty of ammunition, a man might defy a combined attack of all the bears and wolves in Scandinavia.

Here we lay in anxious suspense and perfect

silence, wrapped in our cloaks or blankets, expecting each moment to hear Bruin coming to his nocturnal meal. Not a sound however met our ear, except, of the cuckoo and thrush, throughout the night, which was exquisitely mild and beautiful. Soon after sun-rise we quitted our lair, and returned to the mines; knowing it was useless to remain longer. I certainly was somewhat disappointed: at the same time, the novelty of a bivouac in the depth of an interminable Pine Forest, miles away from any human habitation, with the extreme beauty of the night, and the excitement of an anticipated rencontre with so powerful a beast as the Norwegian bear, amply sufficed to reconcile me to the trifling trouble I had undergone.

Kongsberg is the point from which to take horses, for those who wish to visit Tellemarken and the Gousta Fjeld: the Tour must be performed upon horseback; but from all accounts, it fully recompenses the traveller's fatigues by its sublime beauties. My route took me to

Drammen, and over the "Paradiesbakken," (justly celebrated for its extensive and noble prospect) to Christiania: but if the Tourist have followed the line I have recommended, (reversing my route,) he will proceed by Hougsund and the Tyri Fjord to Klekkan, at which point we will, therefore, resume our journey northwards.

From Klekkan the next day's journey brings us to the Mjösen, a beautiful sheet of water, seventy miles in length. Its scenery is pleasing rather than grand; to be enjoyed, rather than described: in short, just of the character calculated to give a soothing, tranquil charm to a drive along its shore. Towards its upper end is situated the large, straggling village of Lillehammer, to which the Government have long endeavoured to give a fictitious importance, as an emporium for the supply of the surrounding districts. A few years ago most of the shopkeepers became bankrupt: but they are now said to be in a more prosperous state, of which

I saw evidence, the last time I passed, in the number of new houses lately built. The Inn at Lillehammer is very uncomfortable : I should therefore advise the tourist to go on to the next Station, Moshuus. Two or three miles before reaching it, he will pass close by Hundfoss ; a considerable Fall, which prevents the Pike, that infest the Mjösen, from ascending any higher ; and where also very large trout from that Lake congregate in the autumn.

We have now entered Guldbrandsdalen, and the scenery manifestly improves. Hitherto it had resembled our own Highlands ; from this point it assumes much more of an Alpine character. The depth of the Valley prevents the highest ranges from being seen : but the mountains that immediately enclose it, are both massive and bold. They often terminate in a perpendicular wall, over which tumble cascades innumerable ; at other times they are covered with forest from their base to their summit ; and more rarely descend with such a slope as

to admit of Gaards and cultivation, half-way up their sides. The road still follows the course of the Lösne, (the principal feeder of the Mjösen,) which alternately rushes tumultuously through narrow gorges, or swells out into placid Lakes. Several lateral vallies, of dark and wild aspect, pour their tributary waters; and hundreds of smaller streams force their deep path through the wildest ravines imaginable. The lover of the picturesque will stop to admire one of the finest of these latter, between Elstad and Hundorp: and if he has his rod with him, may try for a couple of hours to capture some of the gigantic trout, that are reported to swarm in its crystal depths: I wish him better success than I had.

At a very steep ascent, called *Kringelen*, is a rude monument, with a flamingly patriotic inscription, to commemorate the slaughter of some Scotchmen, (variously estimated from 250 to 900 men,) in the year 1612. They had landed in Romsdalen, and were marching un-

der the command of a Colonel Sinclair, towards Sweden, when they were encountered here by the peasants of the neighbouring district. An ambuscade had been prepared, the road barricaded, rocks and trees collected to overwhelm the unsuspecting foe. So well had the plan been laid, that while only six of the Bönder were killed, the whole of the Highlanders perished, except about twenty who were taken prisoners. Many of the traditions connected with this feat of arms are ridiculously extravagant: they have lately been collected and published by the worthy Pastor of the Parish.*

It is quite extraordinary to witness the importance attached to this distant event, which one might have thought they would rather wish to forget, if not to conceal. The disproportion of slaughter in a combat between peasants and disciplined troops, shows at once under what advantages the former must have fought. But

* For further details of this event, see Volume II.

their subsequent conduct to the prisoners was most atrocious. They started with the intention of conveying them to Christiania; but getting tired of the journey, the next day, in cold blood, shot them all, in order, as a local ballad of their own expresses it, "to save themselves the trouble of conveying them, and the country the expense of maintaining them!"

A short distance beyond Kringelen, the road passes close by a beautiful waterfall: a commodious stone bridge has now been built a little lower down; but the picturesque wooden bridge, figured by Barrow, still exists. A little further lies the Post Station of Laurgaard, at the foot of a wild rocky pass: and, here I propose to rest awhile, for the purpose of describing a very interesting excursion I made in the neighbourhood. During a piscatory expedition to a Lake, not far from Laurgaard, I accidentally became acquainted with a very respectable farmer, named Thor Odegarten; who gave so favourable an account of the numbers of Rein-

deer on the mountains of Rundene, that I agreed to accompany him and his brother to the chace.

We started early on the morning of the 23rd of June; each riding an excellent mountain pony, and accompanied by a sumpter horse laden with the articles necessary for a two days' bivouac on the hills. Crossing the river, our path lay along the face of a rock that forms the eastern barrier of the gorge above Laurgaard. The ascent was extremely steep; and if our beasts had not been remarkably active and sure-footed, we might in a thousand places, have been dashed into the flood that roared below. We reached the summit safely, in about two hours; when we emerged upon an elevated plain, covered with stunted juniper, dwarf birch, and willow, (*bætula nana,* and *salix herbacea,*) the last traces of arboreal vegetation that crown all the Scandinavian heights, above the limits of the fir, and larger birch. There were scattered patches of snow on the

lower grounds; and the surrounding hills universally retained their wintery mantle. Here and there cattle were roaming at large; while in the foreground stood several Sætters, consisting of neatly-built log-houses, with a green enclosure round each.

We entered into one of them, which belonged to Thor; and I was greatly pleased with the order and cleanliness that reigned throughout. A buxom maiden was employed in washing her numerous wooden utensils with a decoction of juniper branches, the best nostrum for keeping them perfectly sweet. She immediately arose to present us with a bowl of delicious milk. Her little dairy was a pattern of neatness; and already at this early season was well stored with butter: the furniture appeared simple, but sufficient, and beautifully clean. The Sætter life seems exactly to resemble that of the Swiss chalet; only it is not so far removed from the habitations of their fellow men. The Norwegians

have the same affectionate names for their cows, the same songs in their praise; and, singular enough, precisely the same long horn as the well known *Cor des Alpes,* only that it is straight, instead of being curved, at the end. The lonely, adventurous life of the Sætter, must have its charm, for a time at least; and their songs express this sentiment very strongly.

Leaving these last abodes of men, we rode slowly across the boggy plain; and soon came in view of Rundene. This isolated mountain consists of a cluster of half a dozen conical peaks, nearly of equal height, and most picturesquely grouped together in an irregular circle, resembling, though on a smaller scale, the famed coronal of Monte Rosa. They are 6500 feet above the sea; and are clad with beautifully pure snow from the summit down to the elevated plateau from which they rise. Three hours after quitting the Sætter, we reached our halting place in a romantic dell at

the very foot of the highest Peak, where we turned our beasts loose to feed at large. I had just time to observe that there was a small low building of stones loosely put together where I understood I must pass the night. It had by no means an inviting appearance; and certainly promised no very splendid accommodations; but my mind was too much occupied by anticipations of the novel sport I was about to enjoy, to care for such things. However, I could not but stop a moment to admire the wild charms of its situation. It stood upon the brink of a fierce torrent, that had cut a deep and narrow channel in the solid rock: and immediately over it impended the dazzling pinnacles of snow-capped Rundene.

We then, under Thor's guidance, penetrated into the inmost recesses of the mountain range, which his experience pointed out to be the most likely feeding ground of the Reindeer, at this season. Occasionally, we ascended the loftiest pinnacles, or traversed vast plains of frozen

snow: at other times we dived into the depths of the vallies, and toiled up the opposing precipices. In many places the softness of the snow rendered the walking very laborious. The sun too was scorchingly hot, and the glare most distressing to the eyes. Wherever the snow had disappeared, the Lichens, which constitute the sole support of the Reindeer during the winter, covered the ground with a thick and soft carpet; and many beauteous flowers, classed by my men under the general name of *Renblomster*, or "Reindeer flowers," but quite new to me, had already begun to expand their half-frozen petals. We saw many cock Ptarmigans perched proudly on rocks within a few yards of us: the hens were all at this season sitting far lower down the sides of the mountains.

I was greatly delighted with the views I obtained from many of the elevated points we ascended. From the central and insulated position of Rundene, I was able to command

a vast extent of the loftiest mountain chains in Norway, from the Dovre Fjeld, to the Jotun Fjeld. Sneehættan, in all its height and breadth, was distinctly visible; but by no means the most striking of the group. To the south-west, as far as the eye could reach, appeared peak after peak, glittering in the sunbeams, and connected by, what from this distance seemed, continuous fields of snow. This *coup d'œil* gave me quite a new impression of the dignity of the Norwegian Alps; and when I traced the line of the deep valley, through which I had journeyed so many days, I could scarcely believe I had passed so close to these gigantic ranges, without being once favoured with a glimpse of their snowy honours.

In various spots we discovered recent traces of deer upon the snow: but though we examined every nook and cranny through an excellent telescope, we could not, for many hours, espy a single living animal. At length, when we were beginning to despair, Thor

descried a herd of twenty does and fawns, reposing at the upper end of a distant glen. Unfortunately, they were so placed as to be difficult of approach. They occupied a bare ridge, surrounded on all sides by unbroken snow, which rendered it totally impossible to advance nearer than 200 yards, without being perceived. I had not a rifle with me; and at that distance a ball from a plain barrel is scarcely to be depended on.

However, there was no help for it: and, therefore, after taking an accurate survey of the country, we made a long circuit, and arrived, unperceived, in the neighbourhood of the unsuspecting herd. On our way we had to cross several awkward places, which we accomplished in comparative safety, except at one spot, where we were compelled to traverse a steeply inclined face of ice, slightly covered with recent snow. Here my treacherous footing gave way, and I was instantly hurried at a fearful rate, down the declivity. It was

well for me that I lost neither my balance, nor my presence of mind: for by striking the barrels of my gun with as much force as I could, into the frozen mass, I was eventually stopped on the verge of a swollen torrent, that had at that point burst asunder the overlying snow. If I had fallen into that roaring flood, I should in a moment have been carried under the frost bound arch; and never more have had an opportunity of recording my exploits. A gracious Providence, however, preserved me on this, as on so many other occasions; and after hastily repairing the damage done to my gun, as well as my nerves would allow me, I pushed on after my guides, with a grateful though panting heart.

The deer were still reposing in perfect security. By stealthily creeping on our hands and knees, we reached a small rock at the least 200 yards from the nearest of them; whence I took a deliberate aim at a fine doe. Alas! the priming had got so wetted by my

late fall, that the first barrel missed fire. The whole herd instantly jumped up at the sound of the percussion cap: without a moment's delay I fired the other barrel, and had the mortification to see the ball strike the ground, a hand's breadth above the animal's back. My attendant Chasseurs then fired at the retreating body, without success. For a few seconds the startled creatures did not seem to know which path to take: but soon the strongest and boldest took the lead, and the rest quickly following, we saw them wend their way in single file up the steepest acclivity; every now and then, turning round to gaze in stupid amazement at the intruders on their native solitudes; until one after one at length crossed the topmost ridge. Then, wishing them good night, we sought our own quarters, for the rest and refreshment we so much needed.

In the morning, my anxiety for the chace had prevented me from scanning very accurately the novel accommodations allotted me: I had

now ample opportunity of appreciating their deficiencies. Being an old Chamois-hunter, I have passed many a night in the rudest Swiss chalets, with nothing better than a dirty sheep-skin thrown on a bench or table for my bed. But never before had I met with any thing so bad, as that hut under Rundene. It had been constructed, for the purposes of the chace, after the fashion of a second rate pig-stye: its dimensions were seven feet by six; its height five feet: it had a small, low door, through which it was just possible to creep; and half the internal space was occupied by a rude, raised bench of stone, destined for my couch. The whole was built of a peculiar kind of Quartz rock, of the purest white, that splits into thin and regular laminæ, like slates. Our first care was to collect a large store of juniper and dwarf willow roots, which we soon coaxed into a crackling fire heaped up in one corner of the hut: which enabled me to boil in my kettle a jorum of tea, that we all pronounced to be

excellent. I then wrapped myself up in my cloaks; nor was it long before the fatigues of the day overcame all sensation of the strangeness of my position, the drowsy chattering of my companions, and even the roar of the adjoining torrent.

Starting early the next morning to the spot where we had seen the Reindeer the preceding evening, we followed their track for many weary miles; until at length it became evident that they had entirely quitted these mountains, for a more distant range. We were not fortunate enough to fall in with any others, though we fagged hard over a wide extent of very likely ground: our only reward was a succession of the most splendid panoramic views imaginable of all the surrounding chains. Although unsuccessful in bringing home a deer, I had attained my object of comparing the chace of the Rein, with that of the chamois; and had satisfied myself that it is pursued on the same plan, but is infinitely tamer from the

far less acute faculties of the former animal, as well as the vast inferiority of the scenery in which it is found. In addition to this, I considered myself much more than recompensed for the fatigue and delay, by the insight I had obtained of the Sætter district and life; but above all, by the opportunity afforded me from the top of Rundene, of appreciating the character and structure of the Norwegian Alps.

We will now resume our journey northwards. Immediately above Laurgaard commences one of the finest mountain gorges to be seen on this road. The ascent is long; but the grandeur of the scenery is such, that the tourist will not regret it. It was at the top of this wild Pass, called Rustan, that the Bönder originally intended to attack Sinclair, instead of at Kringelen. The Geologist will not fail to remark the singular conglomerate of which the rock is composed: and one need not be a botanist to admire the pretty lichen *(L. centrifugus)* that adorns the face of every stone with its grey and

purple circlets. Beyond the Post station, Hougen, the narrow defile expands into a tranquil vale, occasionally sandy, but showing more traces of cultivation than usual. At Tofte, which lies a mile out of the road, will be found the handsomest Gaard, and the nicest people, on the whole line between Christiania and Trondhjem. The landlord is a wealthy proprietor, and remarkably intelligent: unfortunately he speaks nothing but Norsk.

At the next Station, Lien, we finally bid adieu to the beautiful Gulbrandsdal; and turning to the right begin to mount the lower range of the Dovre Fjeld. The road rises nearly the whole way to Fogstuen: but the acclivity is so gradual, and the immediate scenery so tame, that most travellers experience grievous disappointment at this first introduction to one of the highest mountain passes in Norway. It is hardly possible to imagine a more dreary situation than Fogstuen. Placed just at the verge where the fir will grow;

surrounded by morasses; and exposed to the fearful winds that howl over this unprotected glen; without a neighbour, or an acre of corn within miles, it has even at Midsummer a most desolate look. The sportsman may be interested to learn that there is good shooting in the vicinity, and fair trout-fishing at no great distance.

I should recommend the Angler to make his arrangements so as to reach the bridge, half way between Fogstuen and Jerkin, in good time. He will find there a pretty little stream, which passes through a succession of small Lakes; and contains considerable numbers of trout and grayling. If the weather be propitious, and the water in good order, he may be certain of good sport, with Scotch Lake flies. I have always been there too early, but have killed both trout and grayling up to three pounds: with the nets they are frequently taken, in the autumn, upwards of ten pounds. These Lakes are also a favourite breeding place

for many rare kinds of ducks, and other aquatic birds: on the lower hills may be found a fair sprinkling of Ptarmigan; while the range of Sneehættan is a celebrated haunt of the Reindeer. To add to these recommendations in the eyes of a sportsman, there is a most comfortable mountain inn at Jerkin; which, retired and lonely as is its situation, he will perhaps look back to, as the pleasantest quarters he met with on his Tour. During my first stay at Jerkin I made an attempt to shoot a Reindeer on Sneehættan, but as it was unsuccessful, and its details would too closely resemble my expedition to Rundene, I will not trouble the reader with them.

Should the Tourist join to his other qualifications for a visit to Norway, a taste for Botany, he must not forget that the mountains between Jerkin, and Kongsvold, are celebrated for the many rare plants they contain: a full catalogue of which is given by Professor Blytt, in the New Magazine of Sciences. There are many

which belong to the Flora of Finmark: some whose only other European habitat is supposed to be the Pyrenees; remote districts to be connected together by Flora's wand. I believe, however, that this distinguished Botanist's subsequent researches in Valders have shown that these vegetable rarities are not quite so restricted, as had previously been thought to be the case.

The stages from Jerkin to Kongsvold, and thence to Drivstuen, comprise the grandest scenery that the traveller will meet with on his road to Trondhjem. In the first stage, a couple of miles beyond Jerkin, the highest point of ascent is crossed, 4,500 feet above the sea; whence is a sharp descent into Kongsvold. The road then, instead of following the deep and rocky bed of the Driva, which would have cost much labour and cutting, mounts the precipitous side of the eastern mountains, by a winding ascent called the Vaar-stieg, or "spring path," because at that

season it first begins to be used; in winter the frozen bed of the river forms the line of communication. To one who has not passed the Fille Fjeld, the Vaar-stieg will doubtless appear formidable enough. The acclivities are extremely steep, the path very narrow; and often there is no protection whatever between you and the Driva that is heard, but not seen, rushing through a chasm more than a thousand feet beneath. The opposite side of the contracted valley is bounded by a nearly perpendicular wall, of still superior height, which terminates the massy platform, whereon the range of Sneehættan is reared. The views along the upper part of the vale of the Driva, are characterised by wilder grandeur than any that I have seen in Scandinavia, except in Romsdalen, and on the Fille Fjeld.

Drivstuen, though comparatively low, is one of the four mountain Inns, to which peculiar privileges, a tract of free land, exemption from taxes, &c., have been granted, on condition of

their keeping a house open the whole year for the entertainment of travellers. The others are Fogstuen, Jerkin, and Kongsvold. I cannot speak in favour of its accommodations: and I should not advise any Angler to waste time in trying this part of the Driva: the trout there are small and by no means numerous.

The lower part of the valley becomes beautiful, as the upper part had been grand. It rapidly assumes milder features: luxuriant corn fields appear, the first that have greeted the eye, since leaving Gulbrandsdal. The slopes are covered with alders and the pretty bird-cherry, among which thousands of fieldfares are flitting about, evidently conveying food to their neighbouring nests. It is interesting thus to see employed in its domestic duties, a bird which with us is so wild, and but a temporary visitant. At Ofne is a very comfortable, and cleanly Inn: the last on the road to which such epithets can be applied. Hence to Trondhjem is about eighty miles; and there is not a single house

on the road that I can recommend: perhaps, Soknæs is the best.

Close to Ofne the Driva makes an abrupt bend to the Westward; wherefore leaving it, our course points to the North-east, over a very wild and elevated tract, that commands extensive views of peculiarly Norwegian scenery; from the perpetual snows of the higher ranges down to the Gaards in the green vales at our feet. The Pine forests seem interminable: and if, as will probably be the case, the traveller pass this way towards the end of June, their effect will be increased by the numerous parties he will meet on their return from the great Fair at Trondhjem. I do not mean to say that they are in all respects the most agreeable people to encounter, as they travel in large and not very orderly cavalcades, which frequently occupy both sides of the narrow road, rendering it difficult, if not dangerous, to steer through them, down many of the precipitous descents.

They mostly come down from the mountain

glens of the interior, for the purpose of exchanging the produce of their dairies, or their young horses, for such colonial articles as they may want, salt fish, corn, and leather. With such like goods they load their little cars to the utmost extent that their ponies can drag: but invariably on the top of all is a capacious, and smartly-painted chest, which contains their provisions for the journey. They seem rarely, if ever, to enter a house, by night, or by day. Whenever themselves, or their cattle require rest and food, they select a convenient spot, where they draw up their cars in a long line; and after turning out their horses shackled into the adjoining forest, form a family group round the provision box, to whose contents they do ample justice; and then soon sink into slumbers that a monarch might envy.

The flowing locks, on which the old Norwegian prides himself, the strange attire of both sexes, the uncouth appearance of these children of the mountain, combined with the picturesque-

ness of the glades in which they are seen, frequently give these bivouacs of the forest an indescribably striking and novel effect.

At Birkager the road crosses the very deep and romantic Valley of the River Orke, a short distance below the point where it escapes from a wild rocky gorge, within which it had long been confined. A few Salmon ascend this river in the autumn; but not in sufficient numbers to tempt the most inveterate Angler to encounter the wretched accommodations of the Inn. Beyond Birkager, the road follows the line of a small mountain stream, till it eventually falls into the beautiful Valley of the Guul, near Soknæs. From Soknæs for many miles up its course, the Guul presents a succession of exquisite landscapes. It does not aspire to sublimity: but for pleasing, and picturesque character, I know not its equal throughout Norway.

The Vale is generally narrow, and hemmed in by lofty broken rocks, of very varied form and colour, which often standing boldly athwart

the stream, compel it to wind round their base. Where these recede, the intervening space is thickly studded with Gaards and corn fields: and wherever their irregular sides afford a little level ground, neat cottages with enclosures around them, are seen far above the fertile plain, perched like eagles' eyries on the brink of apparently inaccessible precipices. How their inhabitants reach them, seems inexplicable: for the toilsome path is completely hidden among the rocks and dark forests. Nor are the usual accompaniments of a Norwegian scene, waterfalls, wanting to complete the beauties of this Valley, which no lover of Nature should neglect to visit.

As to the piscatory capabilities of the Guul, I shall have occasion to speak of them in my general description of the Scandinavian Rivers. Suffice it here to say, that although I consider it one of the very best Salmon rivers in Norway, I would not recommend the Angler to make any delay at it; as the Namsen which is so much superior a stream, will be in right

order, and full of fish, at least as early as the Guul. It will therefore be better to try it, on his return from the North.

About two miles before reaching Trondhjem, the road arrives at the brow of a considerable hill, which commands a remarkably fine view of the town, and its magnificent Fjord. From this point, it has the appearance of a vast Lake, girt by an amphitheatre of mountains, all of noble contours and dimensions, but no single one riveting the eye by any marked pre-eminence. It is impossible to avoid instituting a mental comparison between it, and its Southern rival. My first impression (which subsequent observation confirmed) was, that Trondhjem's Fjord is characterised by more grandeur, but by less variety, and less loveliness, than that of Christiania. Its general features are upon a greater scale, but it wants the picturesque peninsulas; it wants the profusion of wood; and above all, it wants the islands, that lend such a charm to the shores and basin of the latter.

There is one single rocky islet, called Munk-

holm, a mile or two off, in the roadstead, opposite the town. It was anciently occupied by a monastery; but has lately been fortified, with the ostensible object of protecting the port against all invaders. In case of a serious attack, this puny fortress could evidently have little influence in deciding the fate of the city: and a couple of frigates would blow it into the water, in a quarter of an hour. Trondhjem itself also exhibits some signs of being fortified: for what purpose I could not exactly make out; certainly not, of offence, or defence, against any such assailants as it is likely to encounter: it is commanded on all sides.

There is no Inn whatever in this Northern capital of Norway. An indifferent one was lately set up, but the experiment did not answer; and it was soon closed. There are, however, several lodging-houses; the best of which, especially for an Englishman, is that of Mrs. Homberg, a wonderful old lady, who has kept lodgings for more than half a century; and though upwards of eighty, still retains a green

old age. The stranger will meet with every attention and reasonable comfort at her house. She had the honour of accommodating the present Ruler of France, Louis Philippe, during his expatriation in the early times of the French Revolution: and she has this summer (1839) received from him a very handsome Musical clock, through the hands of the French Scientific Expedition lately sent to the North. It may be imagined how much the good old lady was gratified by this royal recollection of the treatment he had experienced at her house: and all the time I was there, its tunes were kept almost incessantly playing for the amusement of her numerous friends, that called to see, and admire it. Such useless elegances as musical clocks are very rare articles at Trondhjem; where the ornamental is obliged to give place to the strictly useful.

CHAPTER V.

Trondhjem: History; Appearance; Trade; Cathedral—Leerfoss—Salmon fishing—Society—Mode of living in Norway—Importance of the fair sex—Preparations for the Namsen—Routes to it—Fjord of Trondhjem—Trout fishing at Hammer—Værdal—Olaf the Saint—Angling at Steenkjær—Wildness of the country beyond—Hurricane—Bangsund—First view of the Namsen—Take up my quarters on it at Mediaa.

However anxious the Tourist may be to proceed Northwards from Trondhjem, whether his object be to visit the Namsen, or to see the encampments of Lapps on the Swedish frontiers; he must perforce devote a few days to the repair his equipage will need, after so long an exposure to Norwegian usage, as well as to the preparations absolutely necessary for his further expedition. He will not therefore

be sorry to learn, that this short delay may be agreeably occupied by various objects of interest in and about Trondhjem.

This city is the acknowledged capital of the North, as Bergen is of the West, and Christiania of the South. Though considerably inferior in population, it can boast a much more ancient importance than either of the others: and still retains many vestiges of the consequence that belonged to it previously to the complete amalgamation of the numerous divisions of Norway into one kingdom, and the establishment of the Supreme Government at Christiania. The Cathedral of Trondhjem is the exclusive crowning place; a proud privilege secured to it by the National Constitution. Here, also, is the National Bank, in spite of sundry attempts that have been made to remove it to the Southern Metropolis. A civil and military governor, with the usual array of subordinate officers; the clergy attached to the Cathedral; and some distinguished scholars connected

with a very good Latin school; give, as might be expected, a superior tone to the society.

A large proportion of the principal merchants are originally of Danish extraction. Their commercial transactions cannot, of course, be upon a very extensive scale; but they are a highly respectable, well informed body of men, distinguished for their affability and kindness to strangers. By far the principal export is salt fish, caught and cured at the Islands of Loffoden, during the winter months: timber is the next in importance. Among the minor articles of export I will only mention the grinding stones, which may be seen lying on the quays, of micaslate, thickly studded with garnets: they come from the shores of Lake Sælboe, about twenty miles to the South of Trondhjem. The town, is on the whole, neatly built; and has a pretty appearance from the majority of the houses being painted in pleasing colours: and this effect is increased by the great width of the streets,

imperatively required by the inflammable materials of which all Northern cities are constructed. The pavement is to the full as bad as that of Christiania: need I say more?

The great boast of Trondhjem is its ancient Cathedral. In a country, where every thing is constructed of so perishable an article as wood, a building, like this, that has survived a few centuries, becomes an object of curiosity. But it is, besides, invested with additional interest in the eyes of an Englishman, who expects to find in it a native model of the taste and skill of those Northern men, who reared so many magnificent temples in France and in England. If, however, he anticipates a rival to the glories of Rouen, or of York, he will be most grievously disappointed. It cannot be concealed that this earliest specimen of Norman architecture presents a heavy, and most incongruous exterior: the only picturesque portion is the eastern, which is in the Moorish style! The western end has not been completed. Al-

together, it possesses a certain degree of solid majesty, and confessedly forms a striking feature in many of the landscapes: more praise I cannot, as an admirer of the Beautiful, award to it. The antiquarian will doubtless discover much more to interest him in the details, especially at the fine northern entrance, which is in what we usually call the Saxon style, with circular arches, and zigzag ornaments.

The interior is not better than the exterior. The arches are walled up; and the sides disfigured by tiers of pews, exactly resembling boxes at a theatre. The only part that I can conscientiously praise, is the gothic Shrine that encloses the High Altar: the main arch is a remarkably light and elegant specimen of the gothic curve. Within this shrine stands an excellent cast of Thorwaldsen's "Christ," which the great Danish Sculptor, presented to the Cathedral, through his friend Mr. Jorgen Knudtzon. Its position is happy, and its effect very impressive.

It is but too evident that numerous repairs are required, to which neither the funds nor skill of modern Norway, I fear, are equal. The urgency of devoting a considerable annual sum to this purpose from the public revenue, has been ably advocated by one of Norway's best modern poets, Schwach, in his recent description of the Cathedral: but whatever Mr. Laing may say, the Bönder M. P.'s are extremely close-fisted about voting public grants for public purposes, even of utility, much less of ornament.

One of the best views of the environs of Trondhjem, is from the Fortress, on the heights to the North-east of the city. It is there seen that the town is built on a sort of peninsula formed by a remarkable bend of the River Nid, near its embouchure: from which it received its ancient name, Nidaros. On the other side, it is washed by the clear waters of the Fjord: the tide here rises about eight feet. The soil is composed of transported gravel and silt, disposed

in those successive terraces, which so undeniably prove the former existence of a higher level of the water at the mouths of all the Northern Vallies. I shall have occasion in the sequel to show reasons for concluding that these terraces are connected with the elevation of this part of the Continent, at no very distant geological æra, though not within the period of History.

About three or four miles above Trondhjem, the Nid tumbles over the last of a ledge of rocks, at a place called Leerfoss, forming one of the most beautiful Falls I have seen in Norway. The height is not extraordinarily great; I should guess about 100 feet: but every thing is in admirable proportion. The River, which contains as much water as the Tweed above Kelso, is hemmed in between two narrow walls of rock, whence it is precipitated in one unbroken mass of silvery foam, into the wide basin it has gradually scooped out; and then for a short space rushes tumul-

tuously over a sunken reef, to finish its more tranquil course to the Fjord. The heights, which are disposed in an irregular semicircle around, combine harmoniously with the features of the scene: the dark pine appropriately fringes each side of the Fall, while the softer verdure of the birch and other forest trees adorns the lower banks.

I must also confess that, to my taste, the effect here, as elsewhere, is increased rather than injured, by some picturesque mills, for the preparation of Chrome, and Copper rolling, that have been erected on the verge of the chasm. An English mile higher up, is a second Fall, preferred by many to this; it is rather higher, but not so perpendicular, and well deserves a visit: attached to it is an interesting saw mill on a considerable scale.

Salmon ascend as far as the Lower Fall, where formerly there was good Angling. It is, however, now quite spoiled. After long litigation, the peasants have established their

right to fish in the manner they had imitated from the Proprietor, who is a capital Angler. The consequence of this is that they are continually pestering the fish, with worm, or the rude bunches of feathers they call flies: and as the space is very limited, they effectually prevent better performers from having any sport. Now and then, a good fish is killed: but from all accounts, they have sadly deteriorated both in numbers and size, within the last dozen years. I have several times accompanied friends to Leerfoss, not so much to see them fish, as to enjoy the exquisite beauties of the spot: but I never, except once, took a rod in hand, when my companion killed an ill-shaped Grilse of four pounds, the only rise we either of us had. There is only one, good sized pool, over which the Angler is rowed again and again, leaving his flies to play in the stream, fifteen or twenty yards below the boat. I would not give a bawbee to fish such a river a second time.

Even an Angling Tourist is much more likely

to be detained by the kind hospitality he will experience at Trondhjem. To one family, in particular, well known to every Englishman who visits these remote parts, I was indebted for the most agreeable hours I spent here. The motto over the door of their country seat, "Velkommen," (*i. e.* Welcome!) is admirably characteristic of the warm and friendly spirit that reigns within. With good taste, they retain the most distinctive peculiarities of the Norwegian mode of life: but at the same time, they are too well acquainted with the best habits of other nations not to have engrafted them upon those of their own country, wherever suitable. The books, the prints, the objects of art, that lie scattered about the rooms, betray, at the first glance, the familiarity of their possessors with England, and Italy: the English language is spoken with perfect fluency by almost every member of the family.

In the social intercourse of the higher classes in Norway, there is a simplicity of

customs, united with great ease and comfort, which gives it great charms in the eyes of a stranger.

Breakfast is not so great a meal as with us: or rather it is divided into two; consisting usually of a simple cup of coffee with a biscuit taken early in the morning; some time after which slices of cold meat, smoked salmon, cheese, &c. are placed on a side-board, with bread and butter, and, of course, the brandy bottle.

The dinner hour is generally one or two o'clock: even at the Stadholder's State parties, we did not dine later than three. This meal always occupies a long time; as each dish is handed round repeatedly to each guest, and frequently pressed upon him in what used formerly to be considered the true spirit of hospitality, in our own country. The fare is good and substantial, much more in the German, than in the French style: the sweet things are almost always excellently made. In all the

best houses, there is abundance of Claret, of fair quality; often also a pleasant white wine they call Madeira, more probably of Spanish growth; and occasionally Port, though of very different flavour from that we are accustomed to drink. It is much lighter, both in body and colour, being invariably tawny; but it is very agreeable to the taste, and very possibly more genuine than the strong Port manufactured for the English market.

When strangers are present, there are seldom wanting toasts complimentary to him or his nation, as an excuse for a fair supply of wine during the dinner, after which they never sit, as we do in England. When this lengthened operation is at last over, and all have eaten, and drunk, and talked, and sung, to their full content, there is usually a slight pause of expectation, when the guest of most consequence proposes the health of the Host and Hostess, with thanks to them for their entertainment: upon which the chairs are instantly removed

with great noise, and the whole party shake hands with each other, and with the host, saying to him, "Tak for Mad," or "Thanks for our repast;" to which he replies, "Velbekommen," "May it agree with you!" Each gentleman then conducts a lady into the adjoining room, where coffee is handed round; and most of the male sex soon drop off, to smoke a pipe, or take a stroll out of doors. An hour or two later, they return for a cup of tea: and finally, about nine o'clock, a supper of cold meat, fruit, &c. is laid out in the dining room.

Owing to the early hours of the country, the children uniformly make a pleasing addition to a Norwegian dinner. But what most surprises, and for a long time even distresses, an Englishman, is the very active share which the ladies take in ministering to his convivial comforts. Not only do they personally superintend, and assist in the various processes of the cookery, but when the dishes are served, they invariably carve them, and, in country

houses at least, often hand them round, and supply the gentlemen with clean plates; the host meanwhile sitting quite at his ease, and attending only to the intellectual entertainment of his company. These offices the Norwegian ladies perform with admirable modesty, self-possession, and good humour; and are only distressed when a stranger rises to prevent their fulfilling what they have always been taught to consider a duty, if not a privilege of their sex.

Important as women are everywhere, not merely for the ornament, but for the daily and hourly comforts of social life, they nowhere play so indispensable a part as in Norway: a Norwegian menage could not possibly go on without them. Most frequently there is an unmarried sister, or near relative, of the husband or wife, who manages every thing, and sits at the lady's right hand, ready to supply any thing that may be wanted, to keep the children in order, &c., which surely is an

admirable preparation for undertaking the matrimonial duties on her own account hereafter. Every stranger, in venturing an opinion of national character, must of course speak according to the opportunities he has enjoyed: but he must be very unthankful, or had little occasion to appreciate them, who does not feel that he owes a deep debt of gratitude to the fair Norwegians, for much of the pleasure, and most of the comfort, of his Tour.

Good temper, good nature, and good sense, they possess in a very superior degree: they are certainly not deficient in natural ability: and, such information as they have acquired, they know how to use to the best advantage, with a tact and talent so peculiarly feminine. It could not be expected that they should generally possess what we call accomplishments: the circumstances of their position render them both unnecessary, and unattainable. Governesses, or masters, or schools for ladies, are unknown, except in one or two large

towns. In the interior, females are seldom acquainted with any but their mother tongue, of which the native literature is very scanty. Of foreign authors, they seem to be most commonly familiar (through the medium of Danish translations) with Scott, *par excellence*, Marryat and Bulwer.

I have never been fortunate enough to meet with a good vocal, or instrumental performer: and am convinced that such must at the least be rare. In all social companies, however, the national melodies are chanted with a warmth and energy that make up for science: and some, consisting partly of song, and partly of a descriptive recitative, in the style of poor Charles Matthews' songs, are often given with much humour.

But enough, the reader will say, of Trondhjem; we have lingered there too long: let us proceed Northwards. If, however, he is about, as I hope, to accompany me for a month, or six weeks, to the Namsen, he must permit me

to inquire whether he has made the necessary preparations for this formidable expedition: for until he has so done, I can by no means take upon me the responsibility of advising him to start, whatever be his impatience. First, his carriages, and harness, and tackle, must all be in perfect order; with extra supplies of the most necessary articles belonging to each, or the most likely to be injured. Next, he must be furnished, according to his individual requirements, with almost everything he will want in the articles of food, or drink, during five or six weeks. My own tastes would induce me to recommend half a dozen Madeira, half a dozen Cognac, a large stock of English and rye biscuits, a ham or two, some maccaroni and rice, coffee, tea, and a loaf of sugar. In addition to these almost indispensable articles, I have invariably taken with me, blankets, a kettle, and frying pan; which have proved of infinite service. I can only say, that although the visits of English-

men within the last few years have visibly increased the stock of comforts in the extreme North, still a precarious supply of coffee and sugar, together with barley cakes, butter, and potatoes, are the only articles on which the sportsman can reckon, in addition to the produce of his gun and rod.

Freighted then with the above, and such other articles as his tastes may require, the Angler will leave Trondhjem with a heart beating with the anticipation of deeds yet undone; and, I think, need not fear that he will be disappointed. He will also find much to engage his attention, and excite his admiration on his way. The road follows the Eastern shore of the beautiful Fjord to which Trondhjem has given its name, up to its Northern termination, a distance of seventy or eighty miles; and it is rarely carried so far from its borders, as not to command exquisite prospects over its lovely waters, and picturesque cliffs.

The first stage offers pleasing, but not re-

markable features. The second passes through much finer scenery, which conveys a most favourable impression of the more retired beauties of the Fjord. There is one bay especially, deeply indenting the line of the coast, which cannot fail to attract the traveller's admiration, as he drives slowly round it. Several fishermen's huts, and smaller Gaards, are built upon its edge: at its very head stands a handsome gentleman's residence, backed by a circling tier of rocks, bristling with pines to their very summits; in the midst of which a deep and dark ravine affords a tortuous passage to a pretty little trout stream.

Soon after, the road winds along the side of a formidable precipice, immediately impending over the Fjord, at a height of more than 1000 feet. The rocks are of an intermediate character between Gneiss and Mica slate, so common in Norway, and are contorted in a manner that betrays violent disturbing forces. In many spots, broken masses of Gneiss are

imbedded in the strata, as if the original rock had been disrupted, and then reconsolidated together: the best specimens of this conglomerate are seen close to the Post-sation of Heel.

Heel is situated on one bank of a considerable river that waters the broad Vale of Stordal: Sandfærdhuus is the Station on the other side. The ferry between them is one of the worst to be found in Norway, as from the loose nature of the banks, the floods constantly sweep away any attempt at forming a secure landing place. Salmon come up this river in tolerable quantities: but it is evidently not suited to the Angler, for at least the last six or eight miles of its course: it has never been tried higher up.

We next cross the most extensive tract of level ground I have met with in this country; the soil consists of rolled gravel, covered with heath, and exhibiting every indication of having once been submerged under water. This plain affords one of the few favourable spots for the

exercise of troops, that Norway can boast: and it is accordingly often devoted to that purpose. On one of these occasions, the present King Carl Johann, and Prince Oscar, were present: and the wooden cabins they occupied, are still to be seen on the spot, dignified with their names. On quitting this plain, the line of road rises very considerably. Between Forbord and Værdal is some very romantic scenery, which, although it scarcely admits of detailed description, cannot fail to afford the picturesque Tourist great and varied enjoyment, as he winds leisurely through it.

At Hammer, the Angler will do well to stop a day or two: close to the Inn are some extensive Lakes, which will afford him very pretty trout fishing in June and July, and good duck shooting, in August or September. I have never given these Lakes a fair trial: however, during the few hours I have fished them, whenever there was any breeze to curl the water, I hooked trout nearly at each cast

of my fly. Those that I caught varied from half pound to one pound: but I have seen fish of six or seven pounds jump out of the water, and hooked one of at least two or three pounds. The accommodations at Hammer are pretty fair: the people of the house excellent; and they have a good boat on the Lake. In the mountains immediately above the house there is said to be a *Tarn*, full of very large trout, that take the fly greedily.

Two stages more bring us to Levanger, where fairs are held, at the beginning and end of winter, which are numerously attended by the Swedes, Finns, and even Russians. It is a very dull looking place at any other time. In about ten miles further, we come to the Valley of Værdal, where the new made road into Sweden branches off suddenly to the Eastward. Any traveller who is anxious to inspect a summer encampment of the Lapps, with their Reindeer, &c. had better take this line; as some of that most singular Nomadi-

tribe may usually be found within a short distance of the road. Skalstugan is the best point, from which to seek them.

I devoted three or four days to an examination of the upper part of the Valley of Værdal, of which Mr. Laing (who resided here between one and two years) has given so flattering a description. It is, as he says, a fine mountain strath: and the scenery of the upper portion is characterised even by grandeur. I lodged with a delightful family at a Farm called Ostgrund: a very inferior house, called Midgrund, immediately adjoining, was the one occupied by Mr. Laing. Not quite a mile higher up the course of the river, is a fall of sufficient height to prevent the Salmon from ascending beyond. And two or three miles further is a much more picturesque cascade, celebrated for the number and size of the trout that haunt the pools below it: but I must not anticipate these piscatory details, which I intend to reserve for a separate chapter.

At Værdalsören I was most comfortably lodged at the house of the principal merchant, named Moe; in the very same room once honoured by the presence of Carl Johann, king of Sweden and Norway. Somewhat less than a couple of miles out of the town, at a spot called Stikklestad, is the site of a famous battle, in the year 1030, where Olaf the Saint, (who first introduced Christianity into Norway,) was slain by his "discontented subjects." There is an ancient and modern monument to commemorate the event; neither of them anywise remarkable for taste, beauty, or appropriateness.

From Værdal we see nothing of the Fjord, until we come to Steenkjær, a rising little town, on what may be considered, the head of the Fjord of Trondhjem (although an inferior branch extends some miles further Northwards) and at the point of discharge of the waters of the Snaasen Vand. Close to it is a small plain, similar to the one already described in

Stordal, which, like it, serves for the exercising place of the military belonging to this district. The annual presence of 500 or 600 men for six weeks gives a great impulse to the trade of Steenkjær: besides which, its position renders it the great depôt for supplying a large tract in the interior with articles obtained from Trondhjem. Moreover, about two or three miles up the river is a Foss, where Consul Gramm has erected saw mills: the manufacture and export of the deals necessarily afford additional employment.

Not far from the Foss, two Scotchmen, from Aberdeen, have established themselves as farmers: to whom I should recommend any of my countrymen desirous of information to pay a visit. They are intelligent men; and seem to like the country. I have no doubt they will contribute to improve the system of agriculture pursued by the natives. They have discovered some seams of limestone, interstratified with the mica slate, in a manner not uncommon in

that rock: this they employ successfully as manure, but hitherto no one has imitated them. Still further inland, is a very extensive bed of marine shells, lying nearly 100 feet above the present level of the sea: its limits are not known, but it has been observed some miles at least to the north-east of Faa Church. Indeed, the Scotchmen assured me, that whenever they cut through the superincumbent peat of the vallies they almost invariably find marine shells, some broken and some perfect, of apparently the same species as now inhabit the neighbouring seas.

A tolerable number of Salmon frequent the Steenkjær river during the season, which may, perhaps, afford an Angler amusement for a day or two. I must, however, inform him, that in addition to other drawbacks, the stream is so full of floating and sunken deals, as to render it extremely difficult to kill a fish of any size: besides, who would linger long, within so short a distance of the Namsen? Yet this

river used to be the "*ultima Thule,*" even to the most adventurous sportsmen; until about seven or eight years ago, a couple of Irishmen, who had heard of the fame of the Namsen, penetrated to Fiskum Foss; of which they brought back such a report, that many have been induced to follow their steps. Since their time, the roads have been very much improved; so that it is no longer an expedition attended with danger or great difficulty.

Steenkjær is ten and a half Norwegian miles, or seventy-four English, from Trondhjem: a short distance beyond it, two roads branch off to the North, by either of which the Namsen may be easily reached in two days. One line passes along the Northern shore of Lake Snaasen, as far as Vexet, near Sem; whence it crosses the Mountains to Ekker. The present stages, 1839, (for they are constantly changed,) are from Steenkjær to Fölling, one Norwegian mile: to Quam, one mile: to Rygh, one mile: to Hammer, five-eighths of a mile: to Vexet,

one mile and a quarter: to Grong, on the Namsen, three miles: or in all, about eight Norwegian, or fifty-six English miles. Much of the road is hilly and bad; but presents interesting views over an extremely wild country. The portion of it that passes along the Lake may be better performed in boat: the scenery of the Snaasen is pleasing rather than grand; and its piscatory capabilities have never been put to the test, though it is known to contain abundance of trout.

The other line of road, by Elden and Bangsund, is three Norwegian miles longer, but is more interesting both for its scenery, and the opportunity it gives of seeing the lower part of the Namsen. Probably the Angler will go by it, and return by the Snaasen Vand. At Steenkjær, excellent quarters may be had with the principal merchant, named Hunsgaard: he also speaks English. Elden and Hund are fair specimens of the usual Norwegian Inn: and tolerable accommodations for the night may be found at Bangsund.

Taking the latter line, immediately after leaving Steenkjær, an imperfect Druidical circle is seen to the right: the stones are not large, and seem to be arranged exactly in the same manner as with us. I have observed no Cromlechs in the North; but in the South of Scandinavia they are not unfrequent. Great part of the second stage passes along the rocky shores of the most Northern arm of the Trondhjem Fjord: it is wild and picturesque, and glimpses are caught of much wilder and loftier mountains beyond.

As soon as the season is sufficiently advanced for the Aquatic birds to bring their broods down from their respective breeding grounds, these shores are lined with various species of ducks: and as, in addition to them, game, and rare birds, are frequently seen in the forests through which the road passes, the sportsman should always have his gun ready at hand. At Berg, if the traveller have time while his dinner is preparing, he may stroll

down to the neighbouring valley, where a lateral stream of considerable magnitude falls over a succession of rocky ledges, (each furnished with saw mills,) into a river that shortly conveys its waters into the Fjord below Overgaard. It is a scene pleasing to the painter, or the meditative Tourist.

Two or three miles from Berg, we come to the land-locked arm of a small Fjord, which till within these few years was the only place where boats could be obtained, to commence the dreary long voyage to the North Cape. The extension of the road, and the subsequent establishment of Steam boats from Trondhjem to Hammerfest, every fortnight, have completely altered the destinies of this little port. It is now quite deserted.

From Berg to Bangsund is about sixteen English miles; and from its character, much more than its length, it is one of the severest stages for the horses that I have ever encountered. The scenery, however, is so wildly mag-

nificent, that no one who is in the least suited for a Norwegian tour, will regret the time he is obliged to linger through it. I fear it is not in my power to convey any adequate idea of this savage Pass. The road winds through a mountainous district, abutting on the Northern Ocean; where the mountains are all rock, and the rocks are mountains; always bold, often perpendicular, yet invariably, wherever practicable, clothed to their topmost heights, with noble pines; the spruce occupying the lower, the Scotch fir, of unusually large dimensions, and most picturesque forms, claiming the highest ground. These mountains are so irregularly disposed, that unexpected glades, and deep glens, of extreme beauty, successively break in upon the view: while from many a point, glimpses of the neighbouring Fjord rather tantalize than satisfy the eye. The formation of such a road in so poor and thinly populated a district presented great difficulties: the ascents are long and severe; and from

being so recently made, the ground is very soft and heavy for draught.

When I last passed this way, it still exhibited extraordinary traces of the hurricane that had devastated a portion of the country, a month or two after I quitted it in the Autumn of 1837. The most Southerly point where I observed its ravages was on Lake Snaasen; whence it took a Northerly direction to the Valley of the Namsen, and thence trended to the North-east, as far at least as Fiskum Foss. It occurred during the night; and I needed not the assurance of the natives to comprehend with what immense fury it must have raged. Its course was, and must be for many years, perfectly traceable by its devastations: nothing within its sphere of action, could withstand its force. I nowhere observed it to exceed more than 200 or 300 yards in width; outside that line every tree was undisturbed; but within it, all were torn up by the roots, and strewed like bulrushes, in the general direction of the hurricane

for it is justly entitled to this appellation by its violence.

It is most delightful on emerging from this romantic chaos, to find oneself on the delicious shores of the arm of the sea, whereon Bangsund is situated. So much of the impression of a scene depends upon the weather, health, spirits, &c. that I scarcely know how far I must attribute the effect this lovely Bay has produced upon my memory, to the circumstance of my having always viewed it with the accessories of most heavenly weather, and the excitement produced by my anticipations, or recollections, of the Namsen. But, surely, under any circumstances, it must be considered a lovely Bay: the exquisitely shaped basin, suddenly narrowing into a rock-bound creek, beyond which it is again seen expanding into its parent Fjord; the whole too encompassed and girt in, by towering mountain masses, must, at all times, delight and captivate the lover of nature, but when seen under the glorious hues of a

Northern sunset, as I have seen this picture, it will be cherished among those which the memory retains and clings to with the greatest pleasure.

I confess that the aspect of the last stage, from Berg to Bangsund, had made me somewhat alarmed as to the feasibility of my future progress. It really seemed as if all practicable road was about to cease; and when I reached the grass-grown verge of the Fjord of Bangsund, I began seriously to contemplate the possibility of being obliged to perform the rest of the route on foot, or at best on horseback. For to turn back, so near to the great object of my expedition, never once entered into my contemplation; no, not if I should even be compelled to carry my baggage on my back, and finish my journey barefooted. However, on crossing the broad Ferry of Bangsund, the country quite changed: no more huge mountains, and rocky wilds; but a comparatively champaign country, with the usual Norwegian cultivation, and varied by low wooded heights.

I scarcely dare describe the feelings with which I approached Spillum, the first stage from Bangsund, and where I knew I should obtain the first view of the Namsen: they would appear both incomprehensible and ridiculous in the eyes of any but an "Anglomaniac." I had hitherto met with such very indifferent sport in Norway, and had been so grievously disappointed with every river I had yet tried, that I could not help dreading I was doomed to encounter a still heavier disappointment at the stream, to fish which I had already travelled 1500 long miles.

It was therefore with a feverish excitement that I ran up a hill that overhung the Posthouse of Spillum, and promised evidently to command the lower course of the Namsen, near its entrance into the sea. The very first glance satisfied me I had at last reached the real river for an Angler: a deep broad stream rolled majestically into a beautiful bay, that in its turn opened into a noble Fjord. For

a long way up, I could see the river maintained the same equable course: and the character of the country, combined with the information I had obtained along the road, satisfied me that there was not for thirty or forty miles, any obstruction to the ascent of the Salmon. That single glance relieved my breast of an indescribable load of doubt and anxiety.

In the course of this day's journey, I had to cross the Namsen four times: but even in these wild parts I found the Ferries, as usual throughout Norway, well conducted and cheap: the ferrymen were uniformly civil, and for an extra trifle grateful to a degree very unusual among their class in other countries.

The lower part of the Namsen traverses a fertile and very level country; in consequence of which the tide reaches at least six or seven miles above Hund; say, fifteen miles from its mouth. Still higher up, however, the hills exhibit more of an Alpine appearance, and approach nearer to the river: the scenery

becomes grander, and the alternate streams and pools far more satisfactory to an Angler's eye. It was with difficulty I could keep mine sufficiently off them to enable me to drive in safety through some of the intricate passes; for the road latterly began to assume a very primitive character.

However, at length I reached the last Ferry near Grong; with the intention of proceeding to Ekker, an excellent house, belonging to a most excellent man, but unfortunately upwards of two miles from the River. This was too great a distance for an impatient Angler, and counterbalanced its other advantages. Therefore observing two or three good looking Gaards close to the Ferry, I inquired at the nearest whether I could not obtain there all the accommodation I needed: which, after the list I gave of my preparations for the expedition, the reader will easily believe, was not much. My overtures were instantly received most favourably: and I was soon installed in the best rooms of the

house. My host's name was Iver, of Mediaa; a worthy, kind-hearted man as ever lived: his family consisted only of his wife, a son of about 17, and a daughter 14 years old. I found them all cleanly, civil, and obliging in the extreme; and ready to do any thing in their power to conduce to my comfort; therefore, as the situation was most convenient, I made their house my head quarters, during both my visits to the Namsen: and if I were ever fortunate enough to go there again, should do the same. I had a neatly finished chamber, of just sufficient length to admit a twenty foot rod to be hung on pegs, without being taken to pieces; a great convenience to the Angler. Beyond it, was a smaller room, where I could stow away my stores and valuables under lock and key: on the other side was a little kitchen, used only for my purposes, the family kitchen and apartments being under a distinct roof. The whole was very neatly boarded, and perfectly clean: what could an Angler wish

for more! My brother enthusiasts, if such there be that peruse these volumes, will picture to themselves the delight with which I took possession of my wooden palace, and retired early to my humble little bed, in the almost vain hope of shortening the interval to the wished for morning, by courting slumbers that my anxiety scarcely suffered to visit my eyelids.

CHAPTER VI.

Description of the River Namsen—Method of Angling—Good boatmen—First day's sport—Piscatory details—Heat of the weather, and annoyance of insects—Distribution of Fish—Removal to Fiskum Foss—Dangers of road—Badness of accommodation—Excellence of sport—Sensation of the Natives—Character of the upper part of the river—Poor living—Success at Fossland—"Cobbe," or the Seal—My heaviest Salmon—Warnings to retreat—Adieu to "Minimum House"—To Fossland—To Mediaa—Recapitulation of sport.

I WAS now fairly installed upon the Namsen; within two degrees of the Arctic Circle. All my fears of the impracticability of reaching it, or of breaking my rods, or of losing the most important parts of my baggage were at an end; all my misgivings that I might find the river already preoccupied, or, after all, not worthy of its fame, had most happily vanished. Not a single Angler had been heard of; and when I looked

upon the broad crystal flood, that rushed by my Gaard, I confessed at once that it was the king of salmon rivers that had ever greeted my eye.

The Namsen (for so it is invariably spelled, though the natives usually pronounce it as if written Namson) takes its rise from several large lakes, situated within the bosom of the mountains that form the Southern boundary of the province of Nordland, and are the favourite resort of the Laplanders, from the circumstance of their being early cleared of snow. After traversing a wild tract ot forest, scarcely inhabited by man, it flows past Heimdal-hougen, (the loftiest and finest mountain of this district,) when it enters a broad upland Valley extensively cultivated; at the end of which it suddenly falls over a perpendicular wall of gneiss, between 100 and 200 feet high; and thence struggles through what may be termed a succession of rocky gorges, from the last of which it emerges just above the Ferry of Mediaa. From this point, its stream is broader, and its course

more placid, though still affording beautiful rapids, as well as pools, to delight the Angler.

In consequence of its flowing through a country of primitive rocks, in which silex is the chief ingredient, the water of the Namsen becomes extraordinarily pure and transparent, immediately after it is cleansed from the melting snow. The period of its thus clearing of course varies according to the season: but in general it may be said that the snow is sufficiently carried away to admit of Angling, by the very beginning of July. The Angler will, very probably, find this Northern river discoloured until quite the middle of that month: but he will soon learn that Salmon at least (though not so trout, perhaps,) will take the fly in water that a Scottish Angler would call "full of snow brew." Even after heavy rains the Namsen clears in a few hours: and happy is the fisherman that is ready on its banks to attack the shoals of greedy Salmon that are then sure to rush up its flooded streams.

From the breadth of the river, and the character of its shores, it is utterly impossible to fish it except from a boat: and again, so strong is the current, that it would scarcely be feasible to row against it, and cast with any regularity, in the way practised on the Tweed. The only plan, therefore, is to commence at the head of the stream, and row the boat, with its head up the current, as nearly as possible in a straight line, diagonally across; returning, after the same fashion, some five yards lower down, and thus proceeding alternately from side to side, until the whole place is well fished over. The fly, meanwhile, is kept playing from fifteen to twenty yards below the boat; and a little practice will enable the artist to make it dwell at the most likely spots, and swim at the right depth.

This is doubtless a very killing method; for, if the boat be well managed, the fly can be presented in the most tempting manner to almost every Salmon in the river. But on the other

hand, it reduces the inexperienced Tyro, and the accomplished Angler, nearly to the same level; since the most difficult feat in the art, that of casting the fly far and well, is done away with; and consequently the hooking a fish depends at least as much upon the boatmen, as the fisherman. This is the great defect of the Namsen, as an Angling river.

There is an abundance of excellent boats, the river being used in preference to the roads as the chief highway for the transit of all heavy goods. They are built entirely of fir; sharp pointed, and rising high at each end; and as light as a cork. They bound safely on the top of the breakers, down the most fearful looking rapids; which again they ascend in a way I have nowhere seen so much, or so well practised, as on the Namsen. Oars are out of the question to overcome so violent a stream: each man, therefore, standing at either end of the boat takes a long, but light fir pole, which they rapidly and simultaneously strike into the

water, on the side next the land; and thus push their buoyant canoes up the strongest currents, at a rate scarcely conceivable. Very great dexterity is required to guide a boat in this manner, among the rocks and rapids they have to encounter: at some of the worst places, it is occasionally necessary that one should go on shore with a long rope, while the other remains in the stern with his pole.

The natives of Nummedal, or Naumdal, (for so this vale of the Namsen is called,) are capital boatmen: and there is no lack of them, at the tariff that has been established by English Anglers, viz. four marks per diem, for two men and a boat, they finding their own victuals. I had not been long arrived at Mediaa, before the same boatmen who had attended a friend of mine the previous year, came to offer their services, which I readily accepted; and we agreed to make our first essay at an early hour the next morning. Their names were Lorenz of Mediaa, and Eric of Grong; both

of them excellent boatmen, and obliging fellows: the former lives with his aged father, in a Gaard immediately adjoining my own quarters; and friends of mine have subsequently been well accommodated at his house.

With what nervous anxiety did I get my gear in order that evening! how carefully did I examine the splices of my rod, and try the strength of my lines! for I knew that they were no pigmy grilse that I was about to encounter. Before five o'clock, on the morning of the fifteenth July, 1837, I first threw my line upon the waters of the Namsen; a day never to be forgotten in my piscatory annals. The river seemed to be in perfect order; and I had put on a most captivating fly, prepared for the occasion by Martin Kelly, of a size I should no where else have dreamed of using even in March.

What was to be its success? I was not long left in suspense; for within a quarter of an hour after leaving the bank, at the head of

the first stream, in the midst of the breaking water, I saw a large circle, and at the same moment felt I had firmly hooked a good fish. He instantly rushed down the rapid stream, plunging violently whenever in the slightest degree checked: and though we pulled at once for the shore, he had run out more than one hundred yards of line, before I could leap on the land. I then scrambled as well as I could after him, among the loose shingle, panting with agitation more than exertion, and wheeling up my line as fast as my aching muscles would permit. Most fortunately, notwithstanding the great length of line out, I was enabled to keep it clear of the rocks: and at length succeeded in drawing my silvery foe into deeper and smoother water.

Not that he was by any means beaten as yet. Many a time did he run out the spinning reel, to my great alarm: many a race did he give me along the treacherous bank. However, conscious of the strength of my tackle, I made

him fight hard for every foot of line, and saw that he evidently came towards the land, with diminished energies after each struggle. My Swedish attendant being a novice in the art of gaffing, missed several opportunities that a Tweed Fisherman would have considered certain: but at length after three quarters of an hour of most splendid sport, the fish was successfully gaffed, and laid on the green sward. The hook was scarcely extracted from his mouth, when he was accurately weighed, and proved to be a trifle over twenty-eight pounds, exactly the weight of the largest Salmon I had ever before caught.

None but a brother Angler can appreciate my feelings at this success of my first essay on the Namsen: it seemed at once to justify all I had heard of its reputation. I afterwards rose four fish; two of which I killed without any great difficulty: each of them weighed fourteen pounds. The weather was sultrily hot, and by eight o'clock the sun was so power-

ful that no more fish would rise. I, therefore, returned to my breakfast not a little gratified with my morning's performance.

The heat continued so great throughout the day as to put fishing out of the question before the evening, when I again sallied forth; and it was not long ere I killed a fine Salmon of fifteen pounds weight, in one of the upper streams under the village of Grong. * I did not move another fish, until I came to the beautiful pool above Moe, (called Spækkan,) where I rose two. One of them escaped in a moment: but the other appeared to be well hooked, and notwithstanding his impetuous struggles and immense size (for none of those present estimated him *under* forty pounds) I had little fear for the result, in so spacious and unencumbered a pool as that where he was. I had played him for at least a quarter of an

* The position of the several localities mentioned in this description of my success on the Namsen, will be easily observed on the little map of the river appended to these volumes.

hour, and had controlled his first and most dangerous rushes; when to my inexpressible mortification I felt he was off, and eventually on drawing up the line, I found the hook fixed in a branch of a sunken tree, in which the fish had evidently entangled my tackle. What a trial for Philosophy! Notwithstanding this last mishap, however, I returned home quite satisfied of the Namsen's superiority to any other Salmon River I had ever fished; and could not help looking forward to the enjoyment of glorious sport during the four or five weeks that I intended devoting to it.

The very next day happened to be a day of rest. On the 17th we took the water by four o'clock; having discovered that after eight, the heat became insupportable. The high hopes with which I started seemed little likely to be realized; for I did not rise a fish until I came to Spækkan Pool, though I tried two miles of most likely water, with the greatest care. There, however, I hooked and killed a Salmon of

nineteen pounds, a handsome fish in any river; with which I returned to my quarters, and rested during the day.

The morning's experience had not made me very sanguine for the evening; and for the first two hours after our return to the river, I did not get a rise. At last, in the Reach under Quittum, I observed two or three fish spring, that apparently had only just run up from the lower part of the river. One of the largest of these, weighing thirteen pounds and a half, I soon killed; besides slightly hooking two others: I also caught a very small Grilse, of four pounds; one of several that I saw jump out of the water: whence it was evident that the Grilse were beginning to make their appearance from the sea.

I then came to my favourite pool above Moe, where I had scarcely begun to fish, when I hooked, and killed, after great sport, a beautiful fish, weighing twenty-six pounds; and shortly afterwards, in the lower part of the

same pool, I killed another of fourteen pounds. It was now eleven o'clock, and I, therefore, out of compassion to my men, proposed giving up; but in rowing across the pool for that purpose, I hooked a fine salmon of eighteen pounds, which I landed, after a long struggle, by the glorious twilight of an Arctic Midnight. This was so satisfactory a finish to a splendid day's sport, that I would try no more, but walked home, leaving them to pole the boat up at their leisure.

On arriving at Mediaa, I found my host and all the neighbouring farmers, working by moonlight, in order to escape the intense heat of the day. I had little anticipated that in these high latitudes I should find the direct heat of the sun almost as great as in Southern Italy. Yet so it is: and from the general stillness of the air in these confined Vallies, a sense of oppression is felt that quite incapacitates for exertion, during the middle of the day. The persecutions of the Insect world

I was better prepared to expect: but I did not fancy them the more tolerable for being anticipated. It is absolutely necessary for any man not furnished with the hide of a Rhinoceros, to wear gloves while fishing: and if the Angler be fond of smoking, he will find the fumes of his cigar a considerable protection to his face. I cannot say that I have been quite driven to the expedient of oiling my visage, which is said to be indispensable in Lapland.

Not only do the most venomous Musquitoes persecute you by the river side, but winged vermin of all sorts follow you into the recesses of your chamber, and seize on you when defenceless in your bed. They are intolerable nuisances in close, sultry weather: how grateful is the air that cools down the temperature, and for a while suspends their attacks!

After remaining on the water so late the previous night, I felt little inclined to start early the next morning; and therefore deferred fishing until the evening. In the course

of the morning I endeavoured to apportion, with as much equity as I could, the produce of yesterday's Angling, which amounted to nearly one hundred pounds. I had expected that Salmon at the Namsen would be like coals at Newcastle; but such was far from being the case. The natives had not yet learned the art of fly-fishing; and from the general character of the river, few parts can be netted, unless in very low water: besides which there are at this season much more urgent calls on their time. In the Autumn, when the Salmon frequent the shallows for the purposes of spawning, the peasants having by that time secured their harvest, destroy the poor fish with flambeaux, and an instrument exactly like the Scottish, and which they also here call the "Lyster." I found therefore that Salmon at this earlier season was a very important addition to the food of the poor people; and that if I wished to avoid jealousies, I must be careful in its distribution. I even-

tually laid it down as a sort of general rule, that one half of what I caught should be divided among the Bönder, whose land bordered the water I fished: the other half I reserved for my boatmen, my host, and myself: the latter by no means coming in for the Lion's share.

Having now fished the lower part two days following, and being desirous of seeing something of the upper course of the river, I proceeded in the evening, through the gorge I before mentioned, toward the village of Fossland, about two miles above Mediaa. I was greatly struck by the romantic character of the scenery. For some distance, the stream is hemmed in by very lofty and bold, dark crags, that sink perpendicularly into deep pools, as pure as crystal: at other spots, the rocks recede a little, but lose nothing of their height, or savage aspect.

I did not stop to fish before I reached the long pool above Fossland, called Lökke Gar by the natives, but which I have named "the

Eagles' Pool," from the circumstance of a pair of those birds invariably hovering over the neighbouring cliffs. I killed here a lively Salmon of fifteen pounds, and rose three others, one of them a good sized fish: but they all got away in the most provoking manner, which I attributed partly to the long continuance of sultry weather. I only rose one other on my way homewards: this sport was nothing in comparison to what I ought to have had in these splendid pools, which are favourite resting places of the largest fish.

The following afternoon, fishing below Mediaa, I only killed three small Grilse, and saw but one large Salmon rise: I therefore determined to leave this part of the River for a while, and run up to Fiskum Foss, with the hope of catching some of the fish already lodged there, before a flood should come.

The distance from Mediaa is not more than eight or nine miles: but from the character of the road, it can scarcely be accomplished

with carriages, in less than three hours. It is the narrowest path to be traversed by wheels I ever saw, and in several spots winds up and down frightful precipices: the horses too are little used to draught, and being shoeless cannot keep their footing, whenever the clay, of which most of the road is composed, has been rendered slippery by recent rains. Out of four times that I passed this way, I met with three bad accidents, that might have been worse: which so satisfied me that I had at last reached the end of all travellable roads, that on my subsequent visit to the Namsen, I always preferred a boat. As might be expected, however, from this description, much of the scenery is interestingly wild and picturesque.

After passing through the village of Glashoug, (more commonly called Gartland, or, Gothland, for I am not sure which is the most correct orthography,) we came within hearing, and soon within sight, of Fiskum Foss, which

we left the road to view to advantage. It is one of the finest Falls I have seen in Norway. The whole River precipitates itself at once over an almost perpendicular ledge of Gneiss, or Mica slate, in which quartz forms by far the principal ingredient. I should estimate its height to be from 100 to 150 feet: the scenery around is appropriately savage: the water of the most silvery brightness, that element can possibly assume. Often as I have viewed this noble Fall beneath the powerful rays of the noonday sun, or in the azure depth of an autumnal midnight, I never omitted on my way to and from my boat, to linger for a few moments on a knoll whence it is best commanded, and contemplated each time with fresh pleasure its varying aspects.

About a mile further we came to the hamlet of Fiskum, where I intended to lodge, at a farmhouse, which a friend of mine had occupied the preceding summer. I found it even worse than it had been described to me. It

consisted of the usual collection of log-houses, ranged more or less together; but they all had a more than usually dilapidated appearance, and that nameless air of discomfort which at once gives the most unfavourable impression as to the order and tidiness to be expected within.

An inspection of the interior only confirmed this impression. The rooms were gloomy and dirty; the windows broken; the doors would not shut; the furniture was poor; the crockery most scanty. The desolate look of the domicile was doubtless increased by the absence of the family at the Sætter, seven or eight miles off: and perhaps my feelings towards it were somewhat embittered from not being able to obtain any thing better than dry barley cake, and bad salt herrings, wherewith to satisfy a craving mountain appetite. Upon this insufficient fare, washed down with a little Cognac, myself and two Englishmen who had accompanied me to see the Foss, were fain to dine *al fresco*.

Yet was the scene not without charms that soon made us forget our meagre meal, and chilling reception. The majestic Heimdal-hougen, and many other heights of lesser note, gave an Alpine character to the back ground; while the broad Vale, that bordered the river at our feet, was covered with luxuriant crops of barley, and potatoes. But where were the cultivators? for no human being, but ourselves, was visible in the wide prospect we commanded. All at this season were either with their cattle at the mountain Sætters; or were cutting grass along the slopes and dells of the lower hills.

The smooth sweep of the river was visible up to the verge of the precipice over which it so suddenly plunges: a perpetual column of spray rose above the abyss, wherein it is received: and the cataract's eternal roar, now dying in the distance, now swelling on the ear, with the fitful wind, added Nature's voice to complete the magic of the scene. Such was my first introduction to "Minimum

House;" for so we christened our quarters, as affording the minimum of comforts, with which an Englishman, accustomed to the conveniences of life, will put up for the sake of sport.

Meanwhile, however, a messenger had been despatched with all speed to the Sætter; and before night, not only the most important members of the family, but also (scarce less important) a cow and a plentiful supply of delicious butter, arrived. On our parts also we had not been idle; so that affairs looked much more promisingly, when I retired to rest, after making all my arrangements for opening the campaign early the next morning.

My host, Eric, and his son, Ole, offered to be my boatmen: and better rowers, more obliging and willing fellows, I never would wish to have. If only the lady of the house had possessed a similar character, I should have been sufficiently comfortable: but I found her not only now, but after a long acquaintance,

far from intelligent, very far from cleanly, and still further from being industrious. She was glad enough to finger the money; but, with her own consent, would give herself little trouble to earn it.

I was unexpectedly waked the next morning by a friend, who had promised to join me on the Namsen; but wished first to see the sun at midnight, near Tornea. Having satisfactorily accomplished this object, he had crossed the mountains to Værdal, and had travelled night and day till he overtook me. Wishing to discuss our mutual adventures, we fished together in the same boat: but partly owing to the sultry state of the weather, and more to our ignorance of the river, had very indifferent sport. We only rose three or four fish, and I killed but one of eleven pounds, which at any rate insured us a dinner for the following day, a matter of no trifling importance.

We had found it so inconvenient to angle in one boat, that the next day we took each

our own: but in consequence of the extreme heat of the day, thought it not advisable to sally forth until the afternoon. Leaving my friend the upper pools, I shot down the "Long Rapid," and came to the beautiful pool below Rossætter, which we have named "Jacob's Pool," from its surly proprietor.* It was full of Salmon: indeed, whenever the Angler finds few or none there, he must calculate on little sport elsewhere.

At this place I rose twelve fish within a couple of hours: six of them I lost by what I thought ill luck, as much as ill management. One I then believed, and still believe, to be the largest I ever hooked: he was lying on the verge of a sunken ledge, immediately beyond which the water is said to be fifty feet deep. The instant he took the fly, he plunged head foremost into the crystal depth,

* The reader will easily follow these details by referring to the little map of this part of the Namsen, appended to this volume.

like a whale "sounding;" and cut my line against the edge of the rock. From the good view we had of his enormous length and breadth, and the whirlpool he caused in his descent, we were all convinced he could not be under fifty pounds—probably more.

Another salmon of at least thirty pounds ran the line out with the rapidity usual to the giants of the Namsen; when unluckily the handle of the swiftly whirling reel caught for a moment in a chain I foolishly wore round my neck, and in an instant the enormously strong gut was snapped asunder like packthread.

I have seldom seen a large fish in this river take his capture quietly: his first rush is usually tremendous; and if at that time he meet with the least check, no tackle, however good and strong, will bear the sudden strain. Several times have I had 150 yards of line run out within the first half minute: and it was not before I had lost many noble

fish, that I learned how to manage them properly. At first I made it a rule, under all circumstances, to row to land, as soon as possible after hooking a salmon: the consequence of which often was, that the fish was already more than 100 yards down the rapid stream, ere I reached the shore; and before I could shorten my line, there was every risk, from its length and the character of the stream, of its being carried under a rock.

After I had become better acquainted with the tactics of these monsters, and had taught my boatmen what to do, I found it in general by far the best plan, to follow the fish, in the boat, with a short and tight line, (the point of the rod being well raised up,) until his first energies were baffled, and he was brought into a good roomy place; and then to land. Sometimes, indeed, after running down the stream, he would rush up it again with almost equal rapidity, and perhaps on the opposite side; when, unless he were soon turned, he was

almost sure to escape, as the torrent inevitably carried the line far below the fish, and deprived me of all command over the struggling victim.

All these difficulties of course infinitely enhance the satisfaction of successfully steering a huge monster through them all, into a secure basin, whence one feels there is little fear of his escaping. My boatmen usually were so attentive, as to perceive the rise and hooking of a salmon, almost as soon as I did myself: and if it appeared to be what we called "a Specie Fish" (I allowed a specie dollar, or four shillings, for every salmon I killed of thirty pounds, as an encouragement to the men) there was an exclamation of excitement, and perhaps a little unsteadiness for a moment, that a single word from me checked.

The utmost attention was requisite, on the part both of the Angler and boatmen, particularly for the first few moments. If, as was generally the case with a large fish, he rushed like lightning down the stream, he must be

allowed a free line: should it be checked in the slightest degree, he was assuredly lost. Perhaps he would run up the stream much quicker than we could follow him: perhaps he would strike directly across to the further side of the pool; more rarely he would suddenly rush towards the boat, in which case it was difficult to prevent the line becoming loose. But under all circumstances, my object was, as soon as his movements were sufficiently decided, to follow them with the boat as closely as I could, with as short a line as possible, always feeling him firmly, but never pressing on him at first, so as to irritate him.

In case the spot where I had hooked a salmon appeared tolerably favourable, I endeavoured to prevent his leaving it: but not unfrequently, after being turned two or three times, he would give an angry splash or two, and rush down the river, with a determination not to be controlled. "I cannot hold him: he will take the rapid! be ready, we must follow

him! now then for it!" A nervous moment! to shoot down a Norwegian rapid, with its glancing waves, and threatening rocks; and with a thirty pound salmon springing some forty or fifty yards lower down, and tugging furiously at the line like a wild beast.

But should this dangerous passage be safely accomplished, and the fish be brought into a spacious, tranquil pool, the Angler has nothing to do but to land on the freest and most unencumbered shore, and then bear firmly and stoutly on his prey, to the full strength of his tackle. Half an hour of such treatment will bring the most vigorous of the tribe, panting and helpless to the bank; the only fear being lest the hold should give way, which even with the immense hooks I employed was occasionally the case, from the great strain necessarily kept up for so long a time.

Otherwise, he is dragged gradually to the rocky shore; the inexpert Northern makes two or three clumsy, ineffectual attempts at

gaffing, the alarm of which gives the poor fish a momentary vigour: but at last he is brought so palpably and unresistingly alongside, that even Peder, can no longer miss him, and as soon as I have well ascertained that he is fairly landed, and have heard the exclamations at his unexpected weight, I throw myself on the green bank, to relax my muscles and nerves from their excitement and fatigue.

Notwithstanding the loss of the fine salmon that has given occasion to this digression, I killed six fish on my first visit to Jacob's Pool: five of which were small grilse, but one was upwards of twenty-four pounds, and gave me excellent sport. In a neighbouring stream, I rose six more fish, and killed one of thirteen pounds. On my return home, I was sorry to find my friend had been by no means so successful in the upper part of the river.

The next day being the Sabbath, and therefore an idle day, we were honoured by a large levee, of both sexes, anxious to catch a glimpse

of the strangers. Whenever our door was opened, tier above tier of curious faces might be seen peering into our room; and upon the slightest encouragement it was half filled with young and old, who gazed, and wondered, and ejaculated to each other, at every trifling article of our home manufactures we chose to exhibit. Among others, was a very aged crone, almost blind, led by her granddaughter; who had come some distance, in order to see an Englishman before she died.

There were also two Finn girls, who had given up the wandering life of the Fjeld, for a fixed service in an adjoining Gaard. They had the characteristic features, the square face, the high cheek bones, the sunken eyes set in the corner of their sockets, and the ordinary stature of the Laplanders: and as my companion was considerably over, and myself not much under, six feet, they were, I doubt not, duly impressed with what must appear to them the gigantic proportions of the sons of Albion.

The Parish of Grong, in which we were, extends to the borders both of Nordland, and Sweden. At its Northern extremity, among the mountains from which the Namsen takes its rise, there is a considerable establishment of Finns, or Laplanders: for whom two Chapels have recently been built. The Priest visits them for about two or three weeks during the height of the summer; and gives them what instruction he can, his words being interpreted by his clerk. The rising generation are, however, rapidly acquiring the Norsk language, a knowledge of which is now absolutely required before they can be admitted to Confirmation, the great rite of the Lutheran Church. The distance from Fiskum to the principal encampment of the Lapps is between forty and fifty miles: but as it can only be performed on horseback or on foot, even in the finest weather, it requires two long and severe days to reach it. Their habits are too well known to need description.

In the evening it rained heavily, which promised to cool the intense sultriness of the weather, and to bring up the large fish; for we were universally assured these follow the grilse, with the first flood. On Monday the 24th, my success was scarcely so great as I had anticipated. During the whole day I killed four salmon, the largest of which weighed twenty pounds, and two white trout, of about three pounds each. I lost, however, as many more, which I of course judged to be much heavier.

The following day I went a little lower down the river than I had hitherto done, to the Pool under Gothland, at the head of the Long Reach. It seemed to be full of salmon, fresh run up, that had never seen a fly before; amongst which I had splendid sport. In this one pool alone I caught six fish: four of them of good size. The largest weighed upwards of thirty pounds, and took me above an hour to kill, notwithstanding he was in a good place: I thought he never would be tired. I also rose

several others; and killed a grilse in another pool. The total weight I caught this day was 103 pounds, the greatest I had as yet to record.

Thinking we had given these upper pools a good trial, and that the lower part of the river must be swarming with salmon, we determined the next day to return to Mediaa by water. I passed rapidly over the higher streams, until I came to the first of the Fossland water, that which is named in the map the Head Fossland Pool. Here I soon hooked two very large fish, which consecutively broke my strong treble gut, by running it under the rocks, with which this place abounds. Neither of them were an ounce under thirty pounds: with the others I was more fortunate, killing six salmon, and two fine white trout; total weight upwards of eighty pounds.

One of the former, a very powerful fish, I hooked close to a large rock in the centre of the river, at the bottom of the "Eagles' Pool."

He fought very hard for his life, and ran into very dangerous places, so as to make me often quake for the result: he proved to be a male, between thirty-one and thirty-two pounds, very long, not deep, and ought to have been heavier. It is in this part of the river, about Fossland, that the heaviest fish have almost invariably been killed.

We received a warm welcome from our old friends at Mediaa; but were disappointed to hear that the Salmon were all supposed to have run up to Fiskum Foss. The list appended to these volumes will sufficiently explain the tenor of my sport for the next few days: the only comment I need make, to account partly for my success not being greater than it was, is that I invariably fished after my friend, and the weather had again become extremely sultry.

Having satisfied ourselves that at this season the upper part of the Namsen was much the best, we soon returned to Fiskum. I went by land, leaving my companion to fish up the

river: and as I found I had two or three hours in the evening, I took my rod to try the "Boat Pool," with little expectation of success. However, in a very short time I caught two pretty Salmon of sixteen and fifteen pounds, besides a couple of grilse, and a white trout nearly six pounds: a delightful evening's sport under all the circumstances.

The sultry heat again terminated in heavy rain; so that by Monday morning the river was quite flooded. It seemed useless to attempt fishing: but at length, being tired of staying in-doors, I sallied forth in the afternoon: and in spite of the foaming and discoloured appearance of the water, soon hooked five Salmon, not one of which, I am convinced, was under twenty pounds. The two that I killed, weighed twenty-eight and twenty-seven pounds. It was very evident that the heavy fish had really begun to ascend the Namsen, as had been predicted: and I augured great success for the morrow.

Not without reason: the water had fallen, the clouds were scudding merrily across the welkin, the air was clear, bracing, exhilarating. None but Salmon of the largest size were moving: I killed five, which together weighed 117 pounds, an extraordinary average; and I besides rose seven others of at least equal calibre. One the biggest (of twenty-four pounds) being hooked foul, gave me great trouble to land.

The following day also I had good sport; for though I only killed four Salmon, weighing seventy pounds, I hooked and played, and almost landed several others, of the first class. I this day fished as close to the Fall, as we could approach with safety; indeed, more than once I thought we were irrecoverably lost; none but such light boats as ours, manned by brave and active rowers, could possibly live in the war of waves we encountered.

The force with which this immense body of water rushes over a precipice, 150 feet in height, may be faintly imagined. Rising thence

out of an abyss, whose depth is unknown, it is tossed violently against a lofty wall of rocks that breast the Fall, whence it retreats, seething and foaming, in a thousand eddies; and finally tears and jostles its headlong way, through a narrow passage, into a deep and quiet pool, named "Karnen's Pool," from a woman who was drowned there long ago.

Next follows a shallow stream, where spawning fish are speared in the Autumn: but few lie there at any other season. This short stream flows into what I have named the "Boat Pool," (from our boats lying there,) one of the most spacious and best on the river, especially late in the year. Then comes the "Long Rapid;" which may be described as an inclined plane of water, 600 or 800 yards in length, and full of huge stones just beneath the surface, which by their resistance throw back the rushing torrent in so many tumultuous waves. It requires the utmost dexterity and presence of mind to steer safely through these

breakers, any one of which would swamp the boat.

It is but a momentary operation: the boat is carefully placed stern foremost at the head of the Rapid; you see a fearful vista of wild waves below you; the frail bark shoots down with lightning speed; in an instant more, the glancing waters rise fiercely on either side, as if to overwhelm you; you seem just to elude their grasp; and before you have time to ascertain whether you are frightened, or not, you are safely arrived at the bottom. The narrow stream issuing from the Foss Pool, named the "Foss Rapid," though shorter is still more dangerous: but an accident at either spot must necessarily be fatal; and I confess it was not until experience had convinced me of the dependence I might repose on my boatmen, that I learned to encounter either passage with perfect equanimity.

Below the Long Rapid, the Namsen divides into two branches; neither of which afford

good Angling, except in peculiar states of the water. Next follows "Jacob's Pool;" take it for all in all, the best on this, or any other river with which I am acquainted. I never knew it to be without fish: and there is ample verge and scope enough to play the hugest and most violent leviathan from morn till dewy eve.

The river then makes a sudden bend to the right: and in the stream under the banks that thus bridle its course, good fish may often be killed, but they do not stay long there. The spacious pool that immediately succeeds would appear to the eye one of the best on the Namsen: I must say, however, that I have never had any sport in it.

The "Gartland Pool" (where the Namsen again resumes nearly its first direction) is very variable: occasionally I have not had a rise there; but frequently I have killed more fish in it, than in any other for the day. This Pool opens into the "Long Reach," a

mile's length of comparatively still water, resembling one of the "Doves," on the Tweed; but affording little or no chance for the Angler.

At its termination commences the Fossland Water, which for two or three miles presents a succession of splendid pools, and rapid streams, full of rocks, perilous to the tackle, but not dangerous in any other sense. These pools cannot always be depended on for sport: but they are at most times, the favourite resort of the largest fish; a great proportion of the heaviest Salmon, killed on the Namsen, having been caught here.

To this general description of the upper part of the River, I need only add that the immediate scenery of its banks is of so magnificently wild a character, as would abundantly recompense an enthusiast of the picturesque, even if not a single Salmon frequented its pure waters. A mighty and rapid river environed by extremely lofty precipices, covered with bold pines, must ever be a grand object.

But the beauties of the Namsen are still further increased by the numerous bends it makes, and the consequent variety of the pictures it presents.

Then, though the dark pines do usually dip their boughs into the very waters, occasionally there are verdant spots cleared of wood, where during the hay season troops of peasants may be seen cutting and turning the scanty grass. No Gaard is within miles; but to each of these woodland glades is attached one, or two log-huts, wherein the half green hay is stored, to be carried home during the winter, as occasion may require.

These "Hö-lade," or hay-barns, as they are called, supplied my usual dining and sleeping rooms. Soon after midday, my attendants, if not myself, were sure to feel very hungry, upon which we selected the most convenient log-house for our repast and repose: and there stretched upon the perfumed hay, in full view of a favourite pool, ate our humble fare with

a zest unknown to more splendid saloons. My meal seldom consisted of any thing but cold broiled salmon, and potatoes, with barley cakes, and the best butter in the world: yet, I never enjoyed better health in my life, or felt stronger, lighter, and more active.

We once tried the experiment of killing a lamb: but as we were obliged by the heat of the weather, to slaughter it the same day it was to be dressed, we found it unmasticably tough the first day; the second it was tainted, the third it was totally uneatable. I occasionally shot a few ducks, and some golden plover, which improved my larder; but rarely met with any other game, the first season I was at the Namsen; although it will be seen in the sequel that on my subsequent visit to these parts, I was much more fortunate in that respect.

I must not, however, entirely forget the running commentary on my list of killed and lost, which I had commenced; especially since,

as I have mentioned, the larger fish had undeniably made their appearance with the flood in the last days of July.

On August 3rd, I fished down to Fossland, with the intention of catching some Salmon for the poor people there; as I had heard they complained of not coming in for any share of the money and food the English stranger was dispensing at Fiskum and Mediaa.

I had a capital day's sport. At the very first start, in the Boat Pool, I killed a male fish, of twenty-five pounds, the longest and fiercest I had yet met with; besides losing another of equal size, from the hold giving way, just as we were about to gaff him. In the Gothland Pool, I landed one of twenty-eight pounds: and at the bottom of the "Eagles' Pool," I killed a beautiful Salmon, upwards of thirty pounds, which showed me splendid sport, being very strong and wild. I also caught one of sixteen pounds, and a small Grilse on the way; so that the total weight

was 104 pounds, and made a very pretty show in the boat.

As we were upon the point of landing, one of the boatmen declared he saw "Cobbe," *i. e.* a Seal; of whom I had before heard vague rumours, but conceived it must be a large Otter, not thinking that Seals would pursue the Salmon forty or fifty miles up a river, from the sea. However, I was but too soon convinced that at least two or three of these enemies of fish and fishermen had followed the late shoal of Salmon, and would remain as long as they should be undisturbed.

Upon trying the Fossland Pools, next day, where I had every reason to anticipate great success, I found them most unaccountably void of fish: I only rose four, through the entire day, and caught but two small ones, of eleven and six pounds. It was evidently, therefore, useless to stay at Fossland any longer for the present; although I had found my quarters much preferable to those at Fis-

kum. The wife is active, and anxious to do her best; the husband I believe to mean well, but he is slow and stupid, as if perpetually half tipsy. This, however, could scarcely be the case, as I was unable for love or money to procure a bottle of spirits for my Fiskum boatmen, in the whole hamlet of Fossland: the folk there are wretchedly poor.

On my return the next day to Fiskum I was not more successful: I hooked two large fish in the upper Fossland Pool, but they both broke the gut near the head of the fly. No others did I see for some time. In the Long Reach, however, I received a full explanation of all my misfortunes: for there I saw in the wake of our boat the bull-dog head of an enormous Seal, gazing intently at us. I took an opportunity when he was not more than fifty yards off, to send a charge of duck shot into his head and breast: and from the violent splashing he made on the top of the water, we at first imagined he was killed. However,

he soon reappeared for a single second a couple of hundred yards below us; and then as momentarily rose and sank, lower and lower down the river, as far as we could see; in such a way as quite satisfied us he would not rest till he had regained his native ocean.

On reaching Jacob's Pool, we observed the Salmon rising in a very agitated manner, which made us suspect the presence of another enemy: and it was not long before we perceived a much smaller Seal in determined pursuit of the scared creatures: unfortunately I could not get a shot at him. Finally, in the Boat Pool, just as we were on the point of leaving off, an enormous Salmon dashed at the fly, but missed it: and although I tried him with every variety of flies, I could not persuade him to rise again. And thus, for the first time on the Namsen, I was compelled to return home without a single fish, either for my boatmen, or my own Sunday's dinner.

Monday 7th, was oppressively sultry: in the

early morning, and late evening, I caught two fine Salmon of twenty-two and eighteen pounds, besides rising three smaller. The next day, the rain which had so long threatened, came down in torrents, and soon flooded the river, putting Angling out of the question, as I thought, for some days. However, on the 9th, the skies cleared so pleasantly, that I was induced by two natives who had come a considerable distance on purpose to see me fish, to sally forth late in the afternoon.

We found the river in high, roaring flood, and much discoloured; therefore affording little prospect of sport. Nevertheless, to my own astonishment, and the infinite delight of my Norwegian friends, I hooked three fine Salmon in the very first pool; and after long play landed two, of twenty-five and eighteen pounds respectively, besides a Grilse. I had just time before night, (for the days are shortening with melancholy rapidity!) to kill another splendid fish of twenty-two pounds.

Considering the shortness of the time I had been out, and the size of the Salmon I killed, I naturally calculated on very great success, the following day. Alas! for sublunary hopes! I began badly: I soon hooked, and brought close to land, a Salmon of fifteen or sixteen pounds which my attendant gaffed, but carelessly let slip off! again I brought it to him, and he missed it! In drawing it to him the third time, the poor creature managed to break its hold, and wriggle out of our reach into the stream, there soon to perish.

In the lower pools, we found, as we had expected, "Cobbe" there before us. Having learned from fatal experience that either he or I must quit the river, I was prepared with my gun, and took a fair opportunity of aiming at him: the gun missed fire! This made him so shy, that it was some time before I could get a long shot at him; which, however, evidently told on his head, and sent him frightened down

the river, in exactly the same style and at the same pace, as the first, no more to trouble us. I altogether rose seven good fish, four of which appeared well hooked: but my Scotch flies broke twice; and although I persevered until it was dark, I killed but one salmon, of eighteen pounds. A regularly unlucky day.

The next, however, was worse. It was again so intensely hot, that I did not proceed to the river until the afternoon; making sure of finding a few large salmon in the uppermost pools. Not one was to be seen anywhere, except immediately under the Fall; where the quantity of water rendered it impossible to approach. It was evident that the Seal had completely scared the Salmon out of all the other places: and though I was enabled the next day to reach the Foss Pool, at a considerable risk, I could not induce a fish to rise in the very small portion of it that I could command: and thus for the fourth time returned to my quarters without a single salmon.

I began seriously to meditate a retreat Southwards, when another flood came, which determined me to wait, and see whether it would not bring up fresh fish. During the continuance of the rain I went out on the 14th, and in the shallow streams which I had ascertained to afford the only chance during a flood, I rose four salmon, but only killed one, of sixteen pounds, the others being very badly hooked. I this day also caught two brown trout of two and three pounds, respectively; they are almost the only ones of that species I have taken in the Namsen, where they are rare, from the scarcity of food contained in rivers that flow over silicious rocks.

The rain still continued on the 15th; but I was not to be detained all day within doors: so putting on the largest and gaudiest flies my pocket book could supply, I tried one or two of the best streams, flooded and foaming though they were. In the Namsen one need not be discouraged by either the colour or size

of the water. I rose five salmon, but only hooked two; with one of which, a hook made by Evatt broke at the bend, I presume from striking against a bone. The other I hooked from the land, in a back water by the side of "Karnen's Pool;" a noted spot for large fish in times of flood.

The first jump it made showed me what a monster I had hold of: and three quarters of an hour of most severe play convinced me of its immense strength and activity. At last, however, it was compelled to yield; and proved to be the heaviest, as well as much the longest fish, I had hitherto caught. It weighed thirty-four pounds; but its length, which was exactly three feet eleven inches and a half, was greatly disproportioned to its girth. The men declared it to be one of the aged females, which no longer spawn; and that if it had been shaped like younger fish, it would have exceeded forty pounds.

Too many symptoms of the waning season

impressed upon me the necessity of soon bidding adieu to my hyperborean quarters: most of the nights were already frosty, and the days were very perceptibly shortened. August 16th accordingly, I bade adieu to Minimum house, with much regret, notwithstanding all its discomforts; and fished down to Fossland, where I had promised to stay for a couple of days.

On my way, I enjoyed the best day's sport that this visit to the Namsen afforded: I rose twenty-five fish, of which I killed six, weighing together 122 pounds; but played besides several others of great size, which eventually escaped. I was broken seven or eight times; my flies and tackle having become much the worse for the long wear and tear they had suffered. My next day in the Fossland Pools was scarcely inferior: I rose nineteen, and killed eight fish, of which four, however, were small grilse. The weather was far too hot and bright: or I should doubtless have had more success.

The next day was still hotter; in addition to which, three Englishmen who were staying at Gothland, fished the same water.

However, so great was the abundance of large Salmon in this part of the river, that I rose fourteen, mostly of first-rate size. Of these I landed six; two of them a kind of diminutive Salmon (not grilse) that had lately appeared in the Namsen, and which, the boatmen insisted, belonged properly to the Bangsund river. Of the other four, one weighed nearly thirty-four pounds, and another full thirty-seven pounds. The latter was the heaviest Salmon I was destined to kill on this occasion: its length was precisely the same as that of the one I caught at Fiskum, *viz.* three feet eleven and a half inches: its greatest girth was twenty-seven inches. It was a male, with an enormous mouth and hook: and gave me a good hour's most splendid sport in the "Eagles' Pool."

These last few days had given me some idea of what Salmon fishing may be, on this

glorious river. Although the weather was extremely unfavourable, there was not a single day that I did not hook many fish, considerably over thirty pounds: and if I had not been either unlucky or inexpert, to the highest degree, (I dare not say which,) I might have each day more than doubled the amount that appears on my list.

At this distance of time, I can hardly conceive how I tore myself away from a spot where such magnificent Angling was to be had. However, the next morning I went to Mediaa, where I fished for a couple of days; but found that all the large fish had run up from that part of the river into the upper pools: so that the conclusion of my first introduction to the Namsen was far from being so brilliant as I could have wished. Moreover, the weather seemed to be quite broken up, and suddenly became very cold. The Aurora Borealis was frequently seen; the potatoes were frostbitten in exposed situations; winter, in short,

threatened soon to approach; and I had a long journey of 1500 miles before me. After a day or two's visit, therefore, to the amiable Priest at Værum, I finally bade adieu to the noble stream, which I shall never forget; and returned by Bangsund, &c., to Trondhjem: whence I took the road by Rogstad and Röraas, to Christiania.

It will be seen by the list appended to the second volume, that I fished parts of thirty-one consecutive days, on the Namsen, excepting Sundays: four of these proved *blank*, owing chiefly to the Seals and the weather: but in the remaining twenty-seven days, I caught 106 Salmon, which together weighed 1558 pounds; besides twelve white trout, thirty-six pounds. Nine of the Salmon weighed thirty pounds and upwards; thirty-three, or nearly one third of the whole, weighed twenty pounds and upwards, each. Splendid as this result was for a stranger not adequately provided for the monsters I had to encounter, the slightest

glance at the meagre details I have above given, will show what infinitely better sport I ought to have had.

Those details have run to such length, that I must defer till my description of a subsequent visit to the Namsen, any observations I made in Nummedal, on subjects not immediately connected with my piscatory pursuits. But I cannot help again guarding my reader against concluding that I was so absorbed by my passion for Angling, as to be inattentive to the objects of beauty and interest around me. On the contrary, although I made no lengthened excursion from the banks of the Namsen, I frequently dived into the very depths of the primæval forests, where, if I saw but little game, I at least met with scenes of surpassing grandeur and loneliness.

It was my constant habit to mix, and converse with people of all ranks, as well as my imperfect acquaintance with the language would permit: and nowhere, I conceive, can

the primitive character and customs of the Norwegians be observed to greater advantage, than here. From their position, the natives of Nummedal have experienced little intermixture with others, and therefore live and think much as their forefathers did. Generally speaking, they are an extraordinarily fine race of men both for height and shape: and among the females I observed more beauty, than any where else in Norway.

Kindness of manner towards each other, and towards strangers; honesty, patience, industry, contentment, are qualities they possess in an eminent degree. As an instance of their honesty, I never saw a door fastened, and seldom shut, by night or by day: as a proof of their kindness of heart, I never witnessed a quarrel among them, except upon one occasion, when several expressed great indignation with one of their own body, who annoyed me a little by attempting to angle before me, (the only man who had then acquired any knowledge of

fly fishing,) and they threatened to throw him and his rod into the water, if he persisted.

Poor People! many of them were in a wretched state of destitution. In consequence of the successive failures of their crops, all were compelled to mix powder made of the inner rind of the fir tree with their barley meal; and several used nothing else but "bark bread," a most nauseous and inadequate article of food. It was, therefore, a great satisfaction to know that the produce of my sport formed a really important addition to the wholesome nutriment of the district: for which, as well as for the little money I disbursed among them, I received grateful thanks, together with the expression of strong wishes that I would realize my promise of revisiting their Valley; a promise I was not loth to make, and still more delighted, two years after, to be able to fulfil.

CHAPTER VII.

Return to Christiania—Storthing of 1839—Norwegian Constitution—Road to Bergen—Sölvsberg—County of Valders—Beauty of Scenery—Passage of the Fille Fjeld—Nystuen—Good shooting quarters—Mariestuen—Vindhallen—Leirdalsören—Horse fair—Sogne Fjord—Waterfalls—Hougianers—Skjolden—Difficult passage over the mountains to Lom—Wild and grand character—Lemmings—Curiosity of the Natives—The Clergy—Destitution of the poor—"Echoing Vale"—A Norwegian Farewell.

On my second visit to the Namsen in 1839, I took care to reach Norway, in sufficient time to allow of a previous ramble over some of the highest mountain chains of the west, which I had heard to contain the grandest scenery in Northern Europe. By leaving England in the very beginning of May, I was enabled to make a considerable tour in Sweden, and yet arrive at Christiania by the first days of June. My stay there was, as before, rendered extremely

agreeable, as well as instructive, by the distinguished hospitality of the Stadholder, and also of several of my friends among the Professors, and Merchants.

I considered myself very fortunate in being at the capital during the sitting of the Storthing, or Norwegian Parliament. Its mode of election, constitution, and method of transacting business, have been so fully described, that I need not enter into these subjects. It is well known that it meets every third year, on the first of February: and it continues sitting as long as there is business of importance before it. This year the sittings lasted more than six months, to the great inconvenience of many of the members: and if the country continue to advance in wealth, and civilization, there can be no doubt that the business of the nation will accumulate at such a ratio as to preclude the possibility of its being satisfactorily transacted with the present machinery.

It is a great bar to improvements of every

kind that they are subjected to this triennial delay: for, as little power as possible being intrusted to the executive by the Constitution, the Storthing appropriates to itself the consideration of all matters, from almost the very highest affairs, to the minutest details. It is moreover sensitively jealous of the slightest encroachment on what it claims as its prerogatives: and therefore none dare incur the responsibility of any manifestly good measure, unauthorized by the national council: for in Norway, responsibility is not a mere word, or empty threat, but a fact of daily enforcement, even where the best intentions can be proved. The great objection to the more frequent assembling of the Storthing is the immense distance that many of the members are obliged to travel; and the consequent length of time taken up by the journey: the improvement of the roads, together with the establishment of Steam Boats, will probably diminish this objection.

The Storthing of 1839 consisted of ninety-

six members, of whom about one fourth were Priests, as many Bönder, or Peasant Proprietors; and the remaining half, Merchants, or Military and Civil officers. The independent country gentleman is a character unknown in Norway: and the official Members of the Government are jealously excluded; one necessary consequence of which is, always considerable delay, and not unfrequently mistakes, from there being no one on the spot capable of giving official information. The Bönder are usually shrewd, intelligent men within their own sphere, but of course unequal to take an enlarged view of state politics. They notoriously resist, as far as they can, all expenditure of public money; and where two sums are proposed, invariably, vote for the lowest, with a spirit that would delight Mr. Hume. They are respectable in their demeanour, and in their dress, which is the usual holiday suit of their respective districts; but are easily distinguishable from the rest.

Each Member of the Storthing receives three dollars a day, besides his travelling expenses: and as the Bönder do not spend on an average more than one fifth of this sum, they are enabled after a long session to lay by a pretty little capital, which, I fear, makes it too much a pecuniary object with them to acquire a seat in Parliament. The house meets at nine in the morning, and continues sitting till two P.M. when the members all dine: besides which committees sit in the evening from four P.M. till eight, or nine o'clock, according to the work before them.

There is a commodious gallery for strangers; and not even a door-keeper to prevent any one whatever from entering to hear the debates, which I frequently did. They appeared to be conducted in a simple, straightforward, business-like manner; in fact, very much in the same way as the private business of our House of Commons is transacted, in the early part of the evening, before the party questions come on.

I never witnessed anything like a speech for the newspapers, or to excite the applause of their party: their observations were sensible and to the point, and seemed to be exclusively directed to the Speaker, who evidently occupies a more important position, than with us. The President this year was a Priest, named Rittervold, whose face and air gave indication of the superior intelligence he is acknowledged to possess.

On the whole, the Constitution of 1814 has answered at least as well as could be anticipated, during a quarter of a century of uninterrupted tranquillity. But even its most ardent admirers (and they are many and zealous) confess that it is susceptible of improvement: while those best acquainted with it and the position of the country, seem universally to feel that it is not equal to the momentous emergencies that another twenty-five years may bring forth; nor even to that full developement of the domestic and external

relations of Norway, which its rapid advance in population and civilization may be expected to require. However, so general is the fear lest, if the door be once opened for the correction of defects, the opportunity be taken to abrogate the valuable parts of the Constitution, that nothing but a strong conviction of necessity will ever induce the great mass of the Norwegians to consent to any alteration whatever.

June commenced with a succession of such glorious weather, that I felt emboldened to attack the Mountains of the West, as soon as my necessary preparations were completed. Accordingly, early on the morning of the 13th, I set out through Ringeriget, for the Fille Fjeld, on the road to Bergen.

Having acquired a tolerable smattering of the language, since my last visit to Norway, I could dispense with an Interpreter; and, therefore preferred taking a man whom I met with at the Hôtel du Nord, although he spoke

nothing but Norsk. His name was Peder Arnoodsen; and he proved a very useful, honest, and obliging domestic. I had an excellent Carriole for myself: Peder travelled in a sort of tax cart I had brought from Sweden: the heavier luggage was despatched, with the Forbud, in a peasant's cart.

The first day's journey brought us to Klekkan, by the route I have already described: but the splendid prospect over Ringeriget, from the Krogkleven, seen as it was under the most favourable accidents of weather, lost none of its enchantment from having been previously enjoyed. Let the Tourist remember, that much the finest view is obtained from the higher point *on the left hand* side of the road as he comes from Christiania; that from the lower platform, *on the right hand,* though easier of access, is every way inferior.

The second day's journey passed chiefly along the Randes Fjord, a Lake fifty or sixty miles in length. It is a fine sheet of water,

particularly towards its Northern end, where its features assume considerable boldness: but to my taste this is not sufficient to atone for the absence of that softness and beauty, that characterise Lake Mjösen, with which it runs nearly parallel. Randes Fjord is too narrow, both for its length, and the scale of the surrounding scenery; neither is it sufficiently indented with winding bays.

At Gran I stopped a few hours, in order to visit the neighbouring mountain of Sölvsberg, mentioned by Keilhau as one of the best examples he knows of his favourite passage of rocks into each other. I examined it with the greatest attention on the North Eastern side, where there is an excellent section: but, I must confess, I could observe nothing to favour his peculiar theory.

The chief rock is a schist, passing from a soft friable shale at the Southern end, into a hard slate at the Northern extremity. This latter partly abuts against, and is partly super-

imposed upon, a vast mass of coarse syenitic grit, which shows every appearance of having been violently protruded from beneath; forasmuch as the previously horizontal strata of the schist are there most distinctly heaved up into a nearly vertical position, and, besides being indurated, are full of egg shaped vesicles. Instead therefore of finding in Sölvsberg an undeniable disproof of all Volcanic theories, I could only view it as a striking instance of their confirmation.

Close to the next station, Ougedal, is a pretty little stream, which is said to abound with trout: not having heard of this in time, I could not give it a trial. Hence to Thomlevolden, is fine mountain scenery, of the second class; enjoyed at the expense of ascending an abundance of steep hills, in consequence of the bad line of road usually adopted. At Thomlevolden is a very fair inn, kept by a respectable, cleanly Widow; with whom I left the heavier portion of my baggage, it being very certain that the

carriages at least must return to this point, in order to cross over the hills to the shores of the Mjösen; while it was very doubtful whether we should not all be compelled to turn back, without accomplishing the passage of the Fille Fjeld, at this early season.

I tried the adjoining river for an hour or two after breakfast; but though the water was clear, it was as cold as ice, and I saw only one or two very small trout rise. I afterwards on my journey observed a succession of Rapids, two or three miles above Thomlevolden, which looked extremely favourable to the troll: and I was assured there are large trout there, later in the season.

The upper part of this Valley presents many scenes of wild beauty: but at Brufladt we left it, and crossed a chain of mountains into the Valley of the Beina. The ascent was the longest and steepest, I had hitherto encountered in Norway: I almost despaired that the ponies would drag even our light vehicles up

to the top, with all the assistance that our own shoulders could give them.

When at last we did reach the summit, we were rewarded with a very magnificent panorama, extending over the deep Vale of the Beina and its Lakes, up to the Alpine ranges, bordering on the Fille Fjeld, covered with deep snow. While greatly admiring this view of the outskirt of the loftiest mountain district in Norway, I could not help feeling considerably alarmed as to the feasibility of traversing it: it seemed still clothed in all the rigours of winter.

I slept at Reien, where I remained two nights, according to my invariable rule of not travelling on the Sabbath. I could scarcely have chosen a more uncomfortable resting-place. I had long been accustomed, if not reconciled, to extreme poverty of food: but the dirt of every thing, and the intrusive curiosity of every body around me, were quite insufferable. The inhabitants of this County

of Valders, in the centre of which Reien is situated, are the most uncouth in their manners, dress, appearance, and language, and withal the filthiest, I have met with in Norway: there may be still worse specimens of humanity in this country, but they have not greeted my eye.

I must not, however, conceal that the district these filthy creatures inhabit, is one of the most picturesque even in this land of the mountain and the flood. The lower part of the Valley is well cultivated, and abounds with good sized Gaards: but as it approaches the range of the Fille Fjeld, it assumes an air of wild majesty very superior to any thing seen on the Southern approach to the Dovre Fjeld. In fact, instead of one continuous Valley, the road from Reien to Skougstad traverses a succession of deep and romantic Glens, enclosed by lofty rocks; any one of which forms quite a splendid picture.

The Valley of Oiloe struck me as inexpressi-

bly grand: but a short way beyond, a scene of still greater grandeur and wildness succeeds. The bottom of this secluded Vale is nearly occupied by a dark, still Lake, along whose margin the road is in general carried. Sometimes, however, it scales the steep, broad sides of projecting rocks, on whose hard, smooth surface it has marked but a slight track; while it is totally unprotected by any barrier from the precipices that sink sheer into the black waters beneath. Towering far above the crags and chasms that immediately environ this Lesser Mjösen (as the Lake is named) are seen, high overhead, naked cliffs of the boldest outline, frowning down upon the savage scene, which in some degree reminded me of Wastwater, infinitely magnified, and extended, and beautified. At the upper end of the Lake stands the church of Öye; close by which, an ample torrent from a mountain glen bounds exultingly over a series of rocky ledges, into its tranquil bosom.

I felt I was already repaid for the trouble of my journey by such spectacles of Nature's sterner beauties; even if after all I should be compelled by the state of the road to retrace my steps. We soon after reached Skougstad, a miserable Station-house, at the foot of the real ascent of the Fille Fjeld: from which point horses must be taken to Hæg, on the Western side of the Pass: there being no intermediate place where they can be procured, as it is all wild mountain, unfit for the habitation of man, or beast.

This stage is paid for as five and a half Norwegian miles, or about forty English: the actual distance I should suppose to be two thirds of that charged; but it is so laborious, as well as long, that the extra payment is amply deserved. When I saw the half starved ponies that were offered to drag us over this severe stage, my previous apprehensions of its practicability were reduced almost to certainty. Nevertheless, so far were their masters from sharing

our fears, that they eventually offered to take us with the same horses, all the way to Leirdalsören, more than twice the distance; and which we accepted, and safely accomplished, by allowing them plenty of time, and assisting them up all the hills, and down most of them.

The ascent commences immediately from Skougstad, and continues, with few interruptions, to Nystuen. But though long, and occasionally stiff, it nowhere was so steep as I had been led to expect. We very soon reached the regions of winter: not only were the heights above us and around us universally cased in snow; but it even still lay on the road, for considerable distances. This required some care on the part of the drivers, and occasioned the poor animals much toil, but there was nothing that could be considered in the least dangerous. The scenery on this Eastern side of the Fille Fjeld is greatly inferior to that of the Western descent in grandeur and sublimity.

In less than three hours we easily reached Nystuen, where I purposed sleeping: it is a mountain quarter, built and maintained upon the same plan as Jerkin, with which it lies very nearly on the same level, 4500 feet above the sea. It has, however, a much more dreary and desolate look, as instead of the green pastures and scattered pines that are seen on the Dovre Fjeld, snow still, on the 20th June, covered nearly the whole surface, except where the bare rock protruded through its icy mantle.

I was forcibly reminded of the Spital on the Grimsel, in Switzerland: and to complete the resemblance, the hollow, in which Nystuen is built, contains a small Lake, abounding, I was assured, with excellent trout: at this season a small portion of it only was clear, close by the Inn, the rest being filled with half melted ice. If such be its aspect at Midsummer, what a dreary spot for a residence during the whole twelvemonth! Yet another fortnight of such lovely weather as we were then enjoying, will

doubtless much change the scene, and deck it with a little verdure for six or seven weeks, which is the utmost period that these mountaineers can be said to possess any summer. Most fortunately for us, the weather was not only fine, but perfectly calm: had there been wind, it would have been insupportably cold.

I heard very tempting accounts of the numbers of Reindeer, Bears, and Ptarmigan, in the surrounding mountains; and have no doubt that, a little later in the season, Nystuen is one of the best Stations in Norway for the sportsman, ambitious of slaying such game. I know of no other situation where so good quarters can be obtained, so near to the Reindeer's feeding ground: a mountain pony can be taken up to the very point where a shot at these rare animals may be expected. Wild as is the position of Nystuen, the people who keep it (of the name of Knudsen) are not only civil and obliging, but more intelligent than usual as to a traveller's requirements.

When we started at six o'clock the next morning, thin veils of mist partially concealed the higher ranges: but in less than an hour, the powerful sun had entirely obliterated all trace of vapours, and we reached the highest point of the passage, four or five miles beyond Nystuen, in the most heavenly weather imaginable. And a glorious spectacle broke upon our view! This part of the road is not confined within narrow walls of rock, but traverses an open, undulating tract of great elevation, where a few stunted willows and dwarf birch were seen struggling from beneath the patches of snow, and every hollow was gorged with torrents hurrying away the rapidly melting waters.

But if the immediate scenery was comparatively tame, we commanded an amphitheatre of the loftiest mountains in Northern Europe. Among these snow-clad masses, the singularly broken and pointed crags of the Hurungarne Fjelder were very conspicuous, far away to

the right; towering above a crowd of nameless Alps belonging to the Jotun and Fille Fjeld ranges. The highest point of the Hurungarne is now ascertained to exceed Sneehættan by a few feet, and therefore to be the loftiest ground in the North: I could not obtain its exact height from any competent authority, but I know that it is very little under 8000 feet.

We passed close to the isolated peak of the Suul Tind, a picturesque mountain, notorious for being the favourite resort of Reindeer and Bears; of which we had ocular demonstration, seeing in the snow by the roadside the tracks of two of the latter (probably a mother and her cub) which had crossed the road only the day before: and a little further we observed rather older tracks of three Reindeer, coming from the same direction.

Subsequently in the course of the day, we met two chasseurs, on their way to this shooting ground, to whom we communicated our intelligence. They were primitively equipped,

with a wallet, made of undressed reindeer skin, at their backs, a pair of Skidors, six feet long, for running over the frozen snow, in their hands, and a curious piece of artillery, consisting of an enormous rusty barrel attached to a little fir *handle* (for it would be absurd to call it a *stock*) slung behind: the huge lock baffles description. They had, however, killed a Bear and two Reindeer, during the preceding week; though they allowed the Deer were as yet too poor to be worth killing for their flesh.

There was by no means so much snow on this side, as on the Eastern; and the descent to Mariestuen, though long and rapid, was not difficult or dangerous, with our light carrioles and active ponies. Mariestuen is a poor cabin in a deep, romantic glen at the foot of the highest range of the Fille Fjeld. After resting here an hour or two, we pursued our way down a fine mountain gorge, to Hæg, where we again baited our horses. The whole of the road was distinguished by much pic-

turesque grandeur; but it was so greatly exceeded by the next stage from Hæg to Lysne, that its impressions, however vivid at the time, were comparatively effaced by the superior effect of what we subsequently saw.

These last twenty miles present scenery the most worthy of the fame of Norway, of any I had hitherto met with. They pass through a tortuous valley, generally so narrow and deep, that it may be considered a gigantic fissure in these enormous mountain masses. The wild cliffs, that immediately enclose it, are universally steep and broken, frequently quite perpendicular; and vary from 1000 to 3000 feet in height. Over their precipitous sides, a thousand streams, fed at this season by the melting glaciers, cast themselves headlong, and are dissipated into vapour, ere they reach the bottom. At other points the rocky wall has been violently rent asunder, and there still larger floods, half cataract, half cascade, rush down the ravines on either hand, to swell

the main torrent, whose course the road follows.

The character of this mountain river very clearly shows that we are, on the whole, descending with great rapidity: at the same time, such is the difficult nature of the ground, that the road must often climb the steep sides of bare rocks, as well as descend many a rugged slope, at a fearful angle, with no protection whatever between the narrow track, and the swollen flood that roars, and foams, and rushes with resistless might down its rocky bed, far, far beneath. Sometimes the torrent is crossed by picturesque wooden bridges, of most perilous architecture, that come well into the landscape: and at each turn of the winding glen, are seen the snow-capped summits of numerous mountains, that from the blue vault of heaven look down upon the horrors of this wild defile. The height of many of them is little short of 5000 feet.

It would be impossible to particularize every

spot where these elements of grandeur and sublimity are developed; but I must not omit all mention of the famous pass of Vindhallen, incomparably the most precipitous descent I have ever accomplished in a carriage. The road here winds down the face of a nearly perpendicular chasm, which would seem to bid defiance to the most adventurous engineer's skill: and certainly on coming to the verge of it I almost doubted the wisdom of attempting the risk. We had no dragchain; and the ponies being unprovided with backstraps, could only hold the carriage back from the collar. The men, however, being well acquainted with the spot, at once proceeded to lock the wheels in a novel, but very effectual mode, by inserting stout birch poles between the spokes, so as totally to prevent their turning round. And then, by applying our united strength to each carriole in turn, and holding it back, we arrived at the bottom in perfect safety, and with no further damage than the fracture of a few

straps, in consequence of the usual badness of Norwegian leather. Our good little animals seconded us with might and main; but from the insufficiency of their harness, so ill adapted to a mountainous country, laboured under great disadvantage.

Not to weary the reader longer with my imperfect description of this magnificent mountain pass (which I esteem the finest of its class in Europe, superior even to the Via Mala) we at length descended into a broad level Vale, strewed with a thick bed of finely comminuted gravel, derived from the wasting of the Gneiss, and Slate rocks. The beautiful verdure of this plain, thickly studded as it is with Gaards, was at first quite startling after having been so long immured among bare rocks, and dazzling snow, untenanted by man. This rich Vale debouches upon an arm of the great Sogne Fjord, at Leirdalsören, a small village consisting of Fishermen's Cabins, singularly huddled together, with two or three better houses:

of these the Skydskaffer's is one of the best: and its accommodations were in all respects commendable.

The heat in the confined valley we had traversed during so many hours, had been intolerable; and our labour at the innumerable ascents and descents, excessive. Moreover, for the last three days I had tasted nothing better than Smörre Bröd (barley cakes, and butter) and potatoes; I was therefore not sorry to demolish a nicely dressed Ptarmigan, without stopping to consider the enormity of shooting them at this season. Immediately after which operation I adjourned to bed, where I slept through all sorts of noises, until far into the following morning.

There happened to be a horse fair at Leirdal, which had collected 400 or 500 of the ponies of this mountainous district, and at least as many purchasers or sellers. Both bipeds and quadrupeds afforded me much amusement: it was difficult to say which were the wildest in their

appearance, or the most shaggy in their hair. However, while the men were remarkably tall and strong, their ponies were the most diminutive and high-boned of their race: I had at any rate had a good opportunity of estimating their powers of endurance, in crossing the Fille Fjeld; and knew how to appreciate their bottom. It would have greatly amused a Yorkshire Jockey to see these huge fellows riding their deer-like animals *to sell,* with bare backs, and string bridles: the prices seemed to range from 3*l.* to 6*l.*

In the afternoon, I walked a couple of miles up the river, for the purpose of trying one or two likely spots for a Salmon; although I was aware that very few had yet appeared in the River. I was quite unsuccessful; but I saw enough to convince me there never can be good Angling here, as the bed is too shallow, and the stream too rapid, for Salmon to remain long in any of the lower pools.

It was an object of great importance to me

to obtain every information I could as to the practicability of effecting my way from the head of the Fjord, over the mountains to Lom. The carriages, I knew, must return all the way back to Thomlevolden: but I wished, if possible, to avoid this long circuit for myself, as well as to have the opportunity which this elevated pass would afford me, of becoming better acquainted with the recesses of the Norwegian Alps.

I met with every disposition to give me any information in their power: but, alas! there was no one who had travelled half so much through his own country, as I had; and their conjectures as to whether I could, or could not pass, were most puzzlingly contrarious. I was consequently obliged to trust to the slight information I had picked up at Christiania, and to a determination not to be beaten back by a trifling obstacle.

There are plenty of good boats and boatmen to be hired at Leirdalsören, it being the point

of embarkation on the high road to Bergen. I easily secured through the Post-master, a light built, roomy boat, with three rowers, to take me to Skjolden at the extreme head of the Sogne Fjord, a distance of thirty-five English miles. Each man pulls a pair of very light oars; and in ordinary weather they usually accomplish a Norwegian mile, or seven English, in a couple of hours. A young woman begged a passage to some place on the Fjord; to which the men readily consented, but made her pull an oar the whole way, as a matter of course.

Having then seen Peder start with the carriages on his return over the Fille Fjeld, with orders to rejoin me in Gulbrandsdalen, in case I should be able to accomplish the passage across the Sogne Fjeld, I embarked alone on what I could not but consider an adventurous expedition. It was the height of midsummer; the weather exquisitely beautiful; and the scenery calculated in the highest degree to

interest by its novelty, and to charm by its grandeur.

I have before attempted to give a general idea of these Fjords of the Western coast, which stamp so very distinctive a character on the scenery of Norway. The Sogne Fjord is one of the longest of these mysterious arms that wind deep into the land from their parent sea, substituting their still, blue waters for the verdant plain that would in other countries occupy these mountain Vallies: and though not considered equal in sublimity to Hardanger Fjord, its features are highly impressive and picturesque.

The comparatively narrow arm on which Leirdalsören is built soon swelled out into a spacious basin, which again branched into lesser Fjords. Enormous masses of Gneiss swept down to the water's edge, with a steepness that scarcely allowed the hardy Scotch fir to fix its roots in their crevices: the Spruce, for some inexplicable reason, does not grow

in this district. High above these gigantic rocks, numerous isolated mountains rose to a height of between 5000 and 6000 feet; and in this latitude were mantled with brilliant snow far down their steep flanks.

The impassable character of the rocky precipices, that occupy the shores, no less than the niggard scantiness of the soil, would seem to secure such wild solitudes for Nature's own. Yet even here, man, "audax omnia perpeti," has established a precarious footing. His lowly cabin is seen nestled beneath an overhanging crag; a rood or two of verdure, that mark his barley and potatoe crop, show that he does not entirely trust to the neighbouring Fjord for his subsistence. But how lonely is his situation! without a fellow being within miles, and without the power of advancing a few hundred yards from his dwelling, except in a boat! And how diminutive, how unutterably insignificant, seems every monument of his labours amid the stupendous glories of

creation by which he is encompassed! Towards the upper end of the Fjord, the mountains that hem it in, become still loftier, and more savage. They are further characterised by an incalculable number of cascades, that from their abundance and height, no less than from their peculiar forms, constitute a novel feature in the landscape. Most of them form a series of alternate falls and cataracts from the very summit of the dark cliffs, many of which cannot be less than 2000 or 3000 feet high. They are of all magnitudes, from the size of a considerable river, down to that of a mere rill which serpentines in threads of silver over the ebon walls of the Slate rock. In no fortnight of my life, have I seen so many or so fine cascades, as on this single day.

The most considerable, and most celebrated Fall is that at Feigum, where I landed, for the purpose of seeing it to advantage. At this point, a very large stream shoots over an open wall of rock, in one sheer fall, which has been

ascertained by Professor Naumann to be 657 feet: so immense is the scale of the surrounding panorama that I should not have estimated it at more than 400 feet.

A very respectable old Bönder lives here, whom I was desirous to see; but unfortunately he was from home. He is a distinguished member of the sect of Hougianers, so named from one Nillson, of Houga, in Smaalehnenes Amt, who about the close of the last century, collected a few followers that, like himself, required a more spiritual worship, than the ministrations of their church afforded. They profess still to adhere to the established Lutheran Religion; but have readers and prayer meetings at their own houses. They seem to be a scattered, and not an increasing body; in many respects resembling our own Methodists, only that, unlike them, they are said to ascribe to works an undue superiority over faith.

Without alluding to the causes deeply seated in human nature, which induce dissent to any

Religion whatever, or to the peculiar causes that may affect the Lutheran Faith in particular, it is by no means wonderful that in a country where the Parishes are so inordinately large, and the communications so impracticable, piously disposed minds should seek to supply, as best they may, the necessarily unfrequent services of their own Ministers.

About eight or ten miles further we reached Skjolden, where I was surprised to find a tolerably sized village, having the look of a miniature sea-port, though at a distance of considerably more than 100 miles from the open sea. It is situated at the confluence of two streams, that at this season are swollen to overflowing, from the numerous glaciers, which I could see thickly covered all the neighbouring heights. Salmon frequent them both : but their turbid appearance put all idea of Angling out of the question.

I was much more interested as to the practicability of my intended route over the moun-

tains, respecting which the aspect of the country gave me apprehensions that the intelligence I could obtain at Skjolden was by no means calculated to allay. At any rate I ascertained that I must proceed four miles further, to the village of Fortun, as being the only place where horses and guides to cross the mountains could be obtained. Thither accordingly I rode, through a valley of the wildest description, where the rocks were even more precipitous, and the cascades even more numerous, than what I had seen in the early part of the day.

I soon collected round me a crowd of wondering natives, who assured me that before "St. Hans dag" (St. John's day, a great epoch always in Norway) it was barely possible for horses to cross; that indeed two horses had arrived a few days previously, from the other side, but without any load; and the snow was reported to be so deep, and over so great an extent, that no one liked to encounter the

journey. For a long time in vain I used all my rhetoric: and I was on the point of riding a couple of miles up the glen to a professed Wegviser, or Guide of the mountain, when two men came forward and offered to do their best to accomplish my objects, though they at the same time expressed their fears that we should be obliged to turn back. I was so pleased with their appearance, that I at once accepted their offer, without either party making any stipulation as to remuneration.

It will be seen by the map, that there is another path from the Sogne Fjord, into Guldbransdal, through the valley of Justedal, which is noted for containing the finest specimens of the true Glacier, existing in Norway. However, as I knew that they were immeasurably inferior to those of Switzerland, and besides that the road was much longer and more difficult, I preferred to attempt that over the Sogne Fjeld, from Fortun to Lom, which I was aware passed close to the Jotun Fjeld,

(or Giant Mountains) already mentioned as being the highest in Scandinavia.

The distance from Skjolden to Lom is reckoned eight Norwegian, or about fifty-six English miles: of which thirty-five are between the last Gaard and the first Sætter, while upwards of twenty extend over the true Snow Fjeld. After my guides had made the necessary preparations, we set out about eleven o'clock at night, which was considered the best hour in order that we might traverse as much as possible of the snow during the early morning hours, when it is of course the hardest. I had a horse to ride, besides one for my baggage; but such were the difficulties of the road that I could make very little use of it.

Immediately on quitting Fortun, we scaled a nearly perpendicular wall of Slate rock; and next entered a steep, narrow glen, down which a snow-fed torrent roared in an uninterrupted succession of fine wild cascades. At the top of

this gorge, about seven miles from Fortun, we stopped for an hour at some Sætters, not yet occupied, to rest our steeds before assailing the real Fjeld.

It was midnight; but not such midnight as is known in Southern climes. Close before us, divided but by a narrow chasm, stood the naked peaks of the Hurungarne, Skagstoletinde, and other members of the Jotun Fjeld, which is not only the highest, but by far the most picturesque mountain range I have seen in Norway. Its broken summits rise in many a fantastic shape from an extensive field of frozen snow, round which they are happily grouped: the views over them during our ascent were splendid in the extreme; and never were they enjoyed in more magnificent weather.

We rested till the sun's earliest rays had shed a rosy blush upon the loftiest pinnacles of the "Giant Mountains," when with good hearts we resumed our upward march. The ascent from this point was long, and occasionally stiff;

but never in the least perilous. Soon, however, we reached the snow, at first in patches, then in continuous fields of undulating hill and valley: for the most part its surface was hard enough to bear us, though occasionally the poor beasts sank floundering up to their bellies. For at least a dozen miles we traversed this frozen plain, embosomed in mountains belonging to the Sogne and Lange Fjelder, which seemed to rise some 2,000 feet above our path. These heights were, without exception, covered from their summits with a deep mass of dazzling snow, that frequently terminated in Glaciers of second rate Swiss character: many of them, I doubt not, I had seen from Rundene.

Ever and anon, an island of rock, protruding from out the wintry expanse, afforded a scanty and coarse herbage to our famished animals, for whom, to my surprise, their masters had brought no provender whatever. On one of these insulated spots we rested for an hour or two: and wet and unprotected as we were,

with a bitter cold wind sweeping over the Pass, and freezing our very garments upon us, we could not resist the temptation to snatch a broken slumber on the hard cold rock.

It had a singular effect, in the midst of this frost-bound solitude, to come suddenly upon a party from Guldbrandsdal, who like ourselves had been travelling the whole night: they seemed dreadfully fatigued, as we perhaps appeared to them. The only other living object we saw, except a few Ptarmigan, was that singular little animal, the Lemming. It is of a reddish-brown colour, softening into white on the belly, and prettily marked with black on the back: it belongs to the Rat tribe, but in appearance resembles much more a small Guinea pig. I had first seen them on the Fille Fjeld in considerable numbers; but here they were in myriads, squeaking shrilly as we passed, and scampering into their holes as fast as their short legs would allow them.

The sun had now acquired such power that

the snow became very soft, occasioning great labour to ourselves and horses. Moreover, it seemed much worse on the Northern than on the Southern side: so much so, that we were two or three times almost compelled to turn back. The men displayed excellent courage, perseverance, and good humour, three most essential qualities on an expedition like this: and they were eventually rewarded by successfully surmounting all our difficulties.

During the latter part of our passage, I had suffered more from the dazzling reflection of the snow in my eyes, than from fatigue: and oh! how refreshing, how delicious appeared the scanty verdure in the first valley we reached, after more than twelve hours spent upon the Glacier! We found here a Sætter, at which the folk had recently arrived, and with true mountain hospitality, offered us, all they had to give, milk, butter, and fire: whereof I instantly availed myself to boil in my kettle a decoction of tea, the first refresh-

ment, not absolutely frozen, that had passed my lips since leaving Skjolden.

Our perils were now over; but we had still a long descent before coming to the permanent habitations of man. The valley we traversed is called the Bæverdal; and it is said that formerly this wild and remote glen contained some of the European species of Beaver, now nearly extinct, or only to be found in furthest Lapland. Much of the scenery was fine, much of it beautiful, even in the eyes of tired, sleepy travellers; though considerably tamer than on the southern side of the chain.

On arriving at the first Gaards of Qvamsvolden, the sight of Farm houses and corn fields, seemed wondrous strange in our eyes, so long unaccustomed to any sign of man, or man's works. There were still, however, eight or nine long miles to the nearest place where I could lodge, at Hoff: and as I found that the half starved horses would require at least two hours' rest, I preferred walking down

there at once, to the infinite astonishment of my toilworn companions. The gratification of having achieved a difficult and (at this season) a doubtful exploit, and of having seen so thoroughly the very interior of the loftiest mountain chain in Northern Europe, gave me spirits and vigour: but I could not help feeling much self-satisfaction that at the end of perhaps the most laborious twenty-four hours I ever passed, without any thing that had deserved the name of either food, or rest, I was yet able voluntarily to walk the last stage to my night quarters.

I obtained some very grand views of snow mountains on the way; and the river, whose banks I followed, rolled through several contracted chasms of great depth and beauty. I had also time to see that Hoff, which I reached about midnight, was picturesquely situated, in a fine vale, at the junction of two streams: but I confess that the sight which pleased me most, was a large lumber room,

with a diminutive bed in one corner, wherein I jumped, nothing loth; after giving the strictest injunctions in the best Norsk I could muster, that no one should presume, on any account whatever, to disturb me until I called: an injunction, which, considering their inordinate curiosity, they obeyed surprisingly well.

No sooner, however, the next morning, had I given symptoms of having waked from my long and glorious slumbers, than my apartment was invaded by a numerous levee of both sexes, who watched me through all the processes of shaving, washing, &c., until some necessary arcana of the toilette fairly compelled me to turn them out, against their will. A newly arrived Chimpanzee could not have excited greater interest among London fashionables. Every thing I produced was examined, and the commonest articles admired, and wondered at, as they passed from hand to hand. I could not find it in my heart to deprive

them of what was evidently so great and rare a gratification; as I clearly saw that their intrusion, however annoying to me, was perfectly innocent on their part, proceeding entirely from ignorance, not from impertinence.

When sufficiently rested, in the afternoon I rode quietly down to Lom, a distance of seven or eight miles, through a broad valley of pleasing, but not striking features. I had a letter to the Priest, (Heyerdal,) whom I found to be a man of superior intelligence and attainments. I need not add, that both he and his amiable Lady evinced the hospitality for which "Old Norway" is so justly celebrated: and it being the Eve of Saint John, a party of young folk were assembled to light bonfires, and observe other time-honoured ceremonies, interesting for a stranger to witness.

The next morning, I took a boat down the Lake Otte Vand, on which Lom is situated, to Vaage at its Eastern termination. The little village of Lom is picturesquely built at

the foot of a conical mountain, called the "Egg of Lom," close to the embouchure of the Bæverdal, which here discharges its turbid waters, over a pretty Foss, into the Lake: to the right, the Lake branches up to Skiaker, where it is closed in by a circle of fine mountains. This prospect, as seen about a mile from shore, pleased me greatly: the rest of the voyage presented nothing very remarkable. The Otte Vand is so entirely fed by torrents from the glaciers, that it is always dirty and unfit for Angling: I tried it a short while, but scarcely saw a fish rise.

Priest Kragh, of Vaage, was an old acquaintance of mine, to whom I had promised on my previous visit to Norway, that I would, if possible, pass a few days with him, in case I returned to these parts. I was therefore not sorry to have this excellent opportunity of witnessing the familiar mode of life of this important class, while resting from my late fatigues.

The Priests necessarily exercise great influence in this country, even independently of their ministerial authority, which seems much higher estimated, than is usual in other Protestant countries. They are universally far better educated than those by whom they are surrounded; and are well off, if not positively rich, according to the Norwegian scale of incomes. I have already alluded to the circumstance of their being eligible to a seat in Parliament; and in their own respective districts they are of necessity at the head of all the local charitable, or statistical, or legal establishments, in which their superior intelligence gives them unlimited influence. All those with whom I became intimately acquainted, were well educated, and well conducted. The great peril of their position is lest they should sink down too much to the standard of those with whom alone they have any opportunity of intercourse.

It is a sad deprivation, and a perilous trial

to a man of cultivated intellect, never from year to year to meet with one kindred soul, with whom he can exchange and correct his ideas: and in the country, the impossibility of obtaining books deprives the Priest even of that resource of the educated man. The annual Visitation certainly affords them a brief occasion of mixing with their clerical brethren; and it may be thought that the education of their children, which, in the absence of fit schools, unavoidably devolves on them, should serve in some degree to keep up a doubtful connexion with literary pursuits.

While at Vaage, I was greatly distressed at the number of wretched objects, who daily came for a relief, the Priest could not possibly extend to half the applicants. The last four harvests had so lamentably failed in consequence of early frosts, throughout the mountainous districts, that Kragh assured me upwards of 2000 out of a population of 5000 in his parish, were in a state of utter

destitution; and some of the neighbouring parishes were in a still worse condition.

In every Præstegild, there is an establishment, called the "Fattige-væsen," or Poor Board, formed of the Priest and his Churchwardens, to which each of the Farmers is obliged to contribute a certain proportion of corn; besides some fees at marriages, &c. But, however sufficient it may be in ordinary seasons, this establishment was totally inadequate to meet the distress that prevailed this year. The Storthing had in addition voted considerable sums for the purpose; but still, not merely whole families, but whole districts were suffering from positive famine.

Upon leaving my very kind, and entertaining host, he easily persuaded me, instead of taking the direct road from Vaage to Laurgaard, to ride over the mountains to Tofte, for the purpose of visiting a romantic Glen, called Gjendal, or Echo Valley. The whole family accompanied us, so that we formed an im-

posing cavalcade: the weather was delightful, and the mountain views of great extent and interest.

After traversing some high ground, we came to the edge of the "Echoing Dale," which I found to be a long and deep chasm evidently effected by some violent convulsion transversely athwart the mountain chain that forms the Western barrier of Guldbransdal. To enjoy the wild scene, we climbed upon a projecting pinnacle of shattered slate rock, which could not be less than 1500 feet above the bottom of the dell. Other cliffs rose still higher; but all bore evidence, in their sharply fractured crags, and in the vast masses tossed in most admirable disorder down their precipitous flanks, of the enormous force with which they had been rent asunder.

The dark depth of this narrow chasm is entirely occupied by a chain of miniature lakes; the water of which flows off continually *at both ends,* in a way common to the *trans-*

verse vallies of Norway. After long gazing down upon the horrors of this romantic spot, we descended to admire it from below, by a path so steep, that one of our party, a hale young fellow, could not be persuaded to attempt it. To please my companions, I fished in the lowest and worst lake, for an hour; and although there was no wind, soon caught a dozen of the beautiful trout that abound here. After which, we bivouacked on its banks most delightfully, sang Norsk songs, interchanged the warmest greetings and good wishes, and finally drank a long, and I fear a last, Farewell.

A couple of hours' ride through a pretty vale brought me into Guldbransdal, at a point three or four miles below Tofte; to which place I proceeded, and was happy to find that my servant had previously arrived with the carriages in perfect safety. The next morning, I took the route already described, over the Dovre Fjeld to Trondhjem, stopping a day or

two at Jerkin, to fish the neighbouring lakes. But if this mountain pass, high as measurement and vegetation assure us it to be, had before appeared to me tame, how insignificant did it seem to my eye lately accustomed to the perils and magnificence of the Fille Fjeld, and the Sogne Fjeld!

END OF VOL. I.

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TWO SUMMERS IN NORWAY.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF

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TWO SUMMERS IN NORWAY.

CHAPTER VIII.

Return to the Namsen—Advice as to Flies, and Tackle—Changes since my first Visit—Piscatory details—Great success—My heaviest Salmon—"Minimum house" again—Jacob of Rossætter—Splendid sport under Fiskum Foss—At Værum—Size of Salmon killed in the Namsen—Recapitulation of Sport—Other rivers near—Game—Slaughter of a Bear—Wolves—Eagles—Lemmings—Laws and Customs respecting Fisheries—Early frosts—Distress—Finally quit the Namsen.

On revisiting the Namsen, in 1839, I reached my old quarters at Mediaa, by the 11th of July: and received the most affectionate welcome, not only from my good host Iver, and his family, but also from all whom I had formerly known, who seemed universally to regard

SKETCH
of Part of the
RIVER NAMSEN.

me as an old friend. I was also glad to see, that both here and at my other quarters on the River, the money spent among them, and the experience they had obtained of an Englishman's requirements, had partly been laid out, as they promised me it should be, in furnishing their houses with many domestic comforts before wanting.

The Namsen was still of a milkyish hue, and daily rising without rain; which proved that the snows had not yet disappeared from the Fjelder where it has its source. However, an English Gentleman, who had anticipated me by a few days, had already caught several Salmon; though none of any size: he reported that the river was full of an unusual number of small Grilse: but at least it was evidently not too early to try the fly.

My expectations of success were much increased by the conviction that I was far better prepared than on my first visit. My previous ignorance of the character of the stream, and

the size of the fish, had caused me to fill my books with flies and tackle totally unsuited to the monsters I had to encounter. This summer, I took care to bring with me an abundant store of gigantic flies, made by Evatt, of Warwick-street, and Kelly, of Dublin, as well as some of the largest used on the Tweed for the Spring fishing. I found them all answer well; but those tied by Evatt, having been manufactured under my own superintendence, were, perhaps, the best adapted to the River. It is but justice to an excellent fly-tier to add that they were as unimpeachable for strength, as for beauty. They were most severely tested; and neither the gut nor steel gave way with the heaviest fish: withal, they were as cheap as could be reasonably expected for such an article.

In general, the most brilliant colours were the most successful; such as blood red, bright orange, or brilliant blue, with handsome wings of the golden Pheasant, and other showy feathers. When, however, the water became low

and clear, dark colours, *so long as they were really dark, not dingy,* usually answered best. In Salmon fishing, the colours should always be decided; half and half shades, neither one thing nor another, are highly objectionable: the fly ought to have either a well pronounced, and uniform character, or else a marked contrast of colours.

At times, I found a perfectly black body, with jet black hackle, and broad silver twist, with light or even white wings, very killing. A few of the Tweed flies also, in which half the body was black, and the other half bright orange, were occasionally successful: but I lost so many large fish, either by the Scotch hooks breaking, or the gut snapping close to the head, that I latterly seldom employed them.

As I came to the Namsen for the express purpose of killing heavy fish, I used none but flies of the very largest size: and having invariably had better success than any of my countrymen with whom I came in contact on this

river (who usually employed much smaller flies) both in the number, and individual size, as well as total weight of fish, I cannot do otherwise than recommend my successors on that noble stream to follow my example. At the same time, this inordinate size of the fly was very unfavourable to hooking small Grilse; which will in some measure account for the disproportion between the rises and the captures recorded in my list.

The line that I found to answer the best, was a silk one well oiled, by Martin Kelly: it ran out and was wound up, more easily, and also was stronger, than the patent mixture of horse-hair and silk, which is preferable where continual casting is required, but is not so well adapted to the Namsen. The objection to the silk line is, that it is heavy, and in wet weather is apt to cling to the rod: but it is not so liable to chafe, or become entangled, as the patent line, and besides takes up less space. I surely need scarcely add that the casting line

must be of the strongest treble gut, the reel of ample dimensions and single action, the gaff of wide curve, and firm build. As for the rod, each Angler has his favourite maker; but I confess that, after trying many, I have found none equal to those manufactured by George Eaton, of Crooked-lane, for perfection of finish, truth, and durability.

My superior equipments, as well as my improved acquaintance with the river, justified my expectation of much greater success than what I had enjoyed on my former visit. However, many untoward circumstances contributed to counterbalance these advantages. The summer of 1837 had indeed been so sultry as generally to prevent my fishing except in the morning, or evening; whereas in 1839 I could almost always angle throughout the day. But then, in the former year there were several high floods, after each of which the river was filled with heavy Salmon; while in the latter, there was but once or twice a slight rise of

water, without which, not even in so copious a stream as the Namsen, will the larger fish run up in any quantities. Moreover, on my first visit I had the river nearly to myself; whereas I have already mentioned that an English Angler had arrived before me in 1839, who continued during the greater part of my stay: besides which, two other countrymen occupied the best portion of the river, during the best of the season.

But still more than this, many of the natives had taken up angling in the English method. I have before observed that, though the Norwegians are not endowed with inventive talent, they show a great turn for imitation: and either by rowing in the boats with Englishmen, or by watching them from shore, they had picked up enough of the art, to annoy us at least, if not to secure much sport for themselves. Their tackle was of the rudest description: but yet sufficient at least to rise the most taking fish. If these were small, they

were frequently killed; if they were strong, away went the flimsy gear: but at all events the passage of the boats and flies over the pools, much diminished the chance of any better Artist who followed them.

I was also grieved to find that not only had this newly-developed passion for Fly-fishing made them unusually jealous of their supposed rights on the River, but also that those who were not employed as boatmen had begun to grudge their more favoured neighbours that were enlisted in the Englishmen's service. The four orts, or 3*s.* 4*d.*, which we gave for two men and a boat, per diem, with a liberal share of fish and other perquisites, were too great an object of envy in this poor district. Consequently, all wanted to pull in my boat: and as I had no idea of being dictated to, in a matter on which my chance of sport so much depended, as the selection of my Boatmen, I had some trouble in silencing, I will not say satisfying, their conflicting claims.

The first year I was on the Namsen, all whom I employed, or to whom I gave fish, expressed the greatest gratitude: this summer, it seemed that those who were excluded took offence, while the others received our guerdon almost as a right. I am inclined to believe that much of this wrong feeling was attributable to the conduct of some Englishmen, in the preceding year, who from an ignorance of the language and customs of the country, had not only fished on the Sabbath, which gave deep offence; but had habitually taken their Fossland boatmen to all parts of the river where they had no shadow of right, and had never made a fair distribution of the Salmon, among the Farmers in whose water they were taken. They consequently left an unfavourable character behind them, except with those who were immediately benefited by their expenditure; and a load of obloquy for their countrymen to fight against. Should this feeling, and the passion for angling increase, the *beaux jours* of the Namsen are past.

The Englishman, to whom I alluded as having preceded me, lodged with my former boatman, Lorenz, and of course employed him: I was therefore compelled to take, in addition to my host's son, a neighbouring farmer, named Johannes Claussen, of Mediaa. He rowed well, and was intelligent enough, but not of a character to please me in other respects: he was also very fond of Angling, and I retained him in my service, more to keep him from mischief, than from affection.

In describing my first visit to the Namsen, I attempted to give some slight account of each day's sport; thinking that such details, however bald, would convey a juster idea of the capabilities of the river, than if I had culled only two or three of the best days, leaving the Reader to imagine that the rest were equally brilliant. However, on this occasion, I shall content myself with a more general description; or only detail those exploits, which seem to deserve especial commemoration.

I have already mentioned the fact of the far greater proportion of small Grilse, which appeared in the river this summer, and the want of floods to induce the large Salmon to run up, until towards the end of my stay. In consequence of this, I had by no means so many opportunities of capturing immense fish, as I had lost on my former visit: but on the other hand, experience had taught me to profit better by such as fell in my way. I had so well drilled my boatmen as to be able to follow the movements of the most violent Salmon, with a short line, and a steady hand: so that if only the hook held, I did not often let him escape, even in the most cramped place.

The morning after my arrival, my countryman having given up to me the water below Mediaa, which he had been fishing for the last week, I sallied forth at an early hour. The upper streams were far too full of snow water: and I saw nothing but a Grilse or two, until I came to Spækkan Pool, above Moe, before

honourably mentioned. Here I immediately rose four or five fish, and killed three, one of them of twenty-five pounds, that quite gladdened my eyes, as reminding me of my old friends in this magnificent stream. I rose no other heavy fish; the river appearing to be monopolized by a shoal of Grilse, of four or five pounds' weight.

The next day, I started with the intention of paying my respects to Priest Sörensen at Værum: but was fortunately stopped by a storm of rain, at Spækkan Pool, where the most glorious sport subsequently detained me till the evening. Fresh fish were continually running up from the sea, as was shown by the lice still adhering to many: they seemed to be exclusively of two sizes, small Grilse, or Salmon of about twenty pounds. In this single Pool I rose sixteen fish; and killed ten: of which five were from eighteen to twenty-two pounds, and gave me splendid sport. My total weight this day, with eleven fish, was

137 pounds, the highest figure I had yet attained on the Namsen.

On the following Monday, I gave up this part of the river to my English friend, and tried the Fossland water, where he had totally failed with his small flies. I found indeed the best pools still too high: but in the shallower part of "Fossland Reach," I hooked and killed, after an hour's strong play, a very powerful fish of twenty-eight pounds; besides losing another of nearly equal size, in consequence of not choosing to allow him to run among some dangerous rocks, for which he fought hard, and the hold gave way.

But this was nothing to the success that awaited me in the "Elbow Pool," a favourite spot for large Salmon when the water is high.

Here a fish rose, evidently of great size, but unfortunately missed the fly: and although I tried two or three other beautiful deceptions, I could not induce it to stir again, until an irresistible red fly of Evatt's, tempted it to

its destruction. Yet even then, it took not the fly into its mouth; but by good luck I struck the barbed steel into the muscle of the pectoral fin, which afforded as good a hold, though of course not so much command over the fish, as if it had been fixed in the jaw. For the first ten minutes, the monster was highly "indignant of the guile;" shooting up and down and athwart the stream, with a speed extremely difficult to follow: for to attempt to curb him at the first, was entirely out of question.

At length, however, by what appeared to myself and boatmen to be dexterous handling, I succeeded in steering him past all danger into a deep still pool; where I bore upon him with my whole strength, and after several ineffectual struggles, brought him near enough to be gaffed. In a few seconds more it was weighed; when it proved to be over forty pounds, the heaviest I have ever killed on this, or any other river. It was only three feet

ten and a half inches in length, that is an inch shorter than the two largest I killed on my former visit; although it exceeded them in weight, by three, and six pounds respectively.

When I saw the huge creature stretched upon the shore, with his deep, thick flanks, and enormously powerful tail and fins, I could scarcely comprehend how I had, in so short a time, baffled his utmost strength, in his native element. For, notwithstanding it was hooked foul, my servant ascertained by his watch, that the fish was landed in exactly half an hour, from the moment of being hooked. Many of inferior size took double the time before they would yield; those of twenty-eight pounds, being usually, according to my experience, the strongest and most active.

I caught one other lively fish of fourteen pounds: but to my infinite annoyance, as I was returning to Mediaa, I perceived a Seal, evidently on his way up the river, in pursuit of the shoal of Salmon that had recently

appeared; and the following day, near Værum, another of these unwelcome intruders displayed his bull-dog visage above the water, just as I reached the best Pool, and of course destroyed all my chance of sport.

Leaving my countryman to settle the matter with these arch enemies of the Angler, I resolved on trying what the Fiskum Pools would produce. It was with great satisfaction that I gazed again upon all my well remembered haunts, where I had so enjoyed myself two brief summers before. The Foss was full of water, and in high beauty: and even "Minimum House," bore evidence of having been garnished in expectation of my arrival. But more than all, every one expressed so much gratification at seeing me once more amongst them, that my heart irresistibly warmed to the kindly natives of this wild district.

The renewal of my acquaintance with this part of the River, however, was not so satis-

factory in other respects. The Foss Pool was unapproachable from the quantity of water: and instead of finding the other Pools as full of Salmon as I had expected, they seemed to contain hardly any large fish. Nor was this the worst: I had immediate and most disagreeable proof that the passion for Angling had wonderfully extended since I was last here. On reaching the "Boat Pool," I saw it was already preoccupied by a couple of men from Gothland; and either they, or others, regularly fished the best places on every favourable evening.

By far the most annoying of these interlopers was Jacob of Rossætter, who lived close to the splendid Pool I have named after him. The very first day I attempted to fish there, he came down in his boat, and signified to me in most uncivil terms that he expected I should give him up all the fish I might catch, although even by their own customs he was only half owner of the water. And upon my telling

him he should have his fair share of what I caught, in the same way as he well knew I treated all the neighbouring Farmers, he proceeded in a very impertinent way to fish the Pool in conjunction with me; a process which he only varied subsequently, by doing the same every day before me.

One evening, however, he was more than usually obnoxious: for, after having spoiled my sport in the lower Pools, directly that he observed me on my return homewards, he pushed on before me, to anticipate me in my own Boat Pool, where he knew I always took my latest cast. Seeing his object, I allowed him plenty of time; thinking he would become tired, and depart I misjudged my man! On my arrival at that immense Pool, he instantly left the upper part where he was fishing, and bearing down upon me, in the most insolent manner, swung his boat round actually upon my line. It was well for him that I was not a man of war; or the indignant remonstrances

I showered on him in my best Norsk, would have been replaced by more intelligible indications of my feelings. I, however, took care to let every one hear of his conduct, as well as my opinion of it: and as all the respectable neighbours, including my good friend the Priest, sided with me, Jacob was eventually shamed into better behaviour. He attempted to excuse himself by alleging (whether truly or falsely, I know not) that two English officers, the previous summer, had daily fished his water, without giving him any share of the Salmon; and that he expected I meant to do the same.

The only day that I had any sport to compensate for these annoyances, was the last I spent at Fiskum on this occasion: when, after shooting some Capercailzie in the morning, I took my boat into the Foss Pool, which I had not been able to try before. There was still so large a body of water as to render this a difficult, and with any other than such ex-

cellent boatmen as I had, a dangerous operation. The thundering river that dashed over the lofty Fall threatened every moment to sweep us away, as we shot across the rapid torrent. However we accomplished it in safety, although drenched with the heavy spray, as much as if we had been exposed to the pelting of the most pitiless storm.

From a rock that advanced as near to the Fall as I could possibly penetrate, I rose an immense fish in the very breakers, I am quite confident not less than forty pounds in weight. It was, without doubt, the wildest spot in which I ever hooked a large fish; and he proved the wildest of his tribe. He plunged at once into the very centre of the cataract, apparently with an intention of sounding its lowest depths; my line was nearly run out, yet I scarcely knew where the fish was, when I suddenly saw him springing amidst the foaming surge, more than 100 yards from me.

He next made the most desperate efforts to

escape into the lower Pool, whither I could not follow him, except by shooting a rapid of so perilous a character, that I preferred holding him by main force, notwithstanding all his struggles. I expected each instant that some part of my rod or line would break; but so good was my tackle, that it bore the enormous pressure upon it, without giving way: and I had already brought the monster some distance up the violent stream, and he was showing evident symptoms of weakness, when after half an hour's most splendid play, the hook came out of his mouth, and he escaped.

Without wasting time in useless regrets, I returned to the same rock, and at the first cast hooked another fine Salmon, which I at once saw was some dozen pounds less than the one I had just lost. Yet did he look most magnificent, from the elevated spot where I stood, as he darted through the eddying foam, to seize the fly. He pursued exactly the same tactics as his predecessor; and when, finally, he per-

sisted, in spite of all my efforts, in rushing down the impetuous stream, I resolved at all hazards to follow him, not choosing to lose two such fine fish, without a brave effort at least.

We were dreadfully knocked about, and nearly swamped in the attempt: however, we safely entered "Karnen's Pool" with the Salmon, whom I then easily killed; and he weighed upwards of twenty-eight pounds. I can scarcely conceive it possible to enjoy finer sport than I had with these two fish: more vigorous Salmon, or a wilder spot to play them in, I never saw. It will be seen by my list that I also caught six smaller fish, without even trying below the Boat Pool.

A day or two after my return to Mediaa, some heavy rain slightly flooded the river, and was immediately followed by the appearance of numerous large fish. I was fortunate enough on two successive days to encounter these shoals on their progress upwards, at two most excellent spots: on the 27th, at a bend of the

river, near Værum, called Gunhild's Bjerg; and on the 29th, at my favourite Pool of Spækkan. It is of the greatest importance, in fishing the Namsen, to take care, whenever from the state of the water Salmon may be expected to run up, to be upon one of the best Pools. They rest in such places for a short time, during which they take the fly well; and then rapidly pass up, leaving the streams quite deserted, which a few hours before swarmed with fish.

I had a good example of this at Gunhild's Bjerg. I could plainly observe the Salmon spring up the Rapid at its lower end: again and again I fished the water over, rising fresh fish each time. I altogether rose eighteen within three or four hours, several of them large and very strong: I killed two of twenty-eight pounds, and two of nearly twenty pounds each, besides five Grilse. But when I tried the Pool again in the evening, after having dined with my kind friends at Værum, not a Salmon was to be seen; all had passed up.

On the 29th I had an equally good morning's sport at Spækkan, of exactly the same character; only that the rain came down so heavily, and so much discoloured the water, as to drive me home before the day was half spent, and while numbers of fresh Salmon, of the largest size, were running up each moment into the Pool.

It was unfortunate for my piscatory success at this period, that I had previously arranged to spend the next few days with Priest Sörensen, at Værum: for few fish remained in this lower part of the River, and the weather became so hot, as quite to disincline those few to move at the fly. However, I was amply recompensed by the friendly society of this very amiable family, from each of whom I received marks of kindness calculated to impress me with the most favourable recollections of the Norwegian character.

The Glebe-house of Værum is not worthy of its inmates, being both insufficiently small,

and out of repair. But its situation is picturesque, at a sudden bend of the Namsen, occasioned by the lofty Steen Fjeld, which stands rudely across its course; while other more distant and finely broken mountains form a perfect amphitheatre around. The precipitous range of the Steen Fjeld so overhangs Værum to the eastward, as entirely to exclude all sight of the sun, during thirteen weeks of the winter, when that luminary rises but a short way above the horizon. How inexpressibly joyous must be the sight of the long lost orb, when he first peers above the rocky summit! the well remembered day of his reappearance is anxiously watched, and observed as a fête in the neighbourhood.

On my return to Fiskum, I had very excellent sport, as may be partly gathered from my list. There was not a day that I did not catch many large fish, besides the many more that I hooked and played: and in such wild places! I several times tried the wildest of all, the

Foss Pool: but it was not until August 12th, that I was enabled by the gradual falling of the water to fish any considerable portion of it; when I enjoyed far the most splendid day's sport I can ever hope to have to record. I began well: I had scarcely commenced, when, off a rock in the Boat Pool, I hooked, and after long play killed, a beautifully shaped fish of thirty-four pounds: and soon after, another of twenty-four pounds near the same spot, as also a third of eleven pounds. I had already had a good day's sport: but in the rapid stream between the Foss and Karnen's Pools, (which I have named, "the Foss Rapid,") I rose several fish, of which I fortunately killed the largest, weighing thirty-three pounds, besides a fine Salmon of eighteen pounds, and a Grilse.

We then with great difficulty worked our frail bark up into the Foss Pool; and at the risk of shipping a perilous quantity of water, proceeded to fish as well as I could a small

extent of flat water, by the side of the boiling torrent. Never in my life have I encountered such wild water! Scarcely had I cast my fly into the most likely spot, when an enormous Salmon took it, but being slightly hooked, soon escaped. A minute afterwards, a monster of similar size dashed through the glancing waves; and I instantly felt he was firmly hooked. In another moment he was in the midst of the Fall: baffled there, he rushed up and down, with a determination of purpose, but irregularity of course, that made it very difficult to retain a correct hold upon him. I could not stand in the boat that danced on the bounding breakers: scarcely could I see or hear, so blinded was I with the spray, so deafened with the cataract's eternal roar.

At last he made down the stream as if to quit the Pool; and we prepared to follow him through the dangerous Rapid already described. However, it seemed that his courage failed him, and he took refuge behind a deeply sunk

rock, from which it required much positive labour and strength to dislodge him. At length, he was compelled to yield; and on being landed, was found to weigh thirty-seven pounds; but though therefore not the heaviest, he was by nearly an inch the longest Salmon I ever killed, measuring rather over four feet.

In the same spot, I afterwards caught two beautiful, fresh run Salmon of twenty-four, and eighteen pounds each: and hooked two other heavy fish, one of which (certainly not under thirty pounds in weight) I played for a considerable time; when he eventually broke the line by entangling it round a rock, a misfortune not to be wondered at in so dangerous a place. And, finally, I concluded this brilliant day by landing a pretty Salmon of ten pounds, and a small Grilse; making a total weight of 216 pounds with eleven fish. A gratifying total under any circumstances: but when the individual size of the Salmon is further considered, and still more the character of the

water in which they were killed, I am almost tempted to doubt whether any Salmon fisher ever enjoyed a more glorious day's sport.

The weather about this time became very much broken: the 13th of August that I fished down to Fossland was cold and raw, as winter; and in the course of the night it froze sufficiently to blacken the potatoe tops. The following day was little bettter: but being fortunately able to reach the Foss Pool in the afternoon, I killed there four magnificent Salmon, which averaged twenty-six pounds each; and afforded me great sport. The next day I was also very successful, catching seven fish, which weighed together ninety-seven pounds; notwithstanding that I was very unlucky in losing several good Salmon, apparently without any just cause.

And this was the last good day's sport that I was destined to have upon the Namsen: for during the two following days that I remained at Fiskum, the water rapidly fell, and the fish

seemed simultaneously to quit this part of the River. There was still a far larger body of water than I ever saw in the Tweed; yet I had undeniable evidence that the Salmon, even at this early season, returned to the sea. Not only did they suddenly disappear from all the upper Pools, but frequently, while fishing, I observed Salmon, that from their size and colour I could not possibly mistake, jump once or twice at the higher end of a pool, which they appeared to have but just entered; then soon after towards the middle, and again spring at the bottom, within the course of a few minutes: after which I saw no more of them.

On August 17, I was able to fish over the greater part of the Foss Pool; but only saw two Grilse jump: I rose none there with the fly. It seemed that after ascertaining the impossibility of surmounting the cataract, the majority had dropped down the river, as soon as they found the water begin to lower. The few Salmon that remained, moreover, took the

fly very badly: and such as I caught were becoming of a dark red colour, and altogether out of condition. In addition to these hints of the close of the season, many of the best Pools were so low, that the natives attempted to net them every evening: from the rocky character of the streams, these attempts were not very successful, but at least sufficed to diminsh greatly my chance of sport. I rather think that they succeed better with the Lyster in the spawning season.

According to all accounts, that is also the season when the largest Salmon enter the Namsen: if one might believe what the natives say, some can be little less than 100 pounds. I should, however, be sorry to vouch for the truth of this enormous weight. I am convinced that in 1837, I rose one or two Salmon which weighed from fifty to sixty pounds at the least; on my second visit, I have no reason to think that I saw any heavier than the one I killed, *viz.* forty pounds; and in neither year, was

there a single fish caught by any other Angler, of even equal size. A friend of mine, in a previous year landed one that fairly weighed forty-five pounds: and I have heard a still greater weight ascribed to a monster that was killed by a well known English Angler; I understand, however, the latter was not weighed, and those who saw it assured me it was certainly not larger than the one before mentioned.

In 1838, one of the best native Anglers, named Claus Moen, undoubtedly caught a Salmon that weighed very nearly sixty pounds: he hooked it in the Boat Pool, and it ran him down the Long Rapid to below Rossætter Næs; taking him three hours to land it. I believe this to be the heaviest Salmon ever yet killed with the rod on the Namsen. Those that I have recorded certainly sink into insignificance by the side of this Leviathan: but where else is the river, yet known to Anglers, on which six consecutive weeks of so good Salmon-fishing can be obtained?

It will be seen by my list for 1839, that I fished *parts of* thirty-three *consecutive* days (excepting always Sundays) three of which were blank: that in the remaining thirty days, I killed 147 Salmon, and nine white trout, together amounting to 1772 pounds: that eight of these weighed from thirty to forty pounds each, while no less than forty-six weighed eighteen pounds and upwards. So that notwithstanding the unusual proportion of Grilse in the Namsen this year, the individual average was somewhere about twelve pounds: while in 1837 it was still higher, reaching almost fifteen pounds each fish. I am acquainted with no river, where so high an average, upon so large a number, can be expected: or where so many consecutive days of first-rate Angling may be enjoyed. Odd days may doubtless be selected almost every season, when at least double the number and weight that I ever captured on the Namsen, may be killed on the Tweed. But for how short a period does the fishing there last!

and how immeasurably inferior is the easy capture of a score of Kelts in the Sprouston Dove, to the serious encounter with a glorious thirty pounder, under Fiskum Foss!

Before quitting the banks of this magnificent stream, the Angler may perhaps wish to know if there be no opportunity of varying his sport by an occasional morning's trout fishing in the neighbourhood. I fear there is none. The Namsen itself contains scarcely any trout: and the few Lakes in the surrounding mountains have no boats on them, and are at too great distances to reward a piscatory expedition. I have tried once or twice, the upper Foss on the Namsen, where I was assured there are large trout; but I saw only very few small fish. I have also fished the Sundölen River, near Ekker, at the foot of a likely looking Fall: a few Salmon frequent it in the Autumn, and I have caught there a couple of Grilse; but though I tried both fly and troll more than once, I never saw a trout above a pound.

Much better is the Overhalden River, up which Salmon ascend as far as Flasnæs; though not in any considerable numbers. I several times intended to try it, from mere curiosity, although aware I could expect no sport to compensate for what I gave up on the Namsen: but circumstances, unnecessary to mention, prevented me.

The Sportsman, who is fond of shooting, will find more to occupy his attention. On my first visit to this district, I saw little game except wild ducks, and golden plover: but the next time I was there, I greatly improved my larder by the discovery that there were a great number of Ryper (or Ptarmigan) on the mountains, as well as Capercailzie, and Hjerper (*Tetrao Bonasia,* or the hazel hen) in the forests. The latter is the most delicately flavoured bird I know. The breast has not the layer of brown flesh usual to other game birds, but is of the purest white throughout. This is accounted for by an old Norwegian tradition, to the effect

that there was originally one enormously large Hjerpe, on which all the other birds pounced, and partly devoured, whence they obtained the layer of white flesh they possess next the breast; and their poor victim became diminished to its present proportions. They are very tame, at least here, where they are so little disturbed; and when roused from their feeding ground, fly up into the neighbouring trees, gazing stupidly at the intruder.

I always made a point of allowing my boatmen a couple of hours' sleep after their mid-day meal; and while they were taking their sièsta, I dived into the nearest pine forest, and rarely returned without either Hjerper, or young Capercailzie: I saw some old Cocks, but they escaped me. I had no dog: but my English friend before mentioned occasionally took the Fjeld, with a brace of Setters; and generally killed from five to ten brace of Ptarmigan, besides other Game.

By far his greatest exploit, however, was the

slaughter of a Bear, which had killed a cow, about three miles from the Gaard where he lodged: whereupon he went up to the spot the next evening; and on the beast's returning, as he expected, to taste its dainty prey, he fortunately succeeded in disabling it at the first shot. It proved to be an old, and not very large female: but the courage with which our countryman lay in his solitary ambush, within twenty-five yards of the ferocious brute, much enhanced the natives' idea, not only of his individual, but of the national bravery.

There were many other bears known to be in the neighbourhood: insomuch, that I doubt not a man like Mr. Lloyd, properly equipped for this chace, would have great success, and would confer a valuable benefit on the inhabitants, who are dreadfully afraid of Mr. Bruin. Wolves are also abundant, particularly in the mountains near the Sætters; and still more in the vicinity of the Lapps and their Reindeer. They are so shy, that I never actually saw one:

but thrice we observed the fresh print of their feet on our path to the Boat Pool: and during my stay many dogs were devoured by them.

Occasionally, in searching for other game, I flushed a Woodcock: but though they undoubtedly breed in this country, I do not believe they are very common. Besides five or six species of Ducks that frequent the Namsen, I every day saw numbers of the Northern Diver; of which I shot a few. And to complete my brief list of the wild birds of this district, I will only mention that in addition to the Fishing Eagles, which were usually to be seen near Fossland, I frequently observed Eagles of the largest kind soaring above us; and on one occasion I saw a pair, I believe of Golden Eagles, perched for the night on the face of a perpendicular crag near the Long Reach, which, though screaming at me all the while, allowed me to approach within a hundred yards. Singular enough too, an immense specimen of the large Norway Owl, from the summit of the

same cliff, kept hooting at me, while attempting to creep within shot, across the crackling wood.

But much the most interesting animals that fell under my observation were the Lemmings. This singular little species of the genus *Mus*, is confined, I believe, to Scandinavia, and some Northern portions of Russia. Its appearance is periodical; some say it appears every seventh, others every tenth year. It also seems to be capricious in its choice of residence, as whole provinces are infested with it, while in the intermediate districts not one is visible. On my former Tour through Norway, I did not see a single Lemming; this year, 1839, they abounded in certain parts, but not every where.

I have mentioned that I saw the first on the Fille Fjeld, and Sogne Fjeld: there were none in Romsdalen, or on the Dovre Fjeld, while the Western shores of the Mjösen swarmed with them. From that point I saw none until I reached Steenkjær, where there were a

few, which rapidly increased until I reached Nummedal, where they were in thousands. Naturalists account for their periodical appearance by supposing that they inhabit the most retired mountains, until they have multiplied beyond the means of subsistence, when they become gregarious, and descend into the plains. There most of them perish: the few that return, with those that have remained in the mountains, repeat the same process, after a certain time, with the same result.

The natives have a much simpler, if not so scientific explanation of the phænomenon, being convinced that they drop from the clouds in a thunder storm. I have talked with many who had been accustomed to traverse the mountains all their lives, and who assured me they had never seen a single Lemming in any intermediate season. I suspect, however, that they may be always found at least in the Northern portion of the Kjölen Chain which

separates Norway from Sweden. It is from this direction that they appear originally to come; in great numbers certainly, but not in such dense masses, as some old books would lead one to imagine. Though there may be many hundreds within the space of an acre, it is seldom you see more than two or three together; much oftener, they are single.

They are said universally to travel westwards; and no obstacle stops them; not only will they paddle across such rapid streams as the Namsen, but even over salt water Fjords ten miles in width. Yet they do not seem well adapted for swimming: their legs are very short, their feet extremely small and delicate, without any web. Their colour is a rich brown, broadly striped with black on the back, and softening into light fawn colour on the belly. Their bodies are plump; their tail not half an inch in length; their heads rather short and thick, so that altogether they have much more the look of a Guinea pig than of a rat. They have, however, the rat's teeth; and

if attacked, stand up on their hind legs, squeaking shrilly all the time, and springing at their foe, just like the rat.

They are very fierce, when first caught, but some that I brought to England, soon became sufficiently tame to allow themselves to be handled: and very pretty little creatures they were. I carried eight of them about with me for several weeks in a small box; and notwithstanding the rough usage to which they were necessarily exposed on the road, they maintained excellent health. I fed them chiefly on brown bread and vegetables,with occasionally a little meat, or fish: in fact, they would eat any thing. Unfortunately, one of the last nights I spent in Norway, six of them escaped through the negligence of my servant, when I could no longer replace them. The other two I consigned to the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, in the best apparent health: but they both died within a week, through some mismanagement. These singular animals are

usually preceded on their migrations by an Arvicola, called here the Blue Lemming. It is of a sooty blue colour, and altogether much more resembles a very large mouse, than the Lemming: its tail is much longer, and its motions infinitely quicker: it is also far rarer.

The Lemmings do great mischief in the fields, devouring every thing that falls in their way: but they have many enemies, biped, quadruped, and winged. I was even informed, upon authority that I cannot possibly question, that the Reindeer not only kills them, but is very fond of eating them! That an herbivorous and ruminating animal should show a penchant for such food, seems passing strange: but in addition to other witnesses, Priest Sörensen, a gentleman of unimpeachable veracity, and enjoying the best opportunities of observation during his annual visits to the Lapps' Chapels, positively assured me that when a Reindeer observes a Lemming at any distance, he runs to it, strikes it dead with

a blow of his fore-foot, and instantly swallows it whole! This may appear strange to others, as it did to me: I can only say that I could scarcely have better evidence, short of actual sight, than I obtained of this singular fact.

A still greater enemy to the Farmer in certain districts, this year, was a perfectly smooth caterpillar, of a dark olive colour, and about three quarters of an inch in length. In many vallies to the North of Trondhjem, it appeared in incredible numbers, during the early part of the summer, and completely laid bare not only the meadows, but also the young corn fields. Old people told me they remembered the appearance of a similar plague, some thirty years ago.

But there remains one still greater enemy to the "Landed Interest," with which the farmer of Nummedal has to contend; that is, the early frosts, which too often destroy all his hopes in a single night. This was the case in 1838: and indeed had happened, more or

less, on all the higher Farms for the last four years. No wonder therefore that the frost which occurred on August 13th of this year, (1839,) caused great consternation; it blackened many of the potato fields; and two or three nights afterwards the barley was frostbitten in exposed situations, which induced many to cut their corn quite green, rather than run the risk of losing it all.

Poor People! they were generally suffering privations, such as, even in Ireland, would be considered grievous. Scarcely any of the better farmers could afford to eat pure barley bread, without any mixture of fir bark: and very many were compelled to live on bark bread alone! The stock of the district being exhausted, all who could scrape the money together, sent some of the family to purchase corn, after the patriarchal fashion, at the nearest markets along the sea coast. They seldom could obtain it at a less distance than seventy or eighty miles: the price was very high, and

the quality indifferent: while the toil of poling up such a stream as the Namsen with a heavily laden boat, may be imagined.

Under such circumstances, even the little addition to their stock of food, which my rod and gun afforded, was an object of some consequence: still more so, was the money I disbursed among them. Even the better class of farmers, though able to live in tolerable comfort upon the produce of their land in ordinary seasons, have little or no opportunity of realizing money. They have nothing to sell; and there is no one to buy; forasmuch as each of their countrymen supplies himself, in the same manner, that they do, with the three great necessaries of human existence, "Fire, food, and clothes." The small sums, therefore, that I distributed to my hosts and boatmen, were an object of competition, which, as we have seen, occasioned some bickering at first: nay, I was even favoured with a sort of Round Robin on the subject from four of

the farmers of Grong. However, by just dealing and the powerful assistance of my friend the Priest, I eventually succeeded in allaying this feeling, so as to part from all not only on the most amicable terms, but apparently with deep regret.

From the best information I could obtain in Christiania, I believe that, according to law, Angling is on the same footing as shooting, which is perfectly unrestricted throughout Norway. I was assured by the highest authority that no one can prevent any other from fishing in a boat, or even from landing, except upon enclosed and cultivated ground. But though I believe this to be the undoubted law of the kingdom, the Bönder have established a law among themselves, to which the stranger must, for his own sake, pay some deference.

Each proprietor considers he is entitled to the fishery of the river opposite his farm: and I respected this supposed right so far as always to present one half of my booty to the farmer

in whose fishery it was caught: the other moiety I reserved for myself, boatmen, and host. But when they wished me also to take my rowers invariably from the Gaards opposite to which I angled, I decidedly refused. From Fiskum down to Værum there are thirty-seven proprietors on the water: and as I have shown how much depends on the discipline of the boat, it never would answer to be constantly changing your men, just after teaching them their duty.

I should, however, most strongly recommend any of my countrymen who may follow me to the Namsen, invariably to select their boatmen from the principal proprietors of the part of the river they fish: thus, from Fiskum, while angling in the upper part; from Fossland, when in the centre; from Grong or Mediaa, when on the lower portion: and if they remain any length of time, it will be as well occasionally to change their men.

I think I have mentioned the established

tariff to be four marks, (*orts*, they are called in the North) per diem, or 3*s*. 4*d*. for a boat with two rowers. Moreover, I made it a rule to give a dollar (four shillings English) for every Salmon over thirty pounds, or for a total weight of 100 pounds caught in one day: which gave my men an interest in my success, without materially increasing the expenses of the Tour. At the various houses where I lodged, I gave half a dollar a day for my lodging, cooking, barley bread, potatoes, butter, and milk: every thing else I provided: and as my hosts also got a good share of the fish, and often pulled in my boat, they were abundantly satisfied.

It is not more than forty years since the first potatoes were introduced as a curiosity into this district; they are now universal, and in general excellent. The butter is by far the sweetest and most luscious I ever met with anywhere: and latterly my breakfasts were much improved by mountain strawberries of exqui-

site flavour, and the far-famed Moltebær before described.

I linger still upon the Namsen, though I much fear the reader who is only acquainted with that noble River through these pages, will hardly partake of the enthusiasm with which I look back on the happy days I spent upon its banks. Every thing contributed to render them amongst the happiest, for which I am indebted to my passion for Angling. The excellence of my sport, the grandeur of the scenery, the primitive and novel mode of life of the natives, with the uninterrupted health and lightsome spirits I enjoyed, made those six weeks glide imperceptibly away with unwelcome rapidity. It seemed but a few days since I had witnessed the crops emerge from the ground; and already the sickle was busy in every field. Autumn had evidently arrived; and the almost nightly frosts told that Winter was rapidly advancing from his Northern Halls. Therefore after again visiting my most kind

and amiable friends at Værum, where a large party was assembled for the annual Visitation, I bade a final adieu to this King of Salmon Rivers on the 23rd of August, and returned by the Snaasen Vand to Trondhjem.

CHAPTER IX.

Route from Trondhjem to Molde—Örkedal—Surendal—Ferries on the Western Fjords—Delays and difficulties—Beauty of scenery—A midnight Voyage—Romsdalen—Magnificent prospects—A couple of days' Angling—Another excursion to the Fjeld—Great success—Three Reindeer shot—Upper part of Romsdalen—Traditions of Colonel Sinclair—An overturn—Lake Lessöe—Guldbrandsdal—Return to Christiania.

I HAD heard so much of the beauty of the Western Fjords, and of the picturesque grandeur of Romsdalen, that I determined to vary my route, on my last return from Trondhjem to Christiania, by taking that line, in preference to either of the more direct roads by Röraas, or the Dovre Fjeld, both of which I had already seen. In addition to the novelty of this Western route, I knew from the experience of two friends whom I met on the Namsen, that very fair Salmon fishing might be enjoyed at certain

seasons in the Rauma Elv: while the only drawback was the annoyance to be expected at the many Ferries across the Fjords.

I left Trondhjem for, I fear, the last time, on August 28th, in weather that promised better for the Angler, than the Tourist: it had rained hard during the night; and the heavens were still charged with dark, heavy clouds. I soon quitted the great Southern Road, and crossed an arm of the Trondhjem Fjord, into which the Guul discharges its waters. I heard here, as at all the Northern rivers, that the Salmon had never been so scarce as this summer. In the Nid hardly any fish had been taken; insomuch that the price at Trondhjem had risen to 5*d.* and 6*d.* a pound for fresh, and 7*d.* or 8*d.* for smoked Salmon.

After leaving the Fjord, the road traverses a mountainous district, covered with fir forests; in the midst of which I came upon a considerable Lake that had every appearance of being well adapted for Angling: I was told there

were plenty of trout in it, but I could not learn any thing positive as to their size, and fly fishing had never been practised on it. I next crossed some high, and very poor ground, where the crops had been entirely destroyed by the early frosts, and the inhabitants appeared to be in a most miserable condition. A long and steep descent brought me into Örkedal, or the Valley of the Örke, the same river which I had crossed much higher up, at Bjerkager, on my way over the Dovre Fjeld.

I observed here the same immense terraces of alluvial matter, rising one above the other, which are so commonly seen in the Norwegian Vallies, that descend from the loftier mountains; and which all attest the same fact of the water having stood at successively diminishing levels, (all above the present level of the existing rivers and lakes,) during very considerable periods; for no lesser time could suffice for the water to wear down the very hard rocks over which it flows, and deposit such

an enormously thick mass of detritus, as we see here, for instance, and in Værdal. In consequence of this rich deposit, the lower part of Örkedal is remarkably fertile and well cultivated. It has also the charms of a happy combination of hill and wood; which rapidly assume grander features on advancing up the course of the stream.

I took the road on the Western side of the river, as being shorter and less hilly than the other: and at Moe, I was so pleased with the scenery and the appearance of the people, that I was easily persuaded to remain a day for the purpose of trying the Örke. I was well aware that a few Salmon at least ascend this river to a Foss some way above Bjerkager; and it could not be in better order, so that I expected some tolerable sport. Early the next morning, I commenced at a beautiful Pool about a mile above Moe; and fished carefully down for four or five miles. There was a succession of most unexceptionable pools and streams, the day

was favourable, and the water in excellent trim; nevertheless, I did not see the slightest sign of a Salmon; and came to the conclusion that at this season there could scarcely be one, in this part of the Örke. I caught but a single white trout, and two or three small river trout.

The natives agreed in assuring me that a couple of months earlier, there had been a good many fish in the water, but that they had now run up higher. They, however, allowed that their numbers had greatly diminished of late years; for which they could not account: but I endeavoured to impress upon them that this fact was very easily explained by their having latterly placed weirs across the entire course of the river, which in ordinary states of the water, prevent any Salmon whatever from passing. This is not only contrary to an express law, but must eventually destroy the best Salmon river; I suspect also that the water from some copper works, about two or three miles above Moe, may contribute

to the extirpation of the fish; as I observed that the river below them was quite red, whereas higher up it was clear as crystal. Whatever may be the cause, it is at any rate very evident that the Örke is not worthy of detaining an Angler for even a day from better streams. Hares and Hjerper are tolerably numerous in this neighbourhood; and at a distance of seven miles is a considerable mountain Lake, which contains (as I was assured) very large trout, and an abundance of Char.

I have said that the scenery around Moe is extremely picturesque: above, it becomes much more savage. The valley contracts into a wild ravine, which hardly allows space enough for the imprisoned river to force its tumultuous way: and from the point where I quitted it, some twelve or fifteen miles from Moe, I could see that for some distance at least, its deep and noisy path lay through the same grand gorges, opening occasionally into short, isolated glens, of more peaceful character.

The valley of Surendal, into which I now passed, is far from being so picturesque as that of Örkedal; though there are in its long course many scenes to please the lover of mountains. I have, however, every reason to believe that its river is much better supplied with Salmon; as at each of the stations I heard of their nightly catching several fish with nets. Whether it may be good for the Angler I cannot say; as I believe no one has ever tried it, and my bad success on the Örke determined me to waste no more time at this season. I can vouch for there being many tempting streams and pools, particularly about Haandstad: but at each of them I also observed nets suspiciously hung up to dry, which may doubtless interfere much with fly fishing: and in the upper part, are the same sort of weirs I reprobated on the Örke. In the hills on the Eastern side of the valley are numerous lakes, full of Char; which are caught either in the autumn, when they resort to the shallows to spawn; or in the win-

ter, by making a hole in the ice. A little below Haandstad, the river becomes too wide and still for Angling.

Surendal debouches into a considerable Fjord, which extends about thirty miles seawards, to Christiansund; besides branching out many miles, in the other direction, into the bosom of the mountains. My object, however, was to cross it, a distance of about fourteen miles: and as it was the first Fjord of any magnitude that I had attempted to pass with carriages on board, I felt not a little anxious as to the feasibility of the operation, with such slight craft, as I had hitherto seen. I soon found it would be impossible to convey both carrioles in the same boat: and I, therefore, despatched one carriage immediately after my arrival, with three men and a lighter bark: while I ordered the largest boat they had, and five rowers, to be ready for myself early the next morning.

These Ferries across the wider Fjords are a

sad annoyance to the Tourist in exploring the magnificent scenery of the Western coast of Norway. In bad weather they are impassable, without great risk: and at the best, are attended, not only with great additional expense, but with anxiety, trouble, and damage illimitable. It is impossible to calculate the time, that may be required, so as to despatch a Forbud for any distance: and without it, the delay in obtaining men and boats would peril the temper of the most patient of mortals.

At each Fjord the wheels must be taken off even a light Carriole; which not merely occasions much trouble, but also much mischief in the various shipments and unshipments. All must help; as the natives are very far from being expert or intelligent in these arrangements: and then master as well as man must find as comfortable a berth as he can among the greasy wheels, or well tarred boards; keeping always a sharp eye to windward, in case it blows at all, to avoid the splashing waves.

The boats, of whatever size, are universally of the same light build, before described; entirely of fir, pointed and somewhat raised at both ends. Each man pulls a pair of small-feathered oars, except the steersman, who rows with one hand, while with the other he manages a very long-handled rudder. I cannot say that my experience justifies me in calling the Norwegians hard rowers: on the contrary, they take it remarkably easily, and are as glad as any of their fraternity for an excuse of the slightest breeze to hoist a sail.

This much in fine weather: but in stormy weather the traveller may be confined for days in the very miserable pot houses that supply the place of Inns along the coast. Even at Surendalsören, the place of embarkation for two such considerable towns as Christiansund and Molde, the accommodations were both scanty and bad, and the provisions little better; set off by the usual ancient fish-like smell, the least agreeable accompaniment of the seaside.

However, the weather, which had been threatening, changed most unexpectedly, and the next morning's sun rose in glorious majesty. How soon does the human mind, when backed with youth and health, shake off its cares, and spring at once from zero to contentment's point! The previous evening, I had been wet, cold, cast down by the discouraging state of the weather, the unknown perils of the voyage, the discomforts of "mine own Inn:" but to-day all was bright and cheering, and my spirits rose proportionably, to greet and enjoy the rich display of God's creation that awaited me.

Volumes of light mist yet remained, the records of the preceding day's storm: and as they floated up the dark glens, or curled round the base of the projecting mountains, under the influence of the breeze and sun, they added to scenery, in itself highly grand and beautiful, those thousand accidents of light and shade, which any one, who has wandered through a mountain country, must remember to have

made the deepest impression on his own mind, though the most incapable of transmission, by description to another.

As the mists cleared away, we reached the middle of the passage, whence we commanded three several arms of the Fjord: and I now saw we were surrounded by lofty snowy ranges that towered far above the dark cliffs that immediately enclosed the waters of the Fjord. Those in the direction of Sundalen and Romsdalen, whither I was bound, exhibited especial grandeur of outline and elevation; and at once satisfied me as to the noble character of the mountain district I was approaching.

So favourable had been our little voyage, that we reached our place at Vaagöen (fourteen miles from Surendalsören) in a couple of hours: we then harnessed the ponies that awaited us, and rattled over the narrow Isthmus to the station of Bække, on the next Fjord. Here I was made practically aware of some of the *dèsagremens* attending the navigation of these

arms of the sea. Not expecting to make so rapid progress, I had ordered the boatmen to be ready two hours later than the time I actually arrived: and as they lived at a considerable distance, it was impossible to hasten them. I had therefore nothing else to do, but stroll, with as much patience as I might, along the adjoining shore; while my servant repaired some serious injury which one of the carriages had suffered at the last debarkation.

The prospect was such as might well soothe a more troubled spirit than mine was. It would be difficult to imagine a more secluded and tranquil situation, amid scenery on so large and grand a scale. A beautifully circular bay, about two miles in breadth, formed a sort of offshoot from the parent Fjord, which was seen in the distance branching right and left. The encircling mountains were lofty and finely shaped; but though occasionally descending with steep cliffs into the water, they more frequently swept down with graceful curve, so as

to admit of vegetation high up their verdant sides, and to afford a secure resting place at their feet to a few scattered hamlets.

In the midst of this retired scenery stood a Church, with a Manse attached to it; both, of a size and consequence that scarcely appeared proportionate to the scanty population visible within the extensive amphitheatre I commanded. When I learned that the incumbent was son of Bishop Bygge, and brother to the very talented Rector of the Latin School at Trondhjem, I could not help pitying a man of his acquirements and education, being so shut out from the converse of kindred minds, as he must necessarily be.

Yet even in the cursory survey I took, I could observe many evidences of the advantage derived from the presence of a superior person, in the wildest spot. There was a regularly enclosed garden, (so unusual an appendage to a Norwegian house,) in which were various vegetables and fruit trees. The adjoining

fields exhibited a much better state of agriculture, than I had lately seen; while a wellbred English sow, just imported, showed Priest Bygge's wish to improve the native breed, of which it is little to say that it is by far the worst and ugliest I ever met with. I doubt not that his exertions to cultivate the minds, and improve the hearts, of his parishioners, are at least as energetic and useful. At length the boatmen arrived, not many minutes after their time; greatly to the relief of the drunken old landlord of Bække, who had cunningly put his clocks half an hour back, lest I should insert a complaint at their want of punctuality. Then the boat had to be launched, the oars to be found, the carriages to be embarked, various preparations and squabbles to be adjusted: so that, in short, three precious hours were lost, and alas! the breeze, which had hitherto been so favourable, completely died away; and consequently, we had to pull to Eidsören, (a distance of eight miles,) in

an overloaded boat, with five men who had been working hard all the previous morning, beneath a scorching sun, and a sultry atmosphere. It took us three hours to reach Eidsören, where not having ordered horses I was again greatly delayed. The distance across the Isthmus, to Eidsvog on the Lange Fjord, being only five or six miles, I preferred walking; and just reached it, as Peder came up with the carriages.

The disasters I had previously encountered were, however, nothing in comparison with those that awaited me here. Not a soul was at home; and when at last we ferreted out the Skydskaffer, who was cutting corn a couple of miles off, we found that no ten-oared boat was at the station, the person bound to supply such, having illegally taken it away to a fishery. There was an eight-oared boat, belonging to a Priest, on the opposite shore: but when I sent to him for the loan of it, (to which I was entitled by law,) he returned for answer in a couple of

hours, that he should want it the next day to go to a distant church, and therefore could not let me have it.

By this time the shades of evening had closed in, and a number of peasants returning from their harvest work, had collected around me, from whom I could obtain nothing but commiseration—no assistance. As, however, it was totally impossible to stay where I was, (there being no place to sleep at, and absolutely nothing to eat, not even butter and barley cake) I eventually persuaded three men to take me and my carriole, down the Fjord to Alfarnæs, in the largest boat we could obtain, which was but a small three-oar. It was totally insufficient for the purpose, in any except the finest weather; but as the night, though dark as Erebus, promised to be perfectly calm, I did not hesitate to trust myself in it, leaving Peder to follow when and how he best could.

There seemed something adventurous in thus launching forth into the bosom of the black

night, on a midnight voyage of fourteen or fifteen miles, over an unknown Fjord, in a frail bark, with perfect strangers. I wrapped myself up in my cloak in as comfortable a position as I could assume between the wheels of my carriole: but the strangeness of my situation contributed, still more than the uncomfortableness of my posture, to drive sleep from my eyelids. I never witnessed a darker night: we could not see distinctly the length of our boat, so as to render steering impossible to any but the most practised native: and I shall never forget the effect produced by the cottage lights dotted like indistinct stars upon the sides of the unseen mountains, at perfectly indistinguishable distances. Every now and then we crossed lateral arms of the Fjord, or glens in the line of coast, at the head of which I could just make out, in "the palpable obscure," the mysterious outline of snowy peaks, that perhaps looked all the more impressive for the murky darkness in which they were enveloped.

The morning broke finely, as we approached our goal, and disclosed a wide expanse of the Fjord on which Molde is situated, with some apparently high snow mountains to the South-west. We soon after reached Alfarnæs, where we knocked the people up, and got some coffee, which greatly refreshed myself and men. They were good, honest fellows, with whom I was much pleased, both for having helped me out of my difficulties when their fellows shrank from the task, as well as for the cheerfulness, steadiness, and skill, with which they had accomplished our nocturnal voyage.

As soon as I could obtain a steed for my carriole, I started for Torvig, where a short Ferry leads across the Fjord, to Veblungsnæs, a small village at the entrance to Romsdalen. During the latter part of this stage, I had ample opportunity for appreciating this scenery, so little visited, though so much vaunted, and to view which I had encountered so many annoyances. I confess that I at once felt them

a thousand fold repaid. I know not whether the recesses of the Hardanger Fjord (which I have not seen) may contain still finer scenery: but nothing that has fallen under my eye in Norway is, in my judgment, at all to be compared with the head of Romsdal's Fjord, and the Valley as far as Romsdal's Horn, for picturesque grandeur, that borders on, if it does not quite attain, the sublime.

I might add, that this is perhaps the only district that fully realized my preconceptions of Norwegian scenery. The mountains range from 3000 to 5000 feet in height: their sides are for the most part as sheerly perpendicular as it is possible to conceive; while a deep mantle of snow caps their summits, and fills all the ravines, wherever practicable for it to lie. Their forms are withal exceedingly diversified: in the Fjord, they are bold, projecting, massive; but near Romsdal's Horn, they are splintered and peaked into a thousand fantastic shapes. The head of the Fjord branches into two prin-

cipal arms; besides which, there are several subordinate Glens, of great grandeur, connected with the principal valley. Nor are softer features altogether wanting to this magnificent panorama; the Northern shore being much lower, formed by undulating hills, often well covered with wood, interspersed with a few picturesque cottages, and patches of cultivation.

The Ferry across from Torvig to Veblungsnæs is only three miles: but gusts of wind swept down with such unexampled violence from the Vind Tinde, (or Windy Peaks, as they are justly named,) that it was with great difficulty, not unattended by danger, that we accomplished the distance in an haur and a half. Here I found excellent quarters at a "Privileged Merchant's," of the name of Fladmark: and in a very few minutes forgot all the annoyances of Ferries, want of sleep, and of food, in the most glorious slumbers.

Veblungsnæs is a good sized village; and from its position enjoys a considerable trade

with the interior, as far as Guldbrandsdal. There is a well attended Fair in autumn, frequented by merchants from Trondhjem, Bergen, and even Christiania: but at all other seasons the trade seems to be entirely in the hands of my host, Mr. Fladmark, who is one of that privileged class, which throughout Norway have the sole permission, from the Storthing, of selling the usual articles of consumption, without any other check on extortion, that I am aware of, than their own consciences, and the necessities of the purchasers.

I presume the original cause for establishing these monopolies, was the encouragement of tradesmen to settle in thinly populated districts, by securing them against undue competition. But it must be a bad system: and indeed is attended with so great evils, that Mr. Laing seems to attribute to it chiefly the demoralization of Sweden, of which he gives so frightful a picture; although it equally prevails in Norway, without apparently being followed by

equally calamitous consequences. However, I had only to do with Mr. Fladmark in his capacity of host: and it is but justice to add, that though his charges were somewhat higher than those of the country, I found his house, both in point of accommodations and viands, one of the very best I met with in Scandinavia. I staid there three or four days, as well to explore the neighbouring scenery, as to try the Rauma river, where, I mentioned, two English friends had very good sport on their way to the Namsen.

The morning after my arrival, I drove about six or seven miles up Romsdalen, to a spot which had been described to me as the best for Angling. The River there, after struggling through a long succession of wild rocks, tumbles over two or three considerable Falls, which though not absolutely insurmountable to Salmon, delay many of them in their ascent, and consequently fill the pools immediately below with fish. These Fosses are situated at the

very foot of Romsdals-Horn: and though I do not wish to tire my reader with the reiteration of my raptures, I cannot omit all mention of this scenery, which it would be difficult to parallel for romantic grandeur, in any country.

The lower part of the Valley is broad and fertile: but the mountains on either side increase in height as they rapidly converge above the Foss, so as barely to allow sufficient space for the road at their rocky base. "The Horn" itself (as it is significantly designated) is a most picturesque object, terminating in two cusps, of which the highest is crowned by a pillar, to show that even its savage precipices have been scaled by man. Immediately adjoining it are the shattered peaks of the Vind Tinde, which rise to very near 5000 feet: and the opposite side of the narrow gorge is closed by the equally lofty Troll Tinde, or Witch Cliffs, the most strictly perpendicular, of any rocks of equal height, that I remember to have seen. Where all the mountains are

remarkable for their singularly broken outline, these last are especially conspicuous for their strange fantastic pinnacles, which, when seen against the clear blue sky, assume the form of, and have been named after, owls, dogs, men, &c.

Olden Tradition says that they are the Witches and Dæmons of heathenism, transformed into these enduring monuments at the time St. Olaf christianized this Valley by the powerful arguments of fire and sword. I would not affirm that the modern inhabitants altogether believe these tales; but I observed they avoided the subject as much as possible, and when pressed, spoke "with bated breath," and as I thought, with evident respect of these "Good People." All mountaineers are superstitious; and the Norwegians are by no means exempt from this weakness, for which some excuse may be found, not only in the delusive atmospheric phænomena common to all mountainous countries, and the avalanches of snow

and rock, to which this Valley is peculiarly exposed; but perhaps still more to the almost total seclusion from the rest of the world, in which its inhabitants live.

Before I commenced fishing, I was universally assured that I had come at least six weeks too late: and I soon had reason to believe common report for once to be correct. In the course of several hours that I patiently tried all the best part of the river, for nearly a mile below the Foss, I saw but two or three Salmon rise, in places, where either I could not cast my fly, or the water was too still. The only fish that moved in a favourable spot, I at once hooked, and landed: it proved a pretty Grilse of eight pounds weight. And upon my second visit to the Rauma, two days later, (for rain prevented my returning there the next day,) I rose but one Salmon, in the same pool where I had caught the other, which, however, afforded me better sport, being much larger, and weighing upwards of twenty-one pounds.

Others saw I none: and though the natives every night netted the larger pools, wherever practicable, as well as set smaller nets, called Garns, from the banks (in the same way as the Kelso fishermen practise during floods in the Tweed) I heard that they had taken scarcely any fish for some time. It was therefore evident that such as had not been caught, had either run higher up, or had returned to the sea.

The Foss under Romsdals-Horn is sufficiently high and strong to prevent any except the most powerful fish from ascending in ordinary states of the water: and to increase the difficulty, "Bygnings," or wooden traps, have been built out into the most practicable parts of the Fall, with considerable ingenuity and success. Higher up, the course of the Rauma is so rapid and rocky, as not to admit the use of the Naat, or large net: but Garns, and traps, are placed at every favourable point, so as to allow very few fish to ascend as far as

Ormen, where they are effectually stopped by an insurmountable Foss.

These various contrivances for the capture of the poor Salmon have greatly increased within the last few years, and have materially diminished the number of fish within the memory of men now living. All lament the grievous decrease, without being altogether willing to open their eyes to the evident cause. If they will not allow the fish to reach their spawning beds, or spear them with the Lyster, while helpless there, they only resemble the boy that killed his goose which layed him the golden eggs. In a country like Norway, where there are no game laws, no fence months, and where no mercy is shown to a spawning fish, or a bird on her nest, it is obviously the wild character of its mountains and streams alone, that preserves any of their respective tenants from utter extermination. If bounteous Nature did not protect her children, ruthless, avaricious man would soon effect their destruction.

From the middle of June to the end of July is the best season to fish the Rauma. The river, being fed by many Glaciers, will be found of so milkyish a hue as almost to deter an Angler unaccustomed to these Northern streams, from putting his rod together. Salmon will, however, most certainly take a large gaudy fly in snowy water. The same Englishmen before alluded to, killed on an average five or six Salmon a day, on two several visits to this river at the above mentioned season. The greater part were small, in comparison with those of the Namsen; but a few weighed from twenty to thirty pounds. As far as I could learn, they were the only Anglers, except myself, who had ever cast a fly upon this water, except for trout.

The best fishing water is somewhat confined; though enough to afford a few days' amusement during the period that fresh fish are continually running up from the sea. Many parts can be commanded by wading: at others there

are a few very indifferent boats; and an honest civil "Huusmand," who lives close by, will be ready to manage them, and point out the most likely spots.

On my return the second day with my largest Salmon, expecting its size would draw forth some encomiums, I found it was quite eclipsed by two magnificent Flounders, that lay on the green before Fladmark's house: they weighed upwards of a hundred weight each, and their captors were vainly endeavouring to sell them for a dollar, or four shillings a piece. I was told they are often taken with the hook, of thrice that size! What a pull they must give! And into what utter insignificance do even Namsen's salmonian monsters sink, in comparison!

The river being in flood from rain that had fallen during the night, I thought it would be a good opportunity to explore the lateral valley of the Ister, a smaller stream that joins the Rauma, about two miles from Veblungsnæs. A

few Salmon ascend it: but it is too still, and too much encumbered with alder bushes, to afford good Angling. It was, however, the scenery that lured me up its banks; and this amply repaid me.

The valley, which is about six or seven miles long, penetrates into the very heart of the Bröste Fjeld, whose snowy pinnacles are seen rising out of extensive Glaciers: the two highest and finest peaks are called the "Sister Tinde." Below this region of eternal ice, a barrier of lofty rocks sweeps down from its aërial height, with a beautiful steep curve, into what has evidently been once the basin of a Lake, and is still in many parts little better than a marshy jungle, overgrown with the usual dwarf shrubs of Northern latitudes, and affording secure refuge to numerous wild fowl. At the upper end is a considerable waterfall, fed by the Glaciers: it makes a good show from a distance, but when seen nearer, loses some of its effect from a talus of debris, which receives its silvery waters, instead of a gulf of rock:

many other cascades, of lesser note, but much beauty, leap over, or glide down, the mural rocks that embrace within their mighty arms the whole length of Isterdalen.

This wild vale was, no long time ago, occupied by several permanent Gaards: they have all been given up, from the uncertainty of the crops' ripening; and it is only now used for summer pasturage. A few starved cottagers yet linger here, whom I could observe peeping stealthily from behind their half-closed doors at the stranger, who was so suspiciously examining their ungenial glen, alone, and as it must seem to them, without rational object.

Early on Thursday, September 5, I quitted my comfortable quarters at Veblungsnæs; and drove to Fladmark, the second stage up Romsdalen, with the intention of ascertaining whether the Salmon that had escaped the persecutions below, were to be met with there. Between Fladmark and Romsdals-Horn, the narrow Valley is filled with enormous blocks, con-

fusedly hurled down from the impending crags; among which the roaring river tears its devious path, as best it can. Therefore, though an odd pool here and there may be found, there can be no continuous Angling: besides which, this wilderness of rock, though magnificent to see, almost defies passage, with rod in hand. Above Fladmark (*i. e.* "The Flat Field,") the course of the river, as might be guessed from the name, is for a long way, much too still.

However, immediately below the Inn, I observed an excellent stream, where, if anywhere, it was evident that Salmon must lie. I therefore tried it twice over, most carefully, from both sides, without seeing the slightest sign of a fish: besides which I learned that none had been taken in the Garn for several previous days. I also fished a pool or two lower down, with the same result; which sufficiently convinced me of the utter uselessness of wasting any more of the few precious days of the waning season, at this river.

Moreover, I had been smitten with a great desire to shoot a Reindeer. On my way from Veblungsnæs, I met a hunter with a couple of these animals that he had shot the preceding week, and which he was taking to the town to sell. And while speaking on this subject at Fladmark, I encountered another Chasseur, on his return to his home near the next Station, Ormen, with the intention of taking the Fjeld early the next morning. After some parley, I agreed to accompany him; and accordingly drove over to Ormen, which he recommended as the best starting place. His name was Lars Larsen paa Stavem: and, as I subsequently discovered, he was obliging, active, trustworthy, well acquainted with the mountains, and possessed of some tolerable notion of the chace; but on the whole, rather more of the Bönder, than the Jäger, of the honest Norwegian Farmer, than the true Chamois-hunter of the Alps.

Had I not already seen the still grander portion of the valley under Romsdals-Horn,

I should perhaps have been more impressed by the magnificence of this upper part. There is not a mile of it that does not abound with beauties of the very highest order. The general character was a very deep valley, of variable width, narrow below Fladmark, but considerably wider above; finely hemmed in by mural precipices on either side, abounding in specimens of rocky scenery, unequalled out of Norway, and beautified with the usual Norwegian accompaniments of pine forests and waterfalls. At each turn of the road, were seen, high above all, the snowy ranges that afforded to these cascades their never failing supply; and that looked like the very home and father-land of the wild deer. These were the general features of the Vale: but the reader will easily understand that there were a thousand details of grandeur and beauty; and if he have in his composition any of my mountain ardour, he will not be slow to comprehend the delight I experienced in contemplating its rude magnificence.

As we approached Ormen, the Valley became more contracted, and the ascent, which had hitherto been comparatively easy, was sensibly steeper. The Rauma here, after rushing through a long rocky gorge, so deep and narrow, as completely to hide its boiling waters, falls at once from a considerable height into a dark chasm. Immediately below which, a scarcely smaller stream, from the opposite mountains, tumbling over the cliffs in several channels, forms so many beautiful cascades, at the point where it joins the main river: it is a grand scene, if not within the grasp of the painter, at least sure to gratify the lover of the picturesque.

I found very indifferent accommodations at Ormen: and to my disappointment, could obtain nothing better than barley bread, cheese, and brandy, (all bad,) either for my dinner that evening, or for my expedition the next day. One needs to have something more substantial, when following the free denizens

of the mountain, over their native Fjelder. Nevertheless, I rose before daylight the next morning, feeling equal to any fatigue, and keenly anxious for the sport. I was soon joined by Lars; and before five o'clock we started amid the half suppressed ridicule of the villagers, at the idea of an Englishman expecting to shoot a Reindeer. I thought to myself that a man who had shot Chamois on the Alps and the Pyrenees, need not fear the mountains I saw before me: but aware that it is safer to boast on one's return than on setting out, I said nothing.

For the first two hours we encountered a very laborious ascent up the steep cliffs that form the lower range. In one spot we saw recent traces of a bear: these animals are very numerous in Romsdalen. A fine Cock of the Woods also rose close by us; and throughout the day we saw coveys of Ryper, as well as several Alpine hares, at which of course we did not fire, for fear of alarming the Reindeer.

Upon surmounting this stiff ascent, we reached an elevated plateau, from which snow mountains rose on all sides to a further height of 2000 or 3000 feet. From this point, the walking became easy enough to a mountaineer, and was never dangerous. Lars had no telescope, so indispensable to the Gems-jäger: but unlike them, he was accompanied by a powerful dog, held in a leash; which, if well trained, is not only serviceable in retrieving wounded deer, but also winds them at astonishing distances, and by his movements advertises his master where they are.

We traversed much likely ground, without seeing any thing more than the fresh tracks of three Deer in the snow, which, I suspect, had been disturbed by us, without our observing them. At length, about ten o'clock, we came to a sort of mountain glen, with a few isolated rocks projecting above the surrounding fields of ever-during ice; in short, the very spot for a Chamois, or Reindeer. Here, to my very

great delight, I first discovered, with a small pocket telescope, a herd of seven Rein, four old does, and three well grown calves. They were at a considerable distance, but on the move towards us, feeding as they came, and totally unsuspicious of danger.

For a long time, they were so placed as to render it impossible to approach them unperceived: but it was highly interesting to watch them as they cropped the scanty Alpine herbage that bears their name,* or crossed in lengthened file the steep sides of intervening Glaciers, every now and then stopping to listen for sound of fear, or to interrogate the gales if any enemy were at hand. The breeze fortunately blew briskly *from them;* and therefore could tell them nought of us: but our anxiety during all these processes may well be imagined, as two hours elapsed, before they mounted a rock that hid them from our sight.

* Rensblomster.

Leaving then the dog fastened to a stone, we ran across a Glacier, and climbing up a steep precipice as silently and rapidly as we could, crept to the spot where they had disappeared. We were now within 100 yards of them, feeding in perfect security. Lars had a rifle; I had only a double barrelled gun, loaded with ball. In order, therefore, to insure at least one deer, I had previously told him to fire first: but I kept my eye upon him, and his shot was followed instantly by mine. From the position in which I lay, I could only command two full grown calves; but they offered so fair a mark that it was impossible to miss them, and one dropped to my shot: Lars had also wounded another. The remaining five started in wild amaze: and as they bounded across, at about eighty yards' distance, I put my second ball through the leading doe, fracturing both her hind legs, close to the hip.

Three Reindeer thus fell to three barrels, within ten seconds, a feat seldom, if ever be-

fore achieved in these mountains. I must, however, confess that all three were clumsy shots, taking effect in the hinder parts of the animals: so that, though they were completely crippled, it took us some time to secure them all, in which we were ably assisted by our four-footed companion. My poor doe, in particular, managed to tumble or scramble down a precipice, into a half frozen Lake, where she continued paddling about, until I sent a ball through her spine, and the wind soon wafted her lifeless to shore.

To our very great surprise, we found upon examination, that one ear was slit, a sure sign that she had once belonged to the Finns, who thus mark their domesticated Reindeer. Now the nearest point to which that singular Nomadic race ever come with their herds, even in summer, is upwards of 200 miles: and Lars Larsen, who had killed more than 100 deer, said he had never seen, or heard of, a Rein with the Lapp's mark upon it in these moun-

tains before. She had become completely wild again, to all intents; and from her taking the lead in their flight, was evidently acknowledged to be the strongest and most courageous of the party. We gutted and washed our victims on the spot; and then placed them under heavy heaps of stones, to protect them from the various birds and beasts of prey, that frequent this chain, such as the Bear and the Wolf, the Lynx *(Gaupe)* the Wolverine, or Glutton *(Jærv)* until Lars could return with a horse and friends to take them home.

The Reindoe, it is well known, is equally furnished with horns, as the male: but they were at this season too velvety, and not full-sized; I, therefore, preferred for my trophy the three pair of fore legs, which I was proud, on my return, to display to my sneering friends at Ormen, and was evidently looked up to with more respect, in consequence of my success. The foot of the Reindeer is beautifully adapted to its mode of life and habitat. It has the same

raised hard edge, that gives the Chamois so secure a footing on the narrowest ledge of rock; at the same time it is capable of great dilatation, to prevent the animal from sinking in the soft snow, that so commonly forms its path.

We were favoured with such heavenly weather, as enabled us to see the surrounding snow ranges to the greatest advantage. And though the eye and heart at once confessed they were not upon the scale of those with which in earlier years my passion for Chamois-hunting made me familiar, yet did I feel and acknowledge in them also, the impress of lonely majesty stamped by the Divine Architect on these eternal monuments of His Power, which to my taste, no other earthly work of the All Powerful and All Good can boast.

I felt myself a little stiff, but not much tired, the next morning, when I started for Lessöe, on my way into Guldbrandsal. The upper part of Romsdal exceeds in wildness any thing I had hitherto seen: the mural precipices that confine

the Valley, with the scanty corn fields in the centre, entirely disappear, and the road climbs over a succession of broken, rocky ascents, many of which might be avoided by better engineering. Hard as these Gneiss rocks are, however, the river has worn them into chasms of extraordinary depth, at the bottom of which its seething waters foam and boil, and whirl round and round in ceaseless turmoil, until at length they effect their escape by bounds and leaps that shake the foundations of the everlasting hills.

There are innumerable details of savage magnificence, that might each suffice to confer interest on a day's excursion; but which, perhaps from their very multitude, can scarcely be appreciated, or retained, as they deserve. In many spots I observed some remarkably aged Scotch Firs, of great girth, and picturesque spread of limb, though not lofty. At a place called Björneklev, between Brude and Nystuen, two torrents of nearly equal volume,

the Rauma and the Ulva, form fine cascades, as they descend suddenly from a higher stage of this mountain glen. This is so wild a pass, that the Scotch under Colonel Sinclair, who perished at Kringelen, in 1612, (as before alluded to,) did not dare any longer to follow the road, but are said to have taken to the mountains, and not to have come down again till they reached Eneboe, in Lessöe.

The interest of my drive through Romsdalen was much increased by the traditions connected with this expedition, so celebrated in Norwegian annals. A thousand stories, each surpassing the other in strangeness and improbability are still rife in the valley. Many of them are preserved in a rude ballad, popular among the peasants, which has been poetically paraphrased by the well known Edward Storm. But lest any details should perish of a deed of arms considered so honourable to Norway, my friend the Priest of Vaage, in which Parish Kringelen is situated, has collected them into

a little brochure,* which he kindly presented to me.

It seems that during the short war between Denmark and Sweden, that is usually called the War of Calmar, the youthful Gustavus Adolphus raised about 2000 troops in Scotland. The main body, under Munkhaven, after making an ineffectual attempt to surprise Trondhjem, safely reached Sweden, by way of Stordalen. Meanwhile Sinclair's division, variously estimated at from 250 to 800 men, landed in Romsdalen, in July 1612: and having seized a man, named Peder Klognæs, to act as guide, advanced up this savage valley, committing deeds at least as savage, if the Bönder's ballad may be believed. Most of the peasants, however, took the precaution of removing them-

* "Sagn samlede i Guldbransdalen om Slaget ved Kringelen, den 26de August, 1612, og udgivne i Forbindelse med hvad Historien beretter om denne Tildragelse." That is, "Traditions collected in Guldbrandsdal, respecting the Fight at Kringelen, the 26th of August, 1612, and published in connexion with what history relates of this event."

selves and valuables into the mountains, where as they sat perched on their inaccessible cliffs, it is said they were assailed by opprobrious epithets and threats, which seem to attest a greater proficiency in Norsk than one can imagine the Scotch to have attained.

At some farms they found provisions laid out for them; and there they usually showed mercy: but other houses they fired. The narrowness of the Valley, divided by the impassable chasms of the Rauma, in many spots afforded opportunity for taking a perfectly safe shot at the invaders: of which the Dalesmen failed not to take advantage. Amongst others, in this manner they killed two *Turks,* whom veracious tradition affirms Sinclair had brought with him to hunt out the concealed natives, as they could infallibly scent out Christian blood, unless their olfactory nerves were deranged by the smell of hemp, or of sour milk! Modern interpreters explain these "wild Turks" to have been Bloodhounds.

Not, however, to dwell on these traditions, of which each Gaard, and each Pass, retains its stock, the Highlanders reached Guldbrandsdal, where they naturally thought themselves in comparative safety. The military were all absent fighting against the Swedes: but the peasants of the surrounding vallies had collected at Kringelen, below Laurgaard, and prepared an ambuscade, which was so well chosen, that while they lost only half a dozen men,* they destroyed the whole of this disciplined force, except a few whom they shot in cold blood the next day, as "they could not (so says their own ballad) bear the cost so hard," of supporting them, or conveying them to prison. Kragh, however, asserts, that a few did after all escape.

The movements of the concealed Bönder were directed by a peasant girl, named Pillar-

* The fight, if such it must be called, took place on 26th August, 1612; the monument erected on the spot says, August 24; but Priest Kragh shows from better authorities that it was the 26th.

Guri, famed in Döler song, who from a lofty crag which commanded the Pass, gave notice of the Scots' advance, by modulations on her Alpine horn. The first shot passed through Colonel Sinclair's forehead, killing him dead on the spot: but he is said to have yet had time and strength to exclaim, "That is Berdon of Seielstad's shot!" Without adverting to the curious medical question concerned therewith, it seems difficult to understand how these strangers, who had been but a month in the country were so familiar not only with the language, but with individuals.

I should mention that Sinclair having the reputation of a wizard, Berdon chewed the silver buckle he wore, and therewith formed the bullet that did the deed: lead or iron having no effect on the Highlander's charmed body. Poor Mrs. Sinclair was also there with an infant in her arms: both were killed, and thrown into the adjoining River Laag; but as she floated down the stream, she is said to have

composed and sung, a wild air, which is still preserved. And such things are not only reported among the peasants, but are gravely recorded in print! It is difficult to account for the national enthusiasm respecting this petty episode: Norway has many prouder days to boast, than "the fight by Kringelen."

To return, however, from this long digression, to Björneklev, at the head of Romsdalen. Upon emerging from this wild pass which so alarmed Sinclair and his stalwart Highlanders, the road runs for some miles through a flat and open valley, that occupies the summit level between Romsdalen and Lessöe. Its elevation is about 2000 feet above the sea: the scenery from henceforward is nevertheless, with few exceptions, very tame in comparison with that already described. The roads are also abominably kept; for which the only excuse that can be made is the paucity and poverty of the inhabitants.

Corn is attempted to be grown here: but it

is evidently beyond the limits permitted by Nature; for this is the fifth successive summer that the crops have been totally destroyed by early frosts. The consequent distress may be faintly imagined: the poorer farmers have already parted with every thing disposable, to purchase a little food, and they have nothing now but starvation staring them in the face. It is a curious fact, that frost is never known in Romsdalen at even higher altitudes than are constantly exposed to it every autumn in Lessöe.

At Nystuen, I met with an adventure that had nearly put a fatal termination to my Tour. A young colt of two years old was there given me for my carriole, which had rarely, if ever, been in any kind of harness before. It was as may be supposed, extremely awkward at starting; but long experience had given me such confidence in these little animals, that I doubted not I should be able to manage it.

However, at the very first descent, directly

that it felt the pressure of the carriole, the half wild creature sprang uncontrollably forwards, like the Reindeer of the previous day; then reared, and struck out with his fore-legs, snorting and shaking his head: and finally, just as I jumped out, fairly leaped over the slight fence on the lower side of the road, a sheer fall of at least ten or twelve feet, whence horse and carriole bounded three or four times over, down a steep precipice towards the River; until they were fortunately stopped by some stumps and bushes.

At the very moment that the frantic animal sprang over the fence, I had the long reins so entangled about my legs that I thought I must inevitably be dragged down with it. I scarcely know how I escaped: I can just remember throwing myself on my back, and shuffling the reins off as well as I could: but never shall I forget the sentiment of thankfulness to Him who has so often preserved me during a very adventurous life, which thrilled

my breast, as I saw my vehicle somerseting down this frightful place. Every thing, I felt convinced, must be broken to pieces: but how little did that matter, in comparison with the merciful preservation I had experienced!

However when we came to examine, we found one shaft broken in two or three places; but this, with a few minor fractures and scratches, was the sum total of damage. Three bottles that were in a case attached to the splash-board, were not even cracked: and yet the equipage had tumbled forty or fifty feet, and performed at least three complete somersets! The cause of the disaster, too, stood confined by the harness to the stump of a tree, as quiet as a lamb, and trembling violently from head to foot; but without the slightest injury of any kind! It seemed incredible.

With some difficulty we got the light little carriage up into the road; and while my servant was engaged in temporarily repairing the damage, I returned to Nystuen, and entered

a temperate complaint in the best Norsk I could command; for which, I doubt not, the Farmer would be fined, as he amply deserved to be, for supplying so unfit a beast. When I consider the variety of horses I drove in Norway, and the perilous roads I traversed, it is wonderful that I have not more dangerous accidents to record.

The scenery was seldom calculated to withdraw my meditations from my late escape: the vale was open, flat, and boggy: the hills comparatively low, and sweeping tamely down into it: those looking to the North were clothed with undisturbed pine forests; those with a Southern aspect were diversified with a few scattered Gaards. The summit of this mountain plain is occupied by a considerable Lake, which offers the singularity (not unparalleled in Norway) of a copious stream flowing constantly from both ends, which are of course at exactly the same level.

Close by its Eastern termination are exten-

sive buildings, the remains of some iron works, which were given up some twenty years ago, in consequence of the failure of fuel. At this season, large trout ascend the streams of the old works, from the Lake of Lessöe, for the purpose of spawning; and are killed with the Lyster as much as twelve pounds in weight. There seemed to be a tolerable Inn; where I could have been content to stay a day or two, for the purpose of trying whether the fish would take the fly here, but my arrangements did not permit me to do so. Near the next station, Holseth, at the head of Lessöe Lake, great numbers of fine trout and grayling are also caught in the autumn; and at another stream, a little to the Southward, named Laardal's Elv, still more and larger fish are said to be taken: the Inn at Holseth seemed to be indifferent. The next day being the Sabbath, prevented my giving these rivers a trial: I doubt not they would amply reward the Angler that will try them at this season,

when the trout leave the deeper waters of the Lakes.

From Holseth I drove along the Northern shores of Lessöe Vand to Holager, where I took up my quarters. The contrast between the two shores of this Lake is great, the Southern side is rocky, steep, and left nearly in a state of nature: while that through which I had passed, slopes more gradually towards the water, and consists of a deep, stiff clay, covered with corn fields and Gaards. They have a custom here, which I have only elsewhere remarked in Dovre Præstegjeld, of placing the sheaves of corn to dry against double rows of hurdles, called Shĕgārs, instead of the usual upright poles described by Laing. This is accounted for by the very high winds that harry through this transverse Valley from the Dovre Fjeld to the Western Ocean.

I had a pretty good sample of the violence of these winds. On Sunday, September 8, it blew a perfect hurricane, accompanied by driv-

ing rain, so as to detain me within doors; and when I sallied forth the next morning, it had not much moderated. However, in spite of a blustering east wind, I embarked with my landlord on the Lake; and fished down to its termination, about an English mile. I caught on my way four trout of three-quarters of a pound each; but it was evident that most of them had retired into the streams. Earlier in the season, I am confident from all I saw and heard, that this Lake must afford excellent trout-fishing.

I then tried the stream that issues from the Lake: and here, to my surprise, I not only found several boys angling with worm, but one man fly-fishing. He had picked up a little of the art from some Englishmen; his tackle and performances were alike rude: however he failed not to spoil one or two of the best places. I fished down for about a couple of miles. I met with a succession of beautiful streams; and besides a vast number of small trout and gray-

ling, rose several of two and three pounds. I caught three of the former, and one of the latter weight; and on a shallow some way down killed a fine trout of seven pounds, which for some short time fought and struggled like a Salmon.

I saw enough to convince me, that in right weather and season, capital sport may be had here; and, perhaps, still better at the head of the Lake. There are also many Lakes at various distances in the mountains, containing large and well flavoured trout: and the landlord of Holager has a portable boat on purpose for such expeditions.

In the first stage Southward the next day, I crossed a good stream, issuing from the Siouge Vand, as pure as crystal, between two regular walls of sandstone rock: it is celebrated for its trout, but the lower part at least seemed too *torrenty* for the Angler. I then joined the road over the Dovre Fjeld, a little above Lien; and thus again entered Guldbrandsdal, which

appeared doubly soft and beautiful after the sterner features of the scenery, with which I had so long been conversant. The reach of the river Laugen, from Lien to Tofte, is, both from character and appearance, by far the best adapted for fly-fishing of any part of that river; below Tofte it becomes too broad and still; and lower down, near Sell, the waters from the Otte Vand, always turbid from the melting Glaciers, completely discolour it for many miles, so as to put any attempt with the fly out of the question.

I will not, however, dwell upon any more piscatory details, which I would rather reserve for a separate Chapter. I passed with delight undiminished along the lovely Eastern shore of Lake Mjösen: and for the second time entered Christiania from Raaholt, in the same abominable weather, so common at this season. I mention the weather, because it both times rendered the road as nearly impassable as can be conceived. For nearly forty miles it was one

eternal wade through unfathomable sludge, where I was only assured of the fact of there being any bottom at all, by bumping against the huge stones therein engulfed. All the roads round Christiania are disgraceful to the vicinity of a capital; but this surpasses them all: it is difficult to say whether the strength of the poor beasts, or the philosophy of the driver, be the most severely taxed.

CHAPTER X.

General description of the Scandinavian Lakes and Rivers—Salmon Rivers of Norway: The Alten; the Guul; and minor Rivers; the Siva; Rauma; Bergen Streams; the Mandal, &c.—Laaven, near Laurvig—Falkenberg—Rivers on the Bothnian Gulf—Trout Streams of Norway; of Sweden—Flies and Tackle—Advice to Anglers.

In addition to the scattered notices dispersed throughout these pages, it may, perhaps, be acceptable to the Angler, if I here give a general description of the piscatory capabilities of Scandinavia. Not that I pretend to be acquainted with each of its thousand Rivers, and ten thousand Lakes; but at any rate I can, either from my own experience, or from trustworthy information, give some account of the principal streams, that will prove useful to the stranger, and which at least I know I should

have been thankful to obtain, when I first came into the country. I will take care to record nothing, except from personal knowledge, or from authority that may be depended upon.

The number and size of the Norwegian Rivers strikes an Englishman at first as extraordinary for the extent of the country. This impression may partly arise from the roads being necessarily carried along the banks of the largest streams and lakes; but there can be no doubt that they are much more numerous than in a flatter and more Southern Land. Norway consists entirely of mountains, covered for the most part with deep snow, which during the hot, though brief Summer, pours down inexhaustible supplies of water into the Vallies. The spongy nature of the lower mountains, and the inequalities of the surface, sufficiently explain the abundance of Lakes.

The rocks, over which the Rivers run, belong to the hardest, subcrystalline, primary family: and the fall is usually very great. It

is, therefore, to be expected that their course should be extremely rapid, often tumultuous; and that they should frequently be crossed by barriers, forming what in Norsk are called Fosses. This same rocky character of their beds renders the rivers of Norway less suited for trout, than for Salmon. There are no worms, or larvæ, or insects brought down by each flood to feed the former: while Salmon seeking little or no food, in the fresh waters, which they frequent only for the purposes of continuing their race, delight in the pure coolness of these pellucid streams.

Accordingly, there are scarcely any Norwegian rivers of proper size that Salmon do not enter. And they would, doubtless, be all even better supplied than they are with this noble fish, if it were not for the Fosses which too many of the largest rivers have near their mouths, and which prevent the Salmon from ascending, on their annual passage from the sea, to their spawning beds. This is most

lamentably the case with the Glommen, the Götha, the Drammen, and the Skeen Rivers: in fact with all of any consequence that empty themselves into the Fjord of Christiania, except the Laurvig river. When it is seen on the Map what an enormous proportion of the drainage of Eastern Norway, and Western Sweden enters the sea by these magnificent channels, it will be understood what a grievous loss to the Angler it is, that those splendid Falls of Trollhættan, Sarpfoss, and Hogsund, are not further removed from the mouths of their respective rivers. All the many streams that feed the vast Wenern, the Mjösen, the Randsfjord, and others, are thereby deprived of their noblest inhabitant.

To begin with the Northernmost point. The establishment of a steamboat at Trondhjem, which sails every fortnight to Hammerfest, has rendered a voyage to the Arctic Circle comparatively easy: therefore the Angler who may be tempted to admire the sun at midnight,

or to stand on the North Cape, will not be sorry to learn that there is a good Salmon river, at Alten, a little to the South of Hammerfest. I know from Englishmen who have tried it, that large fish are occasionally caught there: at the same time, as an English company has long been established at Alten for the purpose of working the neighbouring mines, I presume the river is pretty well fished. However, from all the accounts I have received, the society of these gentlemen will amply compensate for any inconvenience of their rivalry.

I am not aware that any of the rivers between the Alten and Namsen have ever been fished with fly: though there can be little doubt they all, more or less, contain Salmon. Of the Namsen itself, and the neighbouring streams, the reader will think that I have already said enough. The Bangsund river is frequented by a fair number of Salmon and sea trout; but it is not well adapted for An-

gling, even if any one could be induced to delay at a third rate stream, when so near to the King of Salmon waters. I have recorded my opinion of the Steenkjær, and other rivers, that fall into the Trondhjem Fjord.

In addition to the hints before given, I need only further mention, that in consequence of Mr. Laing's description, I was induced to make an excursion for two or three days into Værdal, where he had a Farm, close below a Foss that stops the Salmon from ascending higher. I rose but three small Grilse; and though a few fish may occasionally be caught, I am satisfied that great sport can never be had here: netting is extensively practised. The Valley itself however is well worth visiting, and the Gaard where I lodged, Östgrund, was particularly comfortable. At a very picturesque Fall, about three miles higher up the Valley, I hooked several fine trout: and if I had been better prepared for trolling, I ought to have had much greater success.

The Nid, under Leerfoss, whatever it may have been formerly, I do not now consider worth fishing, unless for the sake of enjoying the beauty of the scenery, and the converse of the intelligent proprietor.

By far the best river in the North of Norway, next to the Namsen, is the Guul; which one Englishman, who fished it for several summers, and was well qualified to judge, even preferred to its great Northern rival. It is much smaller, so as to be in general commandable with a long rod by wading: the fish also are not so large, a thirty pound Salmon, being at least as rare as one of forty pounds in the Namsen. I have merely tried it *en passant*, never under very favourable auspices, and only near Rogstad. But the gentleman alluded to staid on its banks more than one season for six weeks; and is universally said to have had excellent sport.

My lists will show what I did, in indifferent weather: I can at least attest that it is a remarkably pretty Angling River, and that the

Valley is one of the most pleasingly picturesque I ever saw. Rogstad is the best quarter: but on my way to Röraas, I observed for many miles higher up a beautiful succession of streams and tempting pools: which so pleased my eye that if at any time I were driven off from the Namsen by the superabundance of rivals, it is undoubtedly on the banks of the Guul that I should take refuge.

Of the Örke and Suren I have said sufficient in the last Chapter, to give the Angler an idea of their qualities. On the Totals Elv (at the head of the same Fjord into which the Suren flows) there is a Foss, near its mouth, which prevents any Salmon from entering it. But at Hævi, somewhat further to the North, are two rivers frequented by Salmon; in which, I was assured by a native of the place (whom to my surprise I found bargaining for artificial flies in Trondhjem) that two Finns caught many large fish a year ago, with very rude tackle. Hævi lying not far from one of the roads to

Hitteren, it is just possible that a sportsman in pursuit of the Red deer, for which that island is so famous, might take these rivers on his way, and be glad to learn what chance of sport they afford.

The next river, as we advance Southwards, is the Driva. A few Salmon, I know, ascend it, as far even as Drivstuen; but the greater number are stopped by weirs near Lönset: I cannot speak from experience, whether lower down there be good Angling, but should imagine it to be at least as good a stream as the Rauma.

Of the Siva River, which falls into the Lange Fjord, opposite to Eidsvog, I heard so tempting a description from a sergeant who resides there, that nothing but invincible obstacles prevented me from giving it a trial. He informed me that there is no Foss to hinder the Salmon from ascending to the very sources of this mountain stream, which in its course passes through three considerable Lakes, full

of large trout, grayling, and Char. He also said there are pike here: but if he be correct as to the character of the fish, it is the only instance I am aware of, in these parts, of the existence of that tyrant among the finny tribe. No Angler has ever cast a line here: the Salmon are caught in considerable numbers by a sort of weir; which however is not allowed to cross the entire stream.

Next follows the Rauma, for the character of which I need only refer to the last Chapter. Besides the Ister, which I have also there mentioned, there is a small stream at the extremity of the Fjord, near Heinden, frequented by Salmon: however, my two English friends, before mentioned, not only killed no fish in it, but met with a very unpleasant reception from the natives, who seem to have misunderstood their object.

The only Rivers that I have personally examined along the Western coast, South of Romsdalen, are those at Skjolden and Leir-

dalsören. But I have seen and heard enough of the others to give a tolerably correct general idea of their capabilities. From the conformation of the Norwegian Continent, (the mountains rapidly increasing in elevation as they approach the Western sea,) the rivers on that coast are all comparatively short in their course, and their waters remain in a more or less turbid state, until the very end of summer; that is, until the snows that feed them, have entirely disappeared, or the sun has no longer power to thaw them. Good Salmon fishing cannot therefore be expected: though I have heard of some being caught in one or two of the Bergen rivers, and at Fretton; and doubtless a few fish might be killed there, sufficient to interest a Tourist who explores that most magnificent district for its scenery, but far from enough to tempt any one thither merely for the Angling.

It is very possible there may be some tolerable Salmon rivers, between Stavanger and

Mandal, as the mountains recede from the coast: I can only say I never heard of such. Sir Humphrey Davy has spoken of the Rivers at Mandal, Christiansand, and Arendal; in all of which he saw Salmon rise, but never caught any, being there for a very short time and in unfavourable weather. He, however, caught a great many sea trout, which he says abound in the Southern streams, whereas they are far from being plentiful in the North. The Mandal is usually considered the best of these rivers, though somewhat spoiled by saw-mills. At Skeen, there is unfortunately a Foss that hinders Salmon from ascending its fine and copious stream.

But incomparably the best Salmon river in these parts, and perhaps the second in all Scandinavia, is that near Laurvig, the Laaven, the same that passes by Kongsberg. It is not many years since its full merits were ascertained: but several Englishmen who have lately tried that part of it near Staberöd (where

the great Southern road crosses it) which abounds with favourable rapids, have had excellent sport. I fear that at all these Southern rivers, the Angler will not only meet with more rivals among his own countrymen, but also more impediments from the natives, than on those of the extreme North, where I have chiefly fished.

I have already alluded to there being no good Salmon rivers on either side of the Fjord of Christiania: I may add that, with the trifling exception of the stream at Jonserud, above Göthaborg, there are none along the whole Western coast of Sweden, until we come to Falkenberg. Sir H. Davy also fished this river, and had what he considered a good day's sport, ("Salmonia," page 142,) but others have had much better. The principal feeders of Falkenbergs An flow out of low hills, from which the snow early disappears; so that it is usually in order by the latter end of April. I know a gentleman who during the whole

month of May, last year, averaged upwards of fifty pounds in weight each day, previously to the young Grilse making their appearance in the river. From his list, the fish seemed rarely at that season to be under seven pounds, still more rarely above twenty pounds. The worst is, that the Angling water is very confined, extending little more than a quarter of a mile; in which there is one good pool worth all the rest. A staked and bound weir allows scarcely any fish to pass: and those caught by the Angler must be surrendered to the proprietor, or paid for, *more Scotico.*

Salmon are taken at Halmstad and Laholm: indeed Copenhagen is chiefly supplied from those rivers: but I do not believe they are suited to Angling. The Southern portion of Sweden, Scania, &c. contains no streams wherein any fish better than an eel, or pike, will live.

All the Swedish rivers, however, which empty themselves into the Bothnian Gulf,

contain abundance of Salmon. It has been estimated that from Tornea to Stockholm, there are at least fifty considerable rivers, many of them exceedingly large, every one of which is frequented by Salmon. Unfortunately, the Western shore of the Bothnian Gulf is so flat for a long distance inland, that the universal character of these streams is too sluggish, too deep, too muddy, for the fly fisher; offering, in short, as great a contrast as can be imagined to the gigantic torrents of Norway, and much rather resembling the Götha above Göthaborg.

Vast quantities of fish are taken in nets by the natives; and I cannot doubt that they may be killed with the fly, by a competent Angler, who will pursue any suitable river up to the hills where its earlier course is spent, and where it must form the rapid streams and roomy pools that delight the Salmon fisher. This at least I know, that in two or three instances, where a very inadequate trial was made, with very insufficient means, the success was enough to

prove that good sport might be had with better means and appliances to boot. I much wish that some really accomplished Angler would try a few of the best rivers of Northern Sweden: and by choosing his points well, where the hills come near to the coast, and by arming himself with proper information, I have every confidence he would enjoy a most capital summer's fishing, in waters almost unknown to Anglers.

Having never visited that district, I do not like to risk misleading my reader as to the most favourable spots, by mentioning my crude ideas: but I can at least assure him from trustworthy information that he will find the Angermann River, a little to the North of Hernösand, well worthy his attention; especially from Hullsta to Hämra, near which latter place is an extensive Sawing establishment, from whose proprietors I am much mistaken if he will not meet with every possible assistance and attention.

The Salmon of these rivers are said to be extraordinarily well fed, short, and fat: which is attributed to their feeding on a particular kind of small fish abundant in the brackish waters of this landlocked Gulf. Grayling also abound, as likewise fine perch in certain rivers: and in all the mountain Lakes are magnificent Char, which take the fly well, wherever a tolerably sharp stream enters. The accommodations, however, and living, become detestable even for Scandinavia, immediately that the traveller quits the great roads.

Having cast this brief *coup d'œil* over the Salmon Rivers of Scandinavia, let us return for a moment to Norway, and give a few general hints as to what the trout fisher may expect there. It would be useless, even if I were capable of it, to particularize one half of the Rivers and Lakes of this well watered country, all of which, as far as my experience extends, contain trout more or less plentifully. Yet I scarcely know how to point out the best places where first-rate

trout fishing may be insured. The truth is, that Salmon being my chief object, I have never gone out of my way, or devoted much time, in pursuit of trout. The summer is so brief, and the distances so great, that it is impossible for one ambitious of fishing the Northern rivers to waste many of the precious days of the fleeting season, in exploring unknown streams.

I have accordingly fished only such Lakes and Rivers as came in my way, which either from information or appearance promised to afford sport; and I tried few for more than an hour or two: my list will show with what success. My sport was frequently good, considering the adverse circumstances under which I fished; but it was scarcely enough to repay an Angler who should come from England mainly for trout fishing. Such an one, however, would, I doubt not, in any part of Norway, very soon surpass my performances, if he gave himself a little trouble to acquire information, and to resort to the most favourable points.

It shall be my object now to give such hints as I think likely to be generally useful. The first enemy to the Angler in Norway is snow-water: I have learned by experience that Salmon will take the fly in rivers discoloured by melting snow; but not so trout. The higher mountains of central Norway should, therefore, be avoided until summer be far advanced: and even among the hills of the South, the streams are rarely in tolerable order until the middle of May; more frequently it is Midsummer before any good sport can be expected.

Large rivers are also objectionable: they seldom contain so plentiful a supply of trout as smaller streams, except at certain Rapids, or Fosses: while but a small portion of them can be commanded with the rod. By far the best for the Angler are moderately sized streams, that pass through Lakes of similar dimensions: the fish fatten and attain great weight in the still water, and at favourable times come into the streams to feed and enjoy the fresher ele-

ment. It is this very character that makes the chain of Lakes near Jerkin so good, where though I have never taken fish above three pounds, I have seen them spring of double that size.

The heaviest trout will invariably be found lying at the foot of Falls, especially if the Fall is situated a little above an extensive Lake; as in the case of Hundfoss between Lillehammer and Moshuus. Numbers of large trout collect there in the Autumn, and are taken occasionally up to thirty pounds in weight, in a kind of trap. The body of water is so vast and tumultuous, as not to afford any Angling to my taste, but a gentleman of my acquaintance killed here on one afternoon of September, two trout of fifteen pounds each, with the fly. I feel quite certain that both here, and at other similar Fosses, the troll would answer far better for these monsters, than the fly: but not liking that mode of Angling (killing, as it confessedly is, for large fish) I have seldom tried it.

I cannot say that I observed any marked peculiarity in the flies adapted to the Norwegian Waters; except that perhaps the palmers did not answer so well, as the winged flies. I usually found the best Scotch Lake flies the most successful: a well made Scotch "Professor," if of the right size, will kill anywhere.

The whole of the extreme South of Norway abounds with good Angling lakes and streams: as for instance, the neighbourhood of Christiansand, and Arendal. The district of Tellemarken, round the Gousta Fjeld, has long been celebrated not only for the exquisite picturesqueness of its scenery, but for the excellence and abundance of its trout. An English Angler, of the name of Hutchinson, long resident in Drammen, has this year (1839) published a little Treatise on Fly-fishing, for the express use of the natives.* He seems to speak

* "Fluefiskeriets Anvendelse i Norge:" *i.e.* The practice of Fly-fishing in Norway; by Robert D. Hutchinson, Drammen, 1839. It is accompanied by well executed plates, explanatory

of Wigersund, near Modum, and Lake Sperild (through which the Beina flows in its course from Valders) as two of the best waters for trout in that neighbourhood. But he must be by far the best qualified of any one, to give accurate information as to the piscatory capabilities of this portion of Norway; and which, I doubt not, he would be happy to communicate to any brother Angler, who should properly apply to him.

The Beina, as well as all the Valders waters, were too chilled with snow water, when I passed by them at Midsummer, to be fit for Angling: later in the season, I doubt not, they afford good sport. The Hurdal Vand, near Raaholt, has the character of holding many and fine trout. The Mjösen Lake is too full of pike; and none of the lateral streams that

of every thing used either in fly-fishing, or trolling; as also of artificial flies, in every stage of their manufacture. No doubt this little work will contribute to render an art peculiarly English much more familiar to so good imitators, as are the Norwegians, with such opportunities for its exercise.

fall into it are good. Of the Laag, Loug, or Lösne (for it bears all these names) that chiefly feeds it, I have already spoken: if the water be in order, a fair number of trout may be killed in it, near Laurgaard; from Lie to Tofte, however, is a still better reach.

The Otte Vand, on which Lomb and Vaage are situated, is totally unfit for Angling: but a little to the South of it, in a Valley named Hedal, I was assured upon competent authority that there is an abundance of trout and char. And if the Sportsman be adventurous enough to pursue this wild valley some thirty miles, up to the Sætters at its head, he will find a chain of small Lakes, called Finster Aa Vand, below the great Bygdin Vand; which at least contain large and well flavoured trout, for I have eaten them, from three to five pounds in weight, with flesh of a deeper red than Salmon. I am only afraid that from these Lakes being situated near the highest range in Norway (the Jotun Fjeld) they may

possibly be too discoloured for fly fishing, until late in the Autumn.

There are also numerous Reindeer in the neighbouring mountains; and not being much disturbed, they are more easily approached than in more frequented districts. It must, therefore, be a capital quarter for a Sportsman, who is well prepared to rough it, there being no permanent residents. The Landlord at Moe (from whom I chiefly obtained this information, corroborated by friends at Vaage) possesses Sætters, or Chalets for the Summer pasturage, at the very head of the Glen, and will be most happy to render every assistance in his power to the bold Adventurer. I much regret that I did not explore it; the scenery at any rate must be magnificent.

I have already said enough in the last Chapter to give the reader to understand what excellent sport may be had, at the proper season, in Lessöe Lake, and the streams that flow into, and out of it. Also the Lakes of Jerkin have

been sufficiently described: the early part of the Driva (before it descends into the Valley of Kongsvold) is full of small trout, of which an unlimited quantity may be taken in favourable weather.

While at Röraas in 1837, in the course of an unsuccessful expedition into the mountains on the frontiers of Sweden, for the purpose of seeing an encampment of Lapps, I fished the extensive Lake Öresund, as well as one of its principal feeders, at a Fall near Brække, where at that season (September) there ought to have been large trout. I rose, however, but one good sized fish; and caught a few small ones. I had better sport on my way back to Röraas, in the stream that issues out of Hitter Söe: and still better, on a subsequent day, in the more copious river by which Lake Öresund discharges its waters. Very heavy fish frequent the latter, which is well suited for fly-fishing, still more so for trolling. I was not lucky in the day; the heaviest trout I landed weighed three pounds, but I rose better fish, and saw

still larger jump in the water. This stream is the young Glommen: in the lower part of its course this splendid River nowhere appeared adapted to Angling; besides, it is too much infested with Pike.

Sælboe Söe, near Trondhjem, is reported by good Anglers to be one of the best Lakes in Norway: the trout are large, and usually take the fly freely. I have not tried it: but from personal experience I can guarantee any tolerable Angler to fill a very large basket in a very short time, at the Lake of Hammer, on the way to Steenkjær; if he be but moderately favoured by weather. When I have been at Hammer, there was never wind enough for the larger fish to take the fly; although I saw many of great size spring in the water: but during the few hours I angled there, on three several occasions, I rose trout from half a pound to a pound, nearly as fast as I could cast my fly. There are also ducks and other aquatic birds to be shot, in the Autumn.

I will conclude this imperfect catalogue of

the principal trout-waters in Norway that lie on the Tourist's road, by again referring to the Værdal River, where at the Upper Foss (about three miles from Östgrunden, see page 117) fine trout may be taken by the troll, for which it is a favourable spot: and by penetrating still higher up the Valley, towards Sweden, numerous lakes are met with, universally described as full of large trout, that take the fly greedily.

Having alluded to the Salmon Rivers of Sweden, I will add a brief notice of the few in that kingdom where I have taken trout. The Angling reader will recollect that upon my first visit to Trollhættan at the end of May 1837, I killed a few very fine trout below those magnificent Falls. One weighed ten pounds and a half, the heaviest trout I ever took with the fly: others were of five and four pounds each. They at the time appeared to me identical with the Salmo ferox, of the larger Lakes in Scotland: and specimens of the same having been since submitted to Mr. Yarrell, by Mr. Lloyd, that

eminent Ichthyologist has pronounced them to be such. There can be no doubt that they come down from Lake Wenern, the second largest body of fresh water in Europe; and not being able to return, harbour in the quietest holes they can find by the side of that rushing world of waters.

Below the Foss at Lille Edet, on the same River, trout of great size, as well as Salmon, are also taken: it is scarcely a place for the fly, but the troll might perhaps answer. Bleak, for bait, are easily procurable at Trollhættan. A short way above the Falls, I have caught well-sized trout at certain spots, where a few islets cause a trifling current: but by far the best point is at Öna-foss, six or seven miles higher up the Götha. Mr. Lloyd, the well-known Author of the "Northern Field Sports," has established a fishery there; and, I understand, in some summers has taken as much as six thousand pounds' weight of trout. Those that are not caught in nets, he chiefly kills with the

troll; not caring to use the fly for such monsters, which occasionally exceed thirty pounds, and frequently twenty pounds. The Game Laws in Sweden being infinitely severer than in Norway, he is enabled to keep off poachers in some degree: but I fear it has cost him considerable annoyance and trouble.

Lake Wenern itself not only contains these gigantic trout, but also pike, chub, burbot, &c.: and in my judgment is not at all adapted to Angling: neither are any of its Southern tributaries, with which I am acquainted. On its Northern and Western coasts, however, (for it is quite an inland Sea) from Åmal to Carlstad, are many Lakes and streams, said to afford excellent Angling. At Dejefors, on the Klara, fourteen miles above Carlstad, great quantities of trout are annually taken below the Fall. The Klara is the principal feeder of Lake Wenern; it is of great length, collecting all the drainage, and bringing timber down from the very neighbourhood of Röraas.

The water that issues from Lake Wettern is far clearer than that of the Wenern. Indeed it is so pure, as even in the middle of the Lake to taste like spring-water: and as the very few streams that feed it, are strikingly incommensurate with the body of water that flows out at Motala, it is the universal opinion that it must be chiefly supplied by subaqueous springs.

The latter end of May, the trout seem to leave the crystal depths of Lake Wettern, where they had taken refuge during the winter, and appear on the streams at Motala. They are killed there of great size, with the Lyster, the worm, and even a rude troll: also here and there in wooden traps. In consequence of the number of mills and other obstructions at this point, I preferred accompanying the Steamboat to Husbyfjöl, a small village, near the exit of this same River from a lower and much smaller Lake, called Boren. Here I staid a couple of days: and though I

caught only sixteen trout, they weighed thirty pounds. The weather was bright, and yet very cold; unfavourable enough for fly fishing.

I found also on the spot a native Angler who plied the fish, early and late, with worm and bait. His tackle was very uncouth, but by perseverance he killed several fine fish: and still more interfered with my sport, by being on the water before me. He paid some trifle to the Landlord of the Inn for liberty to angle: and though I was armed with the same permission, he did not half like seeing me pull out so many fine fish, which he had been vainly endeavouring to catch. The largest that I landed weighed upwards of four pounds: besides four others of three pounds each.

I know not where I have seen so many large trout as here; and it is very possible that there may be infinitely better places than I was able to discover during the afternoon and morning that I spent there. An English

gentleman, some time resident in Stockholm, came to this river for several summers; and is reported to have had great sport. The Angling would be infinitely better, if there were not too well constructed weirs, about a mile below Husbyfjöl: they by no means catch all the trout, but they much injure the river, and annoy the Angler.

I fear I can hardly add any thing useful to the hints I have already given on the subject of flies and tackle. Patterns of those I used may be seen at Martin Kelly's, or at Evatt's: and if I were again to go to the Namsen, I should take most of the same kinds. Any hook smaller than that commonly used for the strongest treble gut Irish flies, is nearly useless: single gut, such as we employ for summer fishing in Scotland and Ireland, is quite out of the question in Norway. I do not dislike those patterns of Tweed flies, that resemble a long, rough hairy worm; but for the Namsen, I should prefer having them

retied on Irish hooks, with the addition of a rather handsomer wing.

For the Guul, and such other rivers where constant casting is required, smaller Salmon flies must be used; but still I recommend them to be of good size, and invariably on treble gut. An English Gentleman, who fished on the Namsen in 1838, killed many of his heaviest Salmon by trolling with a small fish. I have no doubt that in certain states of the water, this may be a successful method; but, I confess, I like only to take my fish fairly with the fly, and rarely will employ any other mode, even for trout. Perhaps even the "red berry," or prepared Salmon roe, might prove as killing here, as it undoubtedly has been found elsewhere. But I look upon this method as but one degree removed above worm fishing, and but two degrees above netting; and totally unworthy of any fair Angler, who fishes for sport, not for the pot.

I consider a well oiled silk line as preferable

in fishing the Namsen, because it runs better off the wheel, and takes up less compass than a patent line: but for casting I prefer the latter. The Angler ought to be provided with each, of not less length than 100 yards; 120 yards are still better: I have several times had 150 yards run out in a few seconds, while I was rowing to the shore: but it is the far wiser plan to follow the fish with the boat (as I have before described) in these first desperate plunges, which are usually down the stream: since, with that length of heavy line out in the Rapids of the Namsen, it is almost certain to be entangled round a rock.

The Salmon fisher should further have one stout rod, twenty feet long; and a second, somewhat lighter, but of nearly equal length: together with a two handed trout rod, of sixteen feet. He will, of course, get them of his own maker: but I doubt if he will find any more to be depended on for quality and strength, than those manufactured by Eaton,

in Crooked-lane. They should all be provided with a spare third joint, and two or three tops to splice: ferruled tops for Salmon rods I especially eschew. Each of these rods must be fitted with a strong leather case, which Eaton knows well how to make; and they can then be safely strapped under the shafts of the carriole, if the traveller's equipage admits of no better place.

And these general directions, I think, are enough for the purpose I have in view: for I pretend not to write for the Tyro, who needs to be reminded of the minuter articles of his craft that he must bring with him, or who requires instruction as to how he is to cast his fly, or manage his fish when hooked. Such beginners have no business on the Namsen; they must commence with more pastoral streams.

My only advice is, to let the fly sink moderately under the water, and to take care that it invariably swim up and down the stream, not

awkwardly across it. Next, to keep the line perfectly *taught*, by which means the Salmon will hook himself, with very little assistance from the Angler. When hooked, if he be a large fish, handle him firmly, though somewhat gently at first; but as soon as his first violence is foiled, and he is half coaxed, half drawn, into the safest spot that lies near, then bear upon him boldly, as much as your tackle will well sustain.

By handling a heavy Salmon too roughly, at the moment he first feels the hook and is in possession of his full strength, you run great risk of angering him into desperate plunges, that, if the hold be indifferent, or the place dangerous, may effect his escape. However, on no account suffer a fish ever to get the line loose: for one Salmon that escapes by being held too tight, fifty are lost by the looseness of the line permitting the hook to fall out. Of course, when a large Salmon exhibits a determination to rush away, line must be given him:

but let him not have a yard, that he does not fight for; and the instant that you feel him begin to turn, draw him in, and shorten line; prepared to repeat this process, until his strength be fairly exhausted, and he is content to float near enough to the shore to be gaffed—an anxious moment, especially with an awkward Norwegian attendant, so different from the accomplished gaffers of the Tweed, or the Shannon.

Not only steadiness of hand and eye is required in controlling the energies of an active Salmon; but also considerable presence of mind, as often, when a fish is making for a dangerous point it must be decided in a single instant how and where he is to be turned; or whether it be most advisable to run the risk of breaking the tackle, by forcibly withholding any more line, rather than suffer him to reach his point.

The reader also, who has perused my sketches of Angling on the Namsen, may

perhaps have collected that the nerves are occasionally tried by perils, not to the tackle, or the poor Salmon, but to the Angler himself, at least on the upper part of that noble, but wild stream. How much does this risk and difficulty enhance the glorious sport, while the enthusiast fondly fancies it almost dignifies it!

But I dare not indulge myself any further on a theme that must appear incomprehensible rhapsody to any one not smitten with the same passion; for a passion it is, if it be felt at all, and circumstances admit of its developement: while the true Salmon fisher will acknowledge the same sentiments in his own breast, and only complain that I have expressed them so inadequately,

CHAPTER XI.

General view of the Geology of Norway—By whom has been described: Naumann; Von Buch; Keilhau—Great extent of Primary Rocks—General characters—Amount of Detritus in Valleys—Origin of—Proofs of an elevation of land—Copper mines of Röraas—Silver mines of Kongsberg—Iron of Arendal, &c.—Transition Territory of Christiania—Remarkable Fossils—Plutonic and Metamorphic Rocks—Sketch of Geology of Central and Southern Sweden—Transition rocks of Kinnekulle, &c.—Baltic Boulders—Uddevalla—Chalk and Greensand of Scania—Localities and Fossils—Coal district of Hör and Höganäs—Chalk and "Quaternary Formations" of Denmark.

A TRUCE now to piscatorial details. But before quitting a country, through which I have wandered with so much delight, I would wish to add my mite of information respecting its general geological features. Geology has of late years become so popular a science among all ranks, that it is to be expected many whom sport or the picturesque may chiefly lure to this ro-

mantic land, will also cast a scientific eye on its rocks: for, whatever may have been the case in Dr. Johnson's time, Anglers are proud to know that, in our day at least, the foremost philosophers and artists do not disdain the gentle craft: the hammer often accompanies the fishing rod.

Besides, the geological structure of Norway too much influences the character both of the rivers and the scenery, not to be interesting to every tourist. To the former it gives their numerous Fosses, their rapidity, their purity, when not contaminated by Glaciers: to the latter, its sheer walls of rock, its splintered cliffs, its longwinding Fjords, which form so characteristic a feature of the savage grandeur of Norway. By far the largest portion of the surface of Norway is occupied by those ancient rocks (formerly called Primitive, or Primary,) from Gneiss, through an infinity of varieties, down to Clay slate; and which in all the countries where they appear, are at any rate the oldest,

the loftiest, and the hardest, that come under our observation.

I should suppose that there is not in the world so favourable a field for studying this most intricate and important Group of rocks, as here. With the exception of the "Transition Territorium" of Christiania, and a comparatively small tract in the extreme North, they extend over the whole of Norway: while from various circumstances connected with their mineralogical character, and the violent upheavings they have suffered since their original deposition, they frequently present to the geologist perpendicular faces of hundreds and even thousands of feet, where he may observe upon a gigantic scale, not only the contortions of strata, but the interesting changes of mineralogical structure.

On the other hand, there are many difficulties in the way of the geologist, who would trace out the relations of these rocks to each other, and reduce the probable mode and

sequence of their origin to any thing like order. There is an enormous extent of wild mountains, each presenting peculiarities which require to be studied, in order to obtain a complete idea of the history of these obscure formations. Then the summer, during which alone the higher ranges can be traversed, is lamentably brief: and the travelling becomes very difficult, directly the main roads are quitted; indeed, to one unacquainted with the language, or unprepared to rough it as to living and accommodations, it may be described as almost impracticable. None, therefore, but a native can be reasonably expected to furnish a complete geological Map of this country.

At the same time, I feel strongly convinced that this department of Science would be infinitely benefited by even a single summer's visit of any of our first English Geologists, really qualified for this task; and particularly of him, who is universally regarded as our great authority on the subject of our own older

Rocks. If he would only examine carefully the most instructive localities that lie convenient for observation, near the principal roads, I doubt not that his acknowledged powers of penetration and classification, would throw most valuable light on these puzzling formations, and afford a clue to unravel many of the seeming mysteries of their origin and relations.

I am not aware that any English geologist of eminence has visited Norway, except Mr. Lyell, who did not, I believe, extend his observations beyond the territory of transition and plutonic rocks, with which he was more interested. I am equally unacquainted with any first rate French geologist, who has ventured into the interior of Norway. Professor Naumann, of Jena, has published in German, some account of several "Wanderings" through the most interesting mountain districts;* which is

* "Beyträge zur Kenntniss Norwegens, gesammelt auf Wanderungen während der Sommer-monate der Jahre 1821 und 1822. Von Carl Friedrich Naumann. Leipzig, 1824."

extremely valuable as furnishing details of many important localities, difficult of access. But independently of his having viewed this land nearly twenty years ago, which in a science that has advanced so rapidly as Geology, is a momentous consideration; Professor Naumann rather gives an accurate statement of isolated facts, than a comprehensive view of the relations of extensive groups, or any enlarged theory of their general history. Von Buch's still earlier Travels remain, perhaps, even at the present day, the most valuable contribution, by any foreigner, to Norwegian Geology.

Norway possesses only one native Geologist of note, B. M. Keilhau, Professor of Mineralogy and Geology, at the University of Christiania. He is a man of undoubted intelligence and possessed of great knowledge of his science, both practical and theoretical. He has devoted many summers to the close examination of the Scandinavian rocks, from the Western Fjords to the confines of Sweden, from Lindesnæs to

the North Cape, and even to Spitzbergen. He has communicated great part of the results of his investigations in a Norwegian periodical, entitled "Nyt Magazin for Naturvidenskaberne:" and the rest will doubtless follow, in a language unfortunately little accessible to the generality of scientific men. Professor Keilhau has likewise lately published in German, a full description of the "Transition Territory" of Christiania, together with a coloured Map; which must be looked upon as a most valuable contribution to the Geology of his native country.

The Professor's views upon many Geological subjects, especially with regard to what have been termed the Metamorphic Rocks, are very peculiar; which renders it the more desirable that the phænomena on which his views are founded, should be submitted to the examination of competent Geologists, not wedded to the same opinions: preconceived theories too often involuntarily bias the judgment of the most

impartial observers. Keilhau, himself, is most anxious that his facts and deductions should be subjected to the rigorous criticism of his scientific brethren. He is convinced that they will eventually be found to bear out his theories. At any rate it seems certain that nowhere can the relations of what are now commonly called Plutonic rocks (though Keilhau does not admit the appropriateness of the name, as involving a theory of their igneous origin) to metamorphic rocks, be more extensively or more usefully studied than in this district. Whatever may be thought of the Professor's theories, there can be no doubt that Norwegian Geology is deeply indebted to him, not only for the description and map of the Transition district already alluded to, but also for a most laborious and important collection of facts, embracing nearly the whole of the kingdom.

Gneiss is allowed to be the most abundant formation in Norway. But in speaking of it, or the other primary rocks here developed,

considerable latitude must be allowed: mica is often wanting, so also is felspar: and very often, hornblende is either associated with these two ingredients of Gneiss, or entirely replaces them. A composition of hornblende and quartz is common in the North: and in some spots, as on Rundene, on Sneehættan, in Gjendal, &c., the rock seems entirely composed of quartz, which splits into very thin laminæ. I observed no slate rocks like our own, with true slaty cleavage: but silicious rocks that admit of extensive and even separation in the plane of their stratification, (similar to the flagstones of our coal formation,) are found in many parts, and occasionally are used for roofing.

Every variety of rock, belonging to the families of Gneiss, pure and syenitic, hornblende slate, mica slate, quartz rock, chlorite, and clay slate, down to the most friable shales, may be seen; and very often appear to run into each other, in a manner very puzzling to a tyro. Then there are numerous rocks called

by the older Geologists, such as Esmark and Naumann, Grauwacké: under what title we should now class them, I know not; they have the mineralogical character belonging to that proscribed family. Indeed, the difficulty of accurately distinguishing many of the Norwegian rocks by names recognized in other countries, is so great, that excellent Geologists differ considerably in their nomenclature of the same formations.

The lines of stratification are not always strongly marked: though it may invariably be distinguished, with more or less difficulty, that the rock really is stratified. Speaking generally, the Norwegian Rocks are not much contorted, neither do they dip at such high angles, as might be anticipated, in the case of formations of so great antiquity; since the deposition of which the Globe has suffered so many violent convulsions.

As being probably connected with this comparative absence of disturbance, it may be

mentioned, that there is scarcely any trace of granite or other Plutonic rocks, within the extensive Primary district. This is a remarkable fact, when taken in connexion with the enormous developement of igneous rocks, within the Transition territory; but, I presume, must be explained by their having burst through the incumbent mass of least resistance. There is a small granitic district, on the Eastern coast of Finmark, not far from the North Cape: but nowhere in Norway, except near Christiania, have I seen veins of granite (common in the Gneiss of Sweden) or greenstone, or trap, or other intrusive rock, so frequent among the older rocks of Scotland. The Serpentine mentioned by Esmark as occurring near Röraas, must be quoted as a rare instance of a rock, now generally considered to be of igneous origin, within the Primary district.

Occasionally fragments of an older Gneiss are found imbedded in regular strata of the same rock. I have observed other instances;

but the best examples with which I am acquainted are at Rostan, above Laurgaard, and at the Ferry of Heel, twenty miles to the North-east of Trondhjem. Near the latter place, there are evidences of considerable disturbance, in the contortions of the adjoining strata: the fragments are large, irregularly disposed, a little rounded, and completely amalgamated with the mass, so as to have the appearance of being fused into it. At Rostan, the imbedded fragments are smaller, more conformably arranged, as if squeezed within the layers of the Gneiss; their edges, as Esmark says, are for the most part sharp, but the felspar is rounded. I looked in vain for any extraordinary signs of ancient convulsion in this vicinity.

Hard as these primary rocks are, there is not a mountain valley that does not afford evidence of their surfaces having been extensively worn down, in the course of long geological periods. The depth of detritus which

is observed in Værdal, Orkedal, or near Trondhjem, for instance, is enough to astonish one, if we regard the excessive hardness of the rocks, from which it is undoubtedly derived. In the first locality, especially, it is not a deposit of large fragments torn from their parent cliff, and a little rounded by attrition; but an enormous thickness of fine silt, interspersed with small gravel; which seems to attest, not one or two great convulsions, but long continued wasting and rolling processes. The destructive processes, to which the Norwegian rocks are exposed, are commensurate with their durability. That great agent for transposing the constituent parts of our Globe, Water, exerts its energies on a gigantic scale. Without speaking of the larger rivers that roll through their vallies, with an impetuosity that nothing seems capable of resisting, there are unnumbered torrents, fed by the perennial snows, which hurry down the fragments of the higher mountains, that have been loosened by

frost and rain; and after breaking and pounding them in their headlong course, deposit the fractured and rounded masses, with the associated silt, in a yearly increasing talus, which may be invariably observed at the first level point these streams reach, from the upper ranges.

The effect of this power of transportation is greatly increased by the vicissitudes of temperature, to which Norway is peculiarly liable. Its brief summers are intensely hot; its long winters proportionably severe: hence the water, which during the former season percolates every fissure and crevice, becomes frozen to the lowest depths it has penetrated, and by its expansive power rends asunder its rocky prison.

Norway is doubtless indebted to these atmospheric agencies for much of its romantic grandeur, its shattered crags, and perpendicular precipices: while to the seemingly destructive, yet really beneficial element, that brings portions of the hard mountains from the regions of eter-

nal frost, in a comminuted form, into the vallies below, it owes all the cultivated land in its interior. This mass of detritus, on which the Norwegian Gaards are almost without exception situated, is most commonly disposed in successive tiers of terraces, rising one above the other, with great regularity. Three such tiers appear to be a very usual number in the north: I have seen them rising from fifty to one hundred feet above each other. No one, I conceive, can examine them without coming to the conclusion that their conformation is owing to the action of water, which must have stood at those respective levels during considerable periods, to allow of such vast accumulations.

In confined Vallies, removed from the sea, I doubt not these terraces are frequently connected with the bursting of natural barriers, that had previously kept the water at a higher level; indeed, there is not a Foss that does not supply evidence of being now lower in height, and further up the stream, than it formerly was.

But in the case of broad Vallies, opening wide upon the sea (as in the Fjord of Trondhjem) and where the hills that enclose them, recede, as they approach the mouth, without there being any appearance of barrier across them, it seems to me difficult to account for the quantity of gravel, &c., that occupies their entire breadth, except upon the supposition of an elevation of the land within the period that the mountains and rivers assumed their present conditions.

The Valley of the Nid, near Trondhjem (as well as Stordal and Værdal on the same Fjord) is of considerable width, and is covered with terraces of rolled gravel, not only much above the present level of the river, but even of high water mark. If it had ever formed a Lake, there would be some traces of the rocks that had retained it at a higher level. As this is not the case, we must suppose that it was formerly at a comparatively lower level; when it would form a bay, into which the river would bring

detritus, to be there rolled and arranged, in the way common to quiet arms of the sea.

Accordingly, shells similar to those now found in the neighbouring Ocean, have been discovered at various spots round this Fjord, (now raised considerably above its present level) particularly the whole way from Steenkjær to the Snaasen Vand. Two intelligent Scotchmen, located there as Farmers, told me they scarcely ever dug to any depth in the adjoining Vallies, without finding beds of shells, some whole, some broken, just as they would lie on the shore. They estimated the greatest height at which they had observed these deposits, to be 100 feet above the sea. But this is nothing in comparison with the evidences collected by Keilhau, who has discovered *balani* adhering to rocks, many miles inland, at a measured elevation of 470 feet above the sea: besides observing deposits, which he has strong collateral reasons for believing to be marine, at a height of 600 feet.

Keilhau has been induced by the interest which of late years has been attached to the question of the elevation of Scandinavia, to make a personal examination of almost the entire coast, from Christiania to North Cape, with the express view of determining this question, as far as possible, with regard to Norway. He has given a full account of his researches and conclusions, in a late number of the New Magazine of Natural History, published by the Physiographical Society at Christiania, in 1837. His qualifications for the task, and his industry in accomplishing it, seem to leave little for his successors to add upon this point.

He has accumulated a great mass of evidence, both from Man and his earliest works, and from still more ancient records of Nature. He every where questioned the oldest fishermen, as to any observed or recorded alteration of level, in their neighbourhood; and he specifies all the monuments erected by the earliest inha-

bitants upon the coast or islands, together with their present height above the sea: besides which, he hunted out every trace of marine deposits, of which he could obtain any information. From all these he comes to the conclusion, that they afford no positive proof of any elevation of any part whatever of Norway, within the period of History: but that from the concurrent testimony of seafaring men in the South of Norway (for towards the North this testimony diminishes) in reference to "the sinking of the sea," as they express it; and also from the position of some works of the aborigines on the South and South-west coasts, it is a "probability not altogether to be rejected," that the Southern portion of this country, may have been a little elevated, since it was first inhabited. This is rendered the more probable by the fact of its being the nearest portion to Sweden, which has undoubtedly been elevated within the historical period.

The amount of this rise would seem from one

remarkable monument of the olden time (the "Snekkestöer of Spangereid") to be about ten feet: whereas certain monumental stones (similar to our Cromlechs) upon very low islands between Arendal and Christiansand (as likewise others in Bukke Sound, and elsewhere) prove that it cannot have been any thing like so much, at that point at least, since they were erected. We must therefore either suppose that the elevation occurred subsequently to the erection of the first mentioned, but prior to the last; or else, that it has not been constant and universal throughout the district. Indeed, if we are at all to receive the evidence of fishermen as to the rise of rocks within their memory, we must at once reject the idea of any such constancy and universality; since a gradual rise of less than one foot in fifty years would not be observable in each man's life: and this would amount to twenty feet in 1000 years, an elevation, which, it can be proved to demonstration, has not occurred at many places within the last ten centuries.

The Professor next shows the impossibility of any appreciable change of level in the northern part of Scandinavia, since it was inhabited by man, from the position of many ancient monuments, to which he refers; such as those on the island of Atle, and on the point of Agdenæs. In Nordland and Finmark the idea of a "sinking of the ocean" seems to be much less generally entertained.

But allowing that the evidence preponderates against the supposition of any observable change of relative level between the sea and the Norwegian continent, since the latter was inhabited by men who have left records of their existence, it is at any rate certain that what may be called the monuments of Nature prove very clearly a considerable elevation of the land, up to a period so recent, that all Geologists would assign it to the very latest division of the Tertiary Æra, or even to the commencement of the existing order of things. Keilhau has discovered shells, belonging to the same

species as now inhabit the Scandinavian seas, at a height of 470 feet on the South-east coast of Norway; which prove that a change of level must have occurred to that extent at least: while he has traced beds to a further height of 150 feet, which have every appearance of a marine origin, though they do not contain fossils.

Ancient coast lines may also be observed, not only in the soft loose soil, but even in the mountain ranges of hard rock, high above the present level of the sea: also Volcanic Scoriæ, and other foreign substances, are found in various places, either as isolated blocks, or in deposits of gravel, evidently due to the action of water. The shells are seen at every elevation, from the extreme height above mentioned, down to the present shores; and at certain places form vast banks. These facts attest long periods of disturbance, succeeded by equally long periods of rest. The shells belong to animals that do not live in

deep water: and the banks, just now spoken of, are necessarily litoral, and require considerable time for their accumulation: while, certainly, the impression on the rocky cliffs could not be effected except by the long continued action of the waves.

Whether this elevation of the land was slow and gradual, or due to violent and isolated movements, the Professor does not think there is evidence to decide: but he seems to incline to the former supposition. The South-eastern portion of Norway, and a part of the Province of Trondhjem, afford the most undeniable proofs of a geologically recent elevation of the coast to a great extent: but if we allow the erratic blocks and similar phænomena to be connected with the same cause, we are carried back to a period when not merely the lower hills of the Northern continent lay beneath the ocean, but even the loftiest mountain ranges scarcely emerged from the surrounding waters.

Limited beds of crystalline limestone, more or less pure, are interspersed among the primary rocks of Norway, in a manner very common to that family: near Steenkjær the Scotch farmers before mentioned have burned this lime with success for agricultural purposes. The mica slate on the Lake of Sælboe, near Trondhjem is thickly studded with small garnets; and is used for grinding-stones. A kind of Steatite is found near Lomb and Vaage, on the Lake Otte Vand, and is employed for stoves and other domestic purposes, to which its property of resisting fire adapts it. Chrome also exists in the same neighbourhood; as also near Röraas, and in many other localities: and there doubtless are innumerable other mineral treasures, yet undiscovered, throughout the impenetrable district of the Norwegian Fjelder.

The richest mine of copper within Norway, is at Röraas, near the junction of the great Dovre and Kjölen ranges. It is situated in chloritic slate; but Serpentine, both common

and noble, according to Esmark, composes several of the adjoining mountains: and masses of crystalline limestone are found lying detached on the surface, in sufficient quantities to supply what is required for the flux of the metal. The smelting-houses are in the centre of the little town of Röraas: they are not distinguished by any novelty or ingenuity of the processes employed, or by grandeur of scale, when considered as the principal of their kind in the kingdom. The ore is first baked in large heaps, to get rid of the sulphur, with which it is almost invariably combined: it seems in general rich, although little native copper is obtained here.

Röraas is remarkable as being one of the only three or four inland towns that Norway can boast. It is entirely supported by its mines: and lying, as it does, 2100 feet above the sea, not only higher than any kind of corn will grow, but even beyond the limits of any of the fir tribe, every thing is necessarily very dear. The

mines are situated at a further height of nearly 3000 feet; making a total altitude exceeding that of Jerkin on the Dovre Fjeld. I examined the mine nearest to the town, which is called "Old, or Storwarts Grube:" it is six or seven miles from Röraas.

The usual law, that where there are subterranean treasures the surface should be sterile, is certainly not departed from here: it is barren and ugly. But on the day I visited the mines, the air was so clear, pure, and bracing, as to be highly exhilarating; and the views of the Dovre Fjeld, and my old friend Rundene with its many beautiful peaks, were alone sufficient to reward me for the excursion. Storwarts Grube is situated on the summit of an undulating heathy hill: they tell the usual legend of its discovery having been made by a Reindeer scratching up the moss that concealed it, just as a man was on the point of shooting; and the event is commemorated by a picture in the church.

The vein comes to the surface, and dips at an angle of about forty degrees to the north. They have worked down it, in an irregular manner, about 1000 feet; leaving masses of ore at proper distances to support the roof, and pursuing the vein wherever it promised to be most profitable. The works consequently branch into various passages, which are sometimes low and narrow, but oftener wide and lofty, so as to resemble rude halls of ample dimensions: when lighted up with the flambeaux of a numerous retinue they have a picturesquely solemn effect. This effect is occasionally heightened by blasting the rock with gunpowder, which in these confined caverns produces a tremendous explosion, that causes the tympanum of the ear to vibrate so long and so much, as, I should think, might easily cause or cure deafness.

There are three shafts to draw up the ore and the water, by means of water wheels about thirty feet in diameter: how lamentably inferior to the engines of the Cornish mines! The ore is

generally rich: such of it as is too poor to be smelted at once, is pounded and washed in the ordinary way. About 150 persons are employed at this mine; besides which there are several others in the neighbourhood; and at Dragaas, near the head of the river Guul, on the road to Trondhjem, are also large copper smelting works. At this last place may be seen a remarkable conglomerate, containing huge angular fragments of quartz; and likewise a celebrated circular basin in the rock, called "the Witches' Cauldron."

The silver mines of Kongsberg, being so near to Christiania, have been too often visited and described to require much notice from me. They afford an argentiferous lead ore, irregularly disseminated through a hard, compact, quartzose rock, belonging to Gneiss: and occasionally, very large masses of native or pure silver occur. The mine belongs to Government, and supplies employment to nearly 200 men: its produce has been very variable in former years, but latterly has much improved.

A magnificent Adit, of considerable width and height, has been driven, to the distance of an English mile, directly into the solid rock. It is boarded so as to afford easy walking; and terminates in an ample chamber, whence perpendicular shafts descend to a depth of about 1600 feet. The descent is far from being so easy as that of Röraas: it is effected by successive stages of ladders; and by no means repays the fatigue of attempting it. I should, however, strongly advise the tourist to penetrate to the end of the Adit, which, considering its dimensions and the hardness of the rock, surpasses any tunnel I have seen: while the chamber into which the ore is drawn up, filled, as it was when I saw it, with uncouth swarthy figures, and lighted with numerous fires and flambeaux, seemed to me a worthy Hall of Vulcan, so deep within the bowels of the Earth.

Arendal, and other places in the South-eastern district of Norway, afford the chief supply

of iron: but it is far less abundant here, than in the sister kingdom of Sweden. The metals obey here the law so generally observed elsewhere, of being developed much the most frequently and abundantly, near the lines of contact of Plutonic with sedimentary rocks.*

However, the district most generally interesting to Geologists is probably that which has been named by Keilhau "the Transition Territory of Christiania." It forms a basin of an irregularly triangular shape, bounded by two walls of Primary Rock, which meet to a point about the centre of Lake Mjösen, and thence gradually diverge in a South-westerly direction, the one constituting the Eastern shore of the Mjösen, and the Fjord of Christiania; the other occupying the Western bank of the Lakes Rands and Tyri, and thence running by Kongsberg and Skien, &c., to the Lange Sunds Fjord, where it meets the Sea.

* Gæa Norvegica, p. 125.

The whole of the intermediate space is occupied by argillaceous, calcareous, and arenaceous deposits, intermixed with extensive tracts of granite and porphyry.

The numerous fossils contained in these deposits prove that they belong to the ancient group of rocks, lately named and admirably described by Mr. Murchison, as Silurian. But it remains still to be shown whether the order of succession observed in South Wales, obtains equally in the Norwegian beds. Professor Keilhau as yet doubts whether such order can be made out: but it is hoped that ere long, the Author of the Silurian System will himself visit this interesting locality, and decide the question by an examination of the rocks and their contents on the spot.

That very singular crustacean of the Fossil World, the Trilobite, is exceedingly abundant in the neighbourhood of Christiania. The rock is so hard, that perfect specimens are not easily procured: and the history of this extinct ani-

mal is so very obscure, as to render it difficult, accurately to distinguish its various species. Above fifty varieties, however, have been discovered in Norway; and to a certain extent described by Lector Boeck: they are all strictly three-lobed; there is none that resembles Murchison's *Bumastus*. *Trilobites expansus*, and *Tr. crassicauda*, are by much the most abundant; *Tr. extensus* (as well as a few others) is supposed to be peculiar to Christiania.

Of the Family *Terebratula*, there are at least twenty-five species, many of which are new. Among them I may mention *Terebratula Wilsoni* (Sowerby) *Ter. plicatella*, *Atrypa aspera*, *Atr. lenticularis*, *Atr. reticularis*, (with the variety named *alata*, by Hisinger) also *Atr. retrusa*, new. The pretty little *Delthyris cardiosperma* (or *ungula*) is found here, but not abundantly: *Leptæna depressa* is more common: as also *Lept. rugosa*, *Orthis zonata*, &c.

Gypidia lævis (Goldfuss) is not uncommon: there are many species of *Orbicula*, and *Tur-*

ritella: with five or six species of *Orthoceratites;* but this last Cephalopod is neither so numerous nor so large here as in Sweden. A considerable number of a supposed species of *Lituite* have been discovered lately in forming the approach to the new Royal Palace: as also a few specimens of *Conularia quadrisulcata.*

In some spots, that very obscure fossil, which has been variously named *Graptolithus, Priodon, Prionotus, Fucoides Serra,* &c., is found in great quantities; often much pyritized. It was long doubted whether it belonged to the Vegetable, or Animal Kingdom: and though Professors Nilsson and Beck are most probably correct in classing it with the Family of "Sea Pens," still its position in the scale of being must be considered as not yet fixed. In Christiania an idea seems to obtain that it was somehow or other connected with the Trilobite, or Orthoceratite, in the way of an antenna, or something analogous: they have, however, never been found in connexion.

Some of the islands in the Fjord of Christiania are so composed of fossil corals, as to present quite the appearance of a coral reef: the finest specimens come from the island of Langöe, near Holmstrand. Among them are an abundance of *Calamopora,* (*Gotlandica,* &c.) (*Favosites of Murchison*) *Cyathophyllum,* (*vermiculare,* &c.) *Catenipora escaroides,* &c. Columnar joints of *Crinoidea* are found in the island of Malmöe, and elsewhere: but I saw no good or perfect specimen of Encrinite.

In the above catalogue, I have of course only mentioned those fossils which appeared to me the most interesting, either from their abundance or characteristic peculiarities. A bookbinder, of the name of Lösch, usually has a few specimens for sale on moderate terms; and will accompany the Geologist to the best localities. There is a pretty good collection of Norwegian Fossils in the Museum belonging to the University; as well as a still completer series of rocks to illustrate Professor

Keilhau's peculiar views respecting the passage of different rocks into each other.

Perhaps a more favourable spot for examining the changes produced in the sedimentary rocks by those which are now almost universally allowed to be of igneous origin, cannot be found, than here in the Transition territory of Christiania. By looking at Keilhau's map, it will be seen that isolated tracts of granite, syenite, eurite, and porphyry, occupy large spaces, more or less surrounded by slates, limestones, and sandstones of various characters. It is observable that throughout this district (without exception, according to Keilhau) granite is always associated with clay slate, porphyry with sandstone, and eurite with alum slate; from which (corroborated by other reasons) he is led to imagine that by some chemical agency, which he expects the future progress of that science will elucidate, perfectly differing substances may in the course of time have been so completely changed into each other,

that clay slate has been converted into granite, sandstone into porphyry, &c., by this mere agency, without the addition of heat, or the introduction of any substance from without.

Keilhau further advances against the Huttonian theory, that granite, when it comes in contact with gneiss, so gradually and insensibly blends with it, as often to render it impossible to say, where one begins, or the other terminates. This fact seems to be confirmed by Mr. Lyell, in his paper read before the British Association in 1837; and it is the more remarkable, when we consider the immense time that must have intervened between the formation of these rocks, according to all the usually received theories. The transition rocks *rest unconformably upon* the gneiss, which must therefore have been both deposited, and disturbed, before their deposition: while granite is in many places seen to cut through all the fossiliferous strata, and must consequently be younger.

Wherever granite thus cuts through the transition rocks, it invariably alters them to a greater or less extent, sometimes for but a foot or two, in one instance for nearly an English mile. This difference of visible effect is an argument urged against the Plutonists by Keilhau; but it is surely not only easy to suppose, but necessary for the explanation of many other phænomena, that the molten masses, of which granite consisted, were protruded at very different degrees of temperature, without taking into consideration the differing conditions, for conducting heat, of the rocks into which it was injected. It is, however, observable that though the effect of the intrusive granite is so great, that soft argillaceous beds are transformed into hard compact slate, and dark, lenticular limestone into crystalline marble (as at Gjellebeck) yet the dip and strike of the sedimentary strata remain alike unaltered.

Extensive veins of Eurite porphyry, and

of greenstone occur in the stratified beds near Christiania; the character of which they always more or less alter, but never interfere with their strike or dip. The former usually lie as a sort of conformable bed between the layers of limestone and clay; and are wider and more irregular in their shape than the greenstone. The greenstone veins are narrow, and perfectly regular in their sides; and cut through both the eurite and the fossiliferous strata, nearly at right angles to their strike, or in a direction about N. N. W., and S. S. E. They have not however disturbed the line of stratification, so that the differently coloured seams of the argillo-calcareous beds may be seen in a perfectly correct line on each side of the interposing dike.

In giving the former veins the name of Eurite porphyry, Keilhau would wish to be understood as applying it to the whole class, which must be considered together in a geological point of view, notwithstanding they vary some-

what in mineralogical composition. Quartz is frequently so predominant in them, as to render them by no means easily fusible; though usually felspar is sufficiently predominant to justify the name. It appeared to me that the eurite occasionally spreads out over the surface, (as for instance, at Pipervig, near Christiania,) while the greenstone, from its superior hardness, stands out like a wall high above the softer transition rocks.

It would seem from the phænomena now mentioned, that after the deposition of the calcareous beds, cavities were formed between the strata, into which the eurite was gently injected: and that subsequently, transverse fissures were effected, in the same masses (whether by desiccation, or by contraction of the earth's crust to accommodate itself to a globe diminishing in volume as it cooled) in a direction perhaps determined by electricity, which were eventually occupied by greenstone, protruded from beneath.

In witnessing the immense extent of derivative rocks of the oldest age, which occupy the whole length and breadth of Norway, with the comparatively trifling exceptions already mentioned, one cannot help speculating, whence were they derived? It surely is far from satisfactory to say that such enormous masses have been derived from the abrasion of previously existing rocks, of which confessedly no trace now remains: for no one, I believe, in any country pretends to show existing granite older than gneiss. Time we give *ad libitum:* but what a vast granitic continent must have existed, to supply by its waste the enormous extent and thickness of the Scandinavian Fjelder! what huge rivers, to convey the wasted particles and fragments, and deposit them over so wide an area!

But even granting all this, these vast original mountain chains must have been both more extensive, and loftier, than the sediment derived from them (which constitutes our mo-

dern loftiest ranges) how then can they have so entirely disappeared from the surface, in any conceivable disturbance to which this Globe has been subjected? they would surely have at least an equal chance of surviving any catastrophe, as the inferior strata, formed at their feet from the abrasion of their surface.

The ingenious hypothesis that much of the gneiss, though derived from granite, may in fact be said to be contemporaneous in formation with it, serves to remove some of the difficulty, but not all. According to this idea, granitic matter being protruded into warm, and slightly agitated water, such as probably constituted the primæval Ocean, there crystallized into granite, which was partly abraded, almost simultaneously, and deposited in the form of gneiss. The apparent passage of these two rocks into each other, in the environs of Christiania, may be thus explained: but I confess that upon this, as upon a thousand other points connected with the fascinating science of Geology, very much

appears to me to remain yet to be cleared up; if ever it can be.

I will conclude with repeating my hope that it will not be long ere this interesting and instructive district be visited by English Geologists, capable of decyphering and elucidating the rich, though obscure records it contains, of the earlier processes, by which the Almighty Architect was pleased to bring our Globe into its present state of order and beauty.

I cannot pretend to have made by any means a complete Tour of Sweden; but having visited some of the most interesting geological localities, in the centre, the West, and the extreme South of that Kingdom, I will add a brief sketch of them, the rather as they lie little out of the direct road to the country I have more especially taken upon me to describe. A good Geological Map* of this portion of Sweden

* Geognostisk Karta öfver Medlersta och Södra Delarne af Sverige, af W. Hisinger. Stockholm. 1834. (Geological map of the Central and Southern portions of Sweden.)

has been published at Stockholm by Hisinger; which the Geologist will do well to purchase: it is not dear, but is difficult to procure, except at Stockholm itself.

Generally speaking, the country from Christiania to Helsingborg consists of Gneiss. But near Wenersborg (at the South-western extremity of Lake Wenern) also at Kinnekulle, near Lidköping, on the same Lake; and again to the South, from Sköfde to Falköping, are some very remarkable protrusions of Trap, surrounded by fossiliferous strata similar to the transition rocks near Christiania.

The extensive district here alluded to, lying between the vast Lakes Wenern and Wettern, is extremely flat. Its base is Gneiss, horizontally stratified, and covered for the most part with a marshy, peaty soil, intermixed with boulders and gravel. It has evidently been under water at no very remote geological period; and would be so again, were the gorge at Trollhættan blocked up a few feet above its present level.

The singular features of this district are well seen from the summit of any of the isolated trap rocks above mentioned, particularly from Kinnekulle: but the effect of closing the outlet of the immense body of waters collected in Lake Wenern (as it doubtless formerly was closed before the rocks at Trollhættan were riven asunder) is best seen from Hunneberg or Halleberg, near Wenersborg.

These are two twin hills, with long, straight tops, from 300 to 500 feet in height, and composed of a kind of trap, resting on stratified limestone. They are now separated by a deep and narrow gorge, through which it is believed the waters of the Lake once flowed: but they have every appearance of having once been united. The Southern side of Hunneberg (which alone I had time to examine) presents a steep escarpment of trap rock, in some places rudely columnar. Beneath the trap lie the calcareous beds, bearing evidence of having been considerably altered by heat, but perfectly

horizontal and undisturbed in their stratification; and seemingly extending some way into the hill under the trap. I suppose, therefore, that the latter must have been poured through a comparatively small fissure, in a very fluid state, and have then overflowed the limestone beds on all sides.

The limestone is quarried for agricultural and domestic purposes: in the two quarries that I visited, I could observe that it frequently seemed to be calcined, was vesicular, and contained pyrites, and clusters of crystals, together with some curious depressed, spherical concretions. The only organic remains, that I saw, were a few imperfect *Trilobites*, and an abundance of that most singular little Crustacean, now extinct, the eyeless *Battus*.

But Kinnekulle is a still more interesting point, both for the Geologist and picturesque Tourist. Although its height is only 900 feet above the sea; it yet from its insulated position, on the very shore of Lake Wenern, com-

mands a very extensive and pleasing prospect over land and water. The borders of the Lake are too low to boast of grandeur; but many promontories that run far into its placid bosom, being well wooded, and occasionally occupied by noblemen's seats, afford an agreeable resting place to the eye. On a very clear day, I could but just distinguish the opposite shore in one or two points.

On approaching Kinnekulle from the nearest town, Lidköping, you come first to a platform of Sandstone, resting on the universal Gneiss of this country. It is about seventy feet in thickness, and contains few or no distinguishable fossils. Above this is a second platform, of Alum slate, fifty feet thick, also surrounding the central nucleus, but of course with a diminished diameter: numerous *Battus*, and imperfect *Trilobites*, and crystals of alum are found in this bed. We ascend next to a third platform of reddish limestone, full of *Orthoceratites* of immense size, though not of

many varieties: it is said to be 165 feet in thickness. And lastly, above all these Transition beds, rises the trap, with some associated flinty slate, to a further height of 450 feet.

I believe exactly the same order is observed in the analogous range of Billingen, near Sköfde, and at Mosseberg, near Falköping; but that the successive strata are thicker than at Kinnekulle. It is remarkable that in all these localities, the same as at Hunneberg, the stratification has apparently not been at all disturbed by the intrusion of the trap.

The limestone of Kinnekulle is much employed for building and ornamental purposes: specimens of it may be seen not only at Göthenborg, but at much more distant places, as for instance, at Hamburg. It takes a tolerable polish; and the *Orthocerarites*, with which it abounds, add much to its beauty, from the variety produced by the different sections of their chambers, which, as well as the Siphuncle, are usually cased with crystallized carbonate

of lime. Any of the quarries on the sides of this mountain will supply the Geologist not only with this fossil, but also with abundant varieties of small *Trilobites*, and *Battus;* and if he be industrious or fortunate, with still rarer specimens. Very fair quarters may be obtained on the mountain, at a farmhouse called Rosætter: and about three miles from it, to the North, are the large Alum works of Honsætter.

In addition to the localities here described, a similar limestone is quarried at Omsberg, on the Eastern shore of Lake Wettern; it is of a greenish grey colour, and among other fossils seems to contain many strongly striated *Terebratulæ*. According to Hisinger's map of this mountain, a nucleus of granite replaces the trap of Kinnekulle: a little to the South of Omsberg is an interesting tract of Keuper sandstone.

The line of the Götha Canal, between Lakes Wettern and Roxen, passes through transition rocks: and many good fossils were obtained

at Motala, Husbyfjöl, Berg, &c. during the formation of the canal. I did not, however, see any quarry, or good section, along this line; and the only organic remains I found in any quantities, were the usual *Battus*. Besides these localities, it will be seen on referring to Hisinger's map, that there are numerous other isolated patches of transition rocks, dispersed throughout this portion of Sweden, that stretch across in a direction S. E., and N. W. in a sort of band terminating in the islands of Gottland and Öland.

Can we doubt that these rocks of a similar geological age, and containing similar fossils, were once more or less continuous? and that subsequently, devastating floods have swept away the greater part of them, and denuded the fundamental Gneiss? In the case of Kinnekulle, and the other trap hills, we may imagine that the superfused igneous rock protected the strata from these destructive forces: their position with reference to the Gneiss, and their

undisturbed bedding, forbidding us to suppose they can have been elevated above the reach of their action.

As a further evidence of the long and violent action of water over this district, posterior to the deposition of the latest rocks, though prior to the habitation of man, may be mentioned the well known Oasar, or Sand-oasar, heaps of gravel and pebbles, intermixed with large boulders, more or less rounded, and undoubtedly derived from the older Scandinavian rocks. This formation of Baltic boulders, as it is now generally called, or *Terrains de transport*, according to French nomenclature, extends to the Southward, across the Baltic, far into central Germany; and in breadth, from the Eastern coast of Scotland and Norfolk, up to Moscow. But in this portion of Sweden, so near to its native seat, it attains great thickness, and forms (as its name implies) islands, and terraces, on which villages are built, and roads are carried. It has been thought that a

certain regularity of direction in the outline of these transported heaps may be observed; as well as some approach to a stratification, or lamination of their contents: I do not dispute the facts, but I cannot confirm them by my own limited observation.

I have already alluded to the enormous deposit of shells, identical with those still found in the adjoining sea, which may be seen at various spots near Uddevalla; but especially on the hill of Capellbacken, half a mile from the town, where they attain a height of 190 feet above the sea. At Jonserud near Göthenborg, is a similar deposit, but of more limited extent, and only fifty or sixty feet above the sea.

The Southern Province of Scania is a very interesting district, especially to an English Geologist; from a great portion of it consisting of chalk and greensand, which are so beautifully developed in our own country. Unfortunately, however, the comparison of these

distant localities of the same formations is rendered less satisfactory by the almost total absence of any good sections. The shores of Scania are very low, presenting every appearance of having recently emerged from the sea; as various independent facts warrant us in concluding to be the case.

The Geologist must not expect to find the bold cliffs of Dover, or the Isle of Wight. True chalk, in fact, is scarcely to be seen; or only at Charlottenlund, and Östratorp, on the Southern coast, and at Sallerup, near Malmö. About a couple of miles to the South of Malmö, at a place called Lim-hamn *(i. e.* "Lime haven") they dig up on the shore, and burn, small masses of a greyish, hard, chalk marl. Among the heaps collected at the kiln, I found two or three species of *Terebratulæ*, (chiefly *ovalis* and *curvirostris*) two or three *Spatangi (Cor anguinum)* a shark's tooth, said to be uncommon; *Ostrea vesicularis;* and numerous stalks of a species of *Siphonia.*

A little to the East of Ystad is the principal deposit of Greensand; but here also good sections are sadly wanting. The surface of the country is low, and undulating, covered with a loose sandy soil, intermixed with the usual boulders of Gneiss, granite, and syenite. Several oval Tumuli, or Barrows, rise in this plain, and are universally ascribed to Odin by the natives. A small stream has cut through the loose soil, to a depth of about thirty feet; and turns two mills at Svenstorp and Köpinge Mölla, which are celebrated localities for Scanian fossils. It is, however, useless to expect to obtain any good specimen there now, unless there happen to be a quarry accidentally opened, or the Tourist be prepared to employ men for two or three days to dig.

At Svenstorp Mölla, below the loose sand are seen thin layers of hardish stone, with the dark green grains of silicate of iron, common to the Greensand formation. The pretty little *Pecten pulchellus,* and a few fragments and

casts of others, were all the fossils I saw there. At Köpinge, the only place to search for specimens is in some pits on the side of a sand hill, made to keep the potatoes. After digging and delving there for two or three hours, I only succeeded in discovering a quantity of *Dentalia,* and small *Belemnites;* with a few *Pectens,* and some indistinguishable fragments that crumbled to pieces immediately. Hisinger's "Lethæa Svecica," however, and Nilsson's "Petrificata Suecana," show that much better success has been obtained here, by employing better means.

In the neighbourhood of Christianstad are several noted spots for fossils, such as Mörby, the island of Ifö, Kjugestrand, and Balsberg: all of which Hisinger classes as chalk, though there is not the slightest appearance of chalk any where near, but only sand: and the fossils, as far as I am aware, would agree equally with the Greensand. I staid there several days, and saw enough to convince me that there are a

hundred spots as favourable for fossil hunting, as those that have acquired a name. The district has been little visited, and is somewhat difficult to penetrate from the abundance of Lakes: it is, however, on their shores that the fossils are chiefly found; as there are no quarries, and few artificial excavations of any kind.

By far the best locality for fossils that I visited in Scania, is Ignaberga, about eighteen miles to the North-east of Christianstad. Near this village is an extensive deposit of shells and corals, so pure and free from foreign substances, as to be burned for the lime, employed in household uses, being considered too expensive for manure. In the largest quarry that I examined, about a mile from Ignaberga, I found the bed worked to a depth of thirty feet. The greater part of this enormous mass of shells, consisted of broken fragments: but in the course of a few hours I spent in several of these quarries, I collected

a great number of the pretty little *Cranium striatum* (including four or five specimens with both valves quite perfect); many *Belemnites (mucronatus,* and *mammillatus)* also quite perfect, but without any trace of an Operculum; several beautiful *Terebratula Lyra, Ter. spathulata,* &c.; many *Pectens* and *Plagiostoma;* numerous spines and plates of *Cidaris; Chama Cornu Arietis; Podopsis truncata;* various *Oysters;* and an infinity of small *Corallines.* A workman gave me three or four small shark's teeth; and told me they had thrown many away.

From Ignaberga to Hör is about twenty miles; the road is hilly, and pretty for so flat a country as Scania: some basaltic rocks on the way deserve notice. A Scotchman keeps the inn at Hör,—where are Scotchmen not to be found? and though he has fallen too much into the filthy and uncomfortable habits of his adopted country, still his house affords rather more comfort than the dirty hovels met with

in this part of Sweden. The Scanians have the character among their Swedish and Danish neighbours, of being the filthiest, coarsest, most uncivil and treacherous people, of the Scandinavian race. The picture may be a little overcharged: but I must confess that during my fortnight's tour among them, I met with much to confirm, and very little to gainsay, these severe charges. And as for eatables, even after my long experience of Norway, I scarcely know how I should have lived, if it had not been for eels, which, cold or hot, formed my daily dinner and supper.

Immediately to the South of Hör, and as far as the Lake Ringsjön, lies a tract of lowish, undulating hills, in the midst of the Gneiss rocks. They are composed of a more or less coarse sandstone, often containing rounded pebbles of quartz, so as to form a silicious breccia; and much resembling our millstone grit. Like it also, this stone is extensively quarried for grinding-stones; and in certain spots con-

tains abundant impressions of plants. Vegetable matter is indeed disseminated throughout the rock; but nowhere so plentifully as to constitute coal. I found many pieces of carbonized wood; tolerable specimens of two or three of the Ferns, named after Professor Nilsson, and peculiar, I believe, to this locality; many Calamites; and a few of the leaves, which are said to belong, and have every appearance of belonging, to Dicotyledonous trees. The geological age of this formation is not yet determined; though by many it is referred to the Wealden: it appears to lie between the Lias and Greensand; that is, if it be allowed that the Coalfield of Höganäs really belong to the Lias, as a few trifling fossils would seem to indicate.

The English coal owner need not fear the rivalry of the Höganäs mines, which are situated about twelve miles to the North of Helsingborg, near the entrance of the Sound. I was assured by the very intelligent chief engineer, named Peders, that there are only five seams

of coal, from one to seven inches thick, which last is the thickest yet discovered! The greatest depth they have actually worked is about forty-five fathoms; but they have bored nearly twice as deep, and found likely strata, when the water came in upon them, and stopped their progress. It could not possibly pay to work so poor beds, if they did not also raise excellent clay for fire bricks. The coal is not only deficient in quantity, but in quality: it seems imperfectly carbonized, and contains much sulphur. Few impressions of plants have been found in the associated beds; but such as have been met with, are mostly curious and peculiar, and have been sent to Stockholm. In examining the heaps at the pit mouth, I saw nothing but the stems of calamites, much resembling those of our own Culm measures, but without fronds; and no Ferns, &c.

Before quitting Scania, the geologist should make a point of visiting Lund, the seat of an ancient archbishopric, and a considerable mo-

dern University. In the Museum belonging to the latter is a good geological collection; but a much more instructive and interesting one is possessed by the distinguished Professor Nilsson, to whom the Tourist who seeks for information should certainly endeavour to obtain an introduction. His collection contains the best specimens of almost all the fossils found in Sweden: and the intelligent Professor's accompanying observations render their examination doubly agreeable and improving.

Having mentioned the very unsatisfactory manner in which the chalk appears in Scania, I cannot but advertise the dabbler in geology (for the experienced geologist will be aware of the fact) that he will find this formation much better developed on the opposite coast of Denmark, at Stevensklint, Faxöe, and in the Island of Möen. These localities have been generally described, with great accuracy, by Mr. Lyell. The Museum at Copenhagen possesses excellent specimens of the organic re-

mains found there, which though agreeing in the main with the fossils of our own chalk, afford many peculiarities. In the Copenhagen Museum, for instance, may be seen fine and perfect specimens of the large *Trochus Danicus*, and *Nautilus Danicus;* as well as the many corals peculiar to the Faxöe bed; also the pretty little *Magus (Terebratula ?) pumila*, abundant at Faxöe, but rare elsewhere. There are, likewise, in the same collection, many good examples of the Scanian fossils; and the largest and the most perfect *Olenus Tessini* yet discovered.

Those who are interested in the most recent formations, which either immediately preceded, or were contemporaneous with, the first appearance of man in these parts, will be much gratified by the inspection of the abundant specimens from what Dr. Forchhammer calls "the Quaternary Formation," as being subsequent to the "Tertiary." In the latter no trace of man's works is found; in the former, pieces of

rude pottery, boats, and household implements, are occasionally discovered. Great part of Denmark consists of this formation, none of the Danish Continent being older than the chalk: but the North-west coast of Jutland, near Vencyssel, appears to be the most favourable point for its observation. There, at the promontory of Robsnæs, Dr. Forchhammer has found these recent strata, which are usually horizontal, suddenly thrown up to an angle of 70°: and exhibiting a thickness that he cannot calculate less than 8000 feet.

Perhaps the most interesting phænomenon connected with the "Quaternary" deposits is the occurrence of Märtörv, or Marine Peat; which seems to form a connecting link between our Peat Mosses, and the German Brown coal: the different degrees of compression alone, apparently, causing relative distinctions of character.

If the geologist be desirous to render his survey of this part of Europe still more complete,

he will find the Islands of Bornholm (of which Dr. Forchhammer has published a map and account) and of Gottland, well deserving his attention. The former possesses a considerable deposit of coal, supposed to be of the same age as that of Höganäs: in the latter, there is an extensive formation of Transition limestone, with a peculiar sandstone, and a dubious Oolite, all of them rich in fossils, of which several appear to be confined to that Island.

CHAPTER XII.

Recommendations of a Tour in Norway—Character of Norwegians—Attachment to England—How far Norway is suited to emigrants—Wages and mode of life—Wants of the body better provided for than those of the mind—Nothing done for posterity—The Constitution; its advantages and defects—Dissimilarity between the Swedes and Norwegians, in character and institutions—Carl Johann—Prince Oscar—Fear of Russia—Sketch of social system—Clergy—Ritual and tenets of the Lutheran church—Size of parishes—Annual visitation — Compulsory Education — National finances—Want of circulating medium—General results—Conclusion.

If, in the above slight sketches of my visits to Scandinavia, I have at all succeeded in conveying to the reader an adequate idea of the impressions they made on me, he will readily understand that I look back to them with feelings of pleased and grateful recollection. The scenery of Norway is highly picturesque; to

the lover of the wild and grand it is pre-eminently attractive. Many of its features, as, for instance, its Fjords, are peculiar: and no less so are its moral and political features, its modes of living and domestic habits.

There is, in fact, a freshness and strangeness about the country and its inhabitants, which to one only conversant with those nations whose more marked peculiarities have been worn off by constant intercourse, is highly delightful. In such a country, and among such a people, it will be readily understood that a thousand details of beauty will daily be seen, a thousand adventures of interest or amusement be met with, which though contributing greatly to the Tourist's every day's enjoyment, it is scarcely possible, or might even appear trifling to commit to paper.

Then what I confess to be always a great addition to the recommendations of a Tour in my eyes, is the honest and kindly character of the Norwegians. Who is there, that has tra-

velled through central Europe for instance, that has not felt it to be a great drawback to his pleasures, to be made daily aware of the unfriendly spirit with which an Englishman is usually regarded by the French, or to see himself cheated and laughed at by a people whom he cannot help so much despising, as the Italians!

In Norway, on the contrary, the English character stands very high: and it will be the Englishman's own fault, if he be not both respected and liked. In the few instances I knew of my countrymen getting into serious quarrels with the natives, it was invariably the Englishman's fault; and when it did not arise from misapprehension (in consequence of his ignorance of the language, as well as the laws and customs of the land in which he was travelling) was sure to be connected with that besetting sin of Britons, the determination to flog the little grass-fed ponies of Norway up and down its precipitous hills, at

the same rate that our powerful horses carry the mail along our magnificent roads. I have already expressed my sentiments as to the unfairness, and unkindness, and I may add, the impolicy of this conduct; for the Norwegian will not tamely bear this treatment of his beast: and if the stranger persist in it, he will be sure to get into constant altercations at every Station, and eventually most probably into an unpleasant scrape, as the laws are sufficiently severe on this subject.

I also heard of a few instances where Englishmen fancied themselves cheated by the Norwegians: some of these instances I had an opportunity of investigating, and satisfied myself that the supposed grievance was founded solely on their own inability to understand, or be understood by, the natives; or that they were imposed upon by their own servant, in whose hands their ignorance completely placed them. I do not mean to assert that trifling instances of overcharge never occur, in the towns espe-

cially: but I can only say that during eight or ten months I have spent in Norway, traversing its entire length and breadth, I never met with any thing that could be called a serious case of imposition or deception. What foreigner can say as much for England?

So much for my experience of the lower and middle classes, with whom the Tourist, merely passing through the country, mostly comes in contact. But I have also mixed a good deal with the upper ranks of Norwegians: and ungrateful indeed should I be, if I did not add my humble testimony not only of the admiration and affection they universally expressed towards my country, but also of the kindness and hospitality they showed to myself individually.

An observant Englishman can scarcely visit any land without being impressed with the conviction that a large portion of the liberties of the world is at stake in the safety or fall of our diminutive Island: but in Norway

more especially will he be made aware of the universal conviction of the people, that England is the Palladium of their liberty and independence. What a change of relative position a few centuries have produced, when that mighty Empire which now broods, as it were, over so many millions from India to Canada, should be implored to grant a scanty portion of its protecting pinions to the not degenerate descendants of a people who once ravaged her shores, and seized her throne, at will!

I must, however, confess that, attached as I became to the country and its inhabitants, my admiration is not so indiscriminate, as to blind me to its deficiencies, or to view it as an El dorado for emigrants, or to recommend it for imitation in all its institutions, as a late and intelligent Tourist has done, whose exaggerated partiality is universally laughed at by the Norwegians themselves.

I do not doubt that a certain number of steady and industrious young men, with suffi-

cient capital to purchase a small estate, might provide themselves and their families with all the common necessaries of life, more easily in Norway, than in an old and overstocked country like England. But then, it must be borne in mind that but few could be so accommodated. The extent of uncultivated land in Norway is indeed great; but its position and the circumstances of its climate, render it also uncultivatable: the failure of the crops for so many successive seasons, in many of the higher Straths, proves that the point of profitable cultivation in an average of years has been passed.

The quantity of good arable land is mostly confined to the Vallies, and is small. A patch of such land is indispensable: for, in Norway, there is no opportunity of selling one article of produce to purchase another: every master of a family must produce every thing that he requires, on his own land. The very trifling superfluities he will have to dispose of, after feeding all those by whose labour they are

obtained, must go to procure the few articles of colonial produce he can afford to consume, and to pay his taxes.

Then, for six or seven months of the year, no out-door work can be done: for the other half of the year, I have already indicated what incessant and severe labour must be encountered. An intending emigrant should therefore well reckon the cost of these various drawbacks, before he rashly quits any situation in which he is but tolerably well off. The demand for casual labour is too precarious to be depended on; and the work expected is both too severe, and too poorly requited, to tempt an English labourer from even the most poverty-stricken of our districts.

In winter time there is no call for extra labour, beyond that which is supplied by each Farmer's own family. During the harvest work can generally be procured, at the rate of from 5*d.* to 8*d.* besides victuals, for a day of sixteen hours of hard toil. Sometimes

taskwork can be got: I found the men paid thus at Rogstad, in the autumn of 1837. They received 16 skillings (or about 7*d.*) for every thirty sheaves of barley, that they cut, and tied, and fixed on the tall stakes, which are placed for this purpose at proper intervals, throughout every corn field in Norway. Eight sheaves are stuck, one above the other, on each stake: but a man must work very hard, and the corn must stand well up and thick, for him to be able to earn an English shilling. He is besides fed; which may be reckoned about 5*d.* more: at least the men who are employed to look after the floating timber, where it is delayed by Fosses or shallows, usually receive a mark, or 10*d.* a day, without victuals, or half a mark, if with food.

The only labourers in Norway who can be considered well off are the "Housemen;" a small number of whom are attached to every considerable farm. They have a house and plot of ground, with summer pasturage, and

the use of the adjoining forest for timber and fuel, rent free: for these advantages they are bound to give a certain number of days' labour to the proprietor, whenever he requires it. These situations are however so few, and so much sought after, that the most industrious labourer has usually long to wait before he can obtain one.

One of my chief objections to the Norwegian character is in a great measure connected with this very abundance of the commonest necessaries of life which the owners of the land certainly can command. The comparative facility with which their sensual wants to a certain extent can be satisfied, makes them pay far too much attention to the body, too little to the mind. Eating and drinking are of infinitely too great importance in Norway: while intellectual pleasures seem very little regarded.

The power of reading is very general, through a compulsory system I shall shortly have occa-

sion to allude to; but except in the towns, where the newspapers afford the chief field for its exercise, little advantage seems to be made of it. In the country, and during the summer, at least, it is very rare to see any Norwegian, of any station, employed in reading: and the very scanty supply of books that a Norwegian house ever contains, proves the fact.

It is, no doubt, also dependent on this necessity for constant labour, that the Norwegians appear to have no peculiar sports, or country amusements whatever. I never saw them engaged in any pastime: nor could I hear of any national game. When even they fish, or shoot, it is done entirely for the pot, not for pleasure. This is not to be wondered at. It is easy to understand that after a week of such incessant toil, as their position renders imperative, rest alone is a sufficient enjoyment; and the absence of exertion, with the sedentary relaxations of tobacco and spirits, all that the body requires.

But how fares it with the mind, under such a system? how can the intellectual energies be exerted, and improved, enlarged, exalted by that exertion? how in short can all that dignifies man above the beasts that eat, and fatten, and perish, and that makes him partaker of a better and higher life than that of mere physical existence, be adequately promoted? It is very possible, indeed probable, that during their long winters these Northern people may both read and amuse themselves, much more than they do during their brief summers. But it is impossible that their amusements even at that period, as well as their general national character, should not be stamped with more or less of the unintellectual features impressed on them by the peculiarities of their daily life.

The necessity of providing for their daily existence makes them live only for the present, not for posterity. If they were swept away from the face of the earth, the Norwegians

would leave behind them no monument of human skill, or labour, or intellect, to tell another generation that a great people had so long tenanted the wide extent of Scandinavia. Nature's monuments would indeed still remain: Norway's Fjelder and Fjords would still claim the homage of the admirer of the sublime and beautiful. But no work of public utility or ornament—(its two or three cathedrals can scarcely be reckoned an exception)—no achievement in Science or Literature, wherewith the human mind of one period holds converse with the mind of all times, would exist to excite the regrets and admiration of the future wanderer on these shores. Not only the mighty empires of Egypt and Rome, but even the petty states of Greece, have left records of their existence, which must endure as long as the Arts are cultivated, or Letters are preserved, among men: whereas a single century of oblivion would obliterate all that the Norwegians have yet done for Posterity!

By many perhaps, their famous Constitution of 1814* will be considered the most valuable contribution that the Norwegians have rendered to the liberties of their fellow men, as well as the best claim to their admiration. It bears evident marks of the haste with which it was concocted, having been ostensibly prepared, within a very few days, on the exigency of the moment: although doubtless it was mainly modelled on the many previous attempts at Constitutions, that originated in the French Revolution; and in fact, is said to have been in embryo existence some time before.

* I dare not affix the date of the month, as well as of the year, this being even yet a subject of great and bitter debate. The Constitution was proclaimed by the Norwegians on the 17th of May, 1814: it received its sanction from the King, and assembled Storthing, on the 4th of November following. Accordingly, the former anniversary is celebrated with great enthusiasm by the People, to show that they consider they owe their liberties to themselves alone; the latter is observed by the Government and its subordinates, in maintenance of the doctrine that their authority, if not derived from, at least requires the concurrence of the Sovereign.

It is essentially democratic; too much so, it would seem, to be long compatible with the existence of a Monarchy, in any but so small a kingdom as Norway, and in such peaceful times as it has hitherto encountered. Were it exposed to the test of extended power, or wealth, or foreign aggression, my opinion is that it would fail, or at least require great modifications. Indeed, all well-informed Norwegians with whom I have conversed, confess that it contains many faults both of omission and of commission. At the same time, it has in the main worked so well hitherto, that they naturally fear lest in altering any of the objectionable parts, they might lose some of the essentials.

Their attachment to the "Ground-Law," as it is called, and their jealousy of the Swedes, with whom they are now linked, after having been so often and so long at war with them, are equally excessive. At the same time, with all their democratic tendencies and their anti-

pathy to Sweden, the great mass of the Norwegians have uniformly expressed, both publicly and privately, great attachment to their Sovereign, Carl Johann, as he styles himself, though christened Jean Baptiste Julian Bernadotte, and raised by his talent and fortune to the dignities of Marshal of France and Prince of Ponte Corvo. His manners are highly attractive; and during the last winter (of 1838-39) that he spent at Christiania, he personally won golden opinions from all ranks; although not a whit the more for that, would they accede to the propositions made to the then sitting Storthing, in his name.

The power of the Executive certainly appears to be too much limited: every thing that can fence in, and secure the liberties of the people, has been devised: but many other most material points have been overlooked. No one connected with the Ministry, in any degree, or with the Court, or in the receipt of a pension, can be elected to the Storthing, which, be it

remembered, is both Lords and Commons. By the sixty-second article of the Ground-Law it is provided, (it is written in French, as well as in Norsk,) "Les Membres du Conseil d'Etat, et les fonctionnaires employés à leurs bureaux; les Officiers de la Cour et ses pensionnaires ne pourront être nommés Représentans."

By this overstrained jealousy, the Storthing is not only deprived of the talents of many of the ablest and best men; but its labours are often greatly protracted, and the business incompletely and slovenly performed, which might be obviated by the presence of men possessed of official information, and official habits of business.

The time that intervenes between the sessions of the Storthing, is another serious objection. From the same jealousy, nothing of importance is allowed to be done except by the Storthing; and as it only meets once in every three years, on the first of February, useful and necessary measures are often grievously delayed.

This inconvenience is already much felt: and will be yearly more sensible, with the progressive advance of the country; until at length it will imperatively require alteration. The objection is, that on account of the distances that many of the Members have to travel, and the badness of the roads, it would be impossible for them to meet oftener. But let them continue to improve their communications, as it is their duty to do, and this objection will gradually lose its force: while the Members being so liberally paid, that most of them save money during their attendance, the worldly circumstances even of the poorest are not injured by it.

The Criminal Law of Norway confessedly needs great improvement: it is both defective, and far too severe, for modern ideas of legislation. The principal labour of the last Session of the Storthing (in 1839) was its correction and melioration. Much difference of opinion existed as to the extent of improvement effected by the New Law: however, the king refused

his assent to it, and thus this desirable reform is put off for at least three years. The king has the power of refusing his assent to any measure twice: but if the same identical measure passes three successive Storthings, it then becomes *ipso facto* the law of the land. This was the way in which the hereditary nobility of Norway was abolished, against the strenuous opposition of the king and court.

Carl Johann's motive, in withholding his assent to the proposed alterations in the Criminal Law, was understood to be his wish to assimilate them to the improvements intended to be introduced into the Swedish Code by the Diet now (1840) sitting at Stockholm. Ever since he came to the throne, it has been his evident and natural object to amalgamate, as far as possible, the two nations so unexpectedly submitted to his sway. How far he will succeed with such very discordant materials, as he has to deal with, remains to be proved, but I think may be guessed.

It is difficult to imagine two people so nearly connected, by position and origin, more dissimilar than the Swedes and Norwegians. In Norway is a nearly pure democracy, with a very limited king as its chief magistrate: no nobility: a perfectly free press: an equality of succession among the sons to the paternal property; and consequently an equalization of estates, and those small. In Sweden on the contrary, is a powerful monarchy; a very numerous nobility; with the feudal law of succession. The Norwegians are consequently, (speaking generally) a sturdy, but rather rough, race of honest republicans: while the Swedes, it must confessed, possess many more of the graces and accomplishments, contaminated also, unfortunately, with the vices of civilization.

It is sufficiently clear which of these two dissimilar states is most likely to find favour in a king's eyes, in his attempt to blend them together. However, I feel well convinced, that if their institutions are to be assimilated, Swe-

den must meet Norway much more than halfway. The sturdy democrat is not likely to yield all to the more polished aristocrat: besides, the superiority of the Norwegian institutions, in many respects, and their evident influence on the national prosperity, are too decided, not to be palpable to both people.

Carl Johann has renewed his so often rejected proposition, to be discussed (and rejected) in the next Storthing, to give the Sovereign an absolute Veto. He supports his proposal with great earnestness, but not very conclusive reasoning. Another wish of his is to have the power of Naturalization, which has hitherto been denied him, from a fear lest he should fill all the offices with needy Swedish Nobles. By the Ground-Law none but a Norwegian can occupy a post in the Norwegian Government: but if the king possessed this power of Naturalization, he could confer them upon any foreigner; that is, provided he be not a Monk or a Jew; for on the very first page of this ultra-liberal Con-

stitution it is decreed (Art. 2.) "Les Ordres des Jesuites et des Moines ne sont point tolérés dans le Royaume : les Juifs sont aussi désormais, comme ci-devant, exclus du Royaume."

A third point, upon which Carl Johann used to feel very strongly, he seems to have at length given up; rather, most probably, from seeing the impossibility of ever carrying it, than from any change in his convictions or sentiments : I mean the restoration of an hereditary nobility. However natural, and, as it would seem to us, almost necessary an adjunct to an hereditary monarchy, such a class may be, it hardly could exist long with the Norwegian Law that divides every father's property in equal shares among his sons, with half portions to the daughters.

The necessary effect of this law is to bring down the great mass of properties to an average size capable of maintaining a family, by the labour of its members. Some little variation in amount is necessarily produced by the

occasional centring of several properties in one, or the marriage of an heiress, or the operation of the Odel-barnsret.* But these circumstances only interfere for a time with the natural effect of the Law, which has practically reduced the great majority of Norwegian estates to this standard. Much below it, they evidently cannot fall: as if a son's share be not sufficient to maintain him, with the severest labour, he must sell it for what he can get, and endeavour to support himself in some other way.

* The term Odel, evidently nearly allied to the Teutonic Adel, or Edel, signifies an independent proprietor, free from all suit or service or acknowledgement whatever, to any superior. And the "Odel-barnsret" is an ancient privilege belonging to this class, whereby the eldest son may (if he is enabled by marriage or any other means so to do) pay off his brothers' and sisters' shares, at a fair valuation, and retain the family property; or in case of sale, the next of kin may claim the family estate, within five years, upon repayment of the purchase money, and the sums expended on improvements. Such is the natural prejudice in favour of retaining properties in the same line, which no legislation can utterly eradicate, that notwithstanding the strictest enactments, the valuations are said to be invariably made greatly in favour of the eldest son.

Such a state of things, however, is clearly incompatible with an hereditary nobility; the essence of which is not only the preference secured to one son over the rest, but the pre-eminence of its possessor over the inferior ranks by whom he is surrounded. In corroboration of this it may be mentioned, that when the hereditary nobility were abolished, although "Fidei Commissa," or entails, were then under certain circumstances permitted, yet there were only three noble families in Norway, and those of foreign extraction.

At Carl Johann's advanced time of life (he was born in January, 1764) he cannot possibly expect to effect many more changes: what may be the fate of his Son is open to much speculation. Many contingencies that we can foresee as probable, and doubtless many more which no human foresight can guess at, may arise to influence still more important destinies than those of the Sovereign of Scandinavia.

Prince Oscar has hitherto kept much aloof from public affairs; or rather, it is said, has been so kept by the inexplicable jealousy of his Father. But he is understood to possess considerable talents, with a more liberal system of politics than his Sire; and has at any rate made himself extremely beloved among all classes. His accession, therefore, would, I doubt not, be very popular: and I do not believe there is the slightest foundation for the strange notion, entertained by a late Traveller in Sweden, before referred to, namely, of a partition between the two lately united kingdoms, which would give Norway to Prince Oscar, and restore Sweden to the old line of the Vasas. I am convinced that no such idea exists among any considerable party in the whole Scandinavian Peninsula.

I much fear, however, that there may be far more foundation for Mr. Laing's suspicion that Russia would be likely to take the first favourable opportunity of seizing parts, at least, of

Sweden and Norway. A very general apprehension of some such design is certainly entertained in the North; although no one, that I ever heard of, attempts to justify it on his plea, that she requires them for a port, to enable her to supply her subjects more conveniently with colonial articles! On the same plea any highwayman might justify his measures to supply himself with what he wanted.

The Northern Bear is indeed a fearful neighbour: and not only the general policy of Russia, but her particular measures in Finmark and Nordland, as well as her lately constructed fortifications within sight of Stockholm, may well rouse the fears of so weak a power as Norway. Her army is but 12,000 men: and though the Norwegians are undoubtedly brave, they have not a military turn; at least, whether seen on guard, or at their annual exercise, they have any thing but a military *tournure*. They are much better adapted for

sailors: but their present marine is absolutely nothing.*

In short, they must, in case of Russian aggression, trust to foreign assistance; and England is the country to which they universally look, as, I trust, they would not look in vain. To this aid, backed by the proverbial courage of mountaineers and the natural difficulties of the country, and above all protected by the righteous Judge of a righteous cause, will the liberties of this interesting country owe their preservation, should they ever unfortunately be attacked. I confess that my own strong impression was, that the last Norwegian would die on the last mountain side, sooner than yield the liberty he prizes so highly: but I was sorry to see that such was not the conviction of the best informed Norwegians themselves.

It is not very easy for a stranger to acquire

* Every Norwegian is liable to serve, for five or seven years, up to the age of twenty-seven for the army, and thirty for the navy: after which age, he is exempt, except in case of invasion.

altogether just, or perfectly accurate notions of the internal economy of so peculiar a country, as Norway. But from what I could observe of the constitution and working of their administrative system, it appeared to me well adapted to their social state. Norway is divided for all civil purposes into the four Stifts or Provinces of Agershuus (or Christiania), Trondhjem, Bergen, and Christiansand; which are subdivided into seventeen Amts, or Counties; and these again into forty-four Fogderies, or Bailiwicks. Each of these is respectively presided over by an Amtmand, and a Foged. All the higher duties of the magistracy, the collection of the revenue, the care of the roads, the superintendence of the postmasters and innkeepers, and such like, devolve upon the Amtmen, and Fogeds. Under them is a Lensman in every parish: he is usually the most respectable and intelligent man of the district; and it is to him that the Traveller should have recourse, in case he meet with any difficulty, or in-

jury. Such of the Bönder as are members of the Storthing, are usually chosen from among the Lensmen.

There are no ambulatory judges of assize as with us; but in the principal towns are judicial courts, with a supreme court in Christiania, called the "Höjeste Ret," from whose decisions, I believe, there is no appeal, although the judges in that, as in every court, are liable to have actions brought against them, not only for corrupt judgments but also for ignorance, or incompetency. This responsibility is by no means nominal: they are often severely fined, or even deposed.

Throughout the length and breadth of the land are numerous Sörenskrivers, whose office is of the greatest practical importance, in consequence of the Norwegian law of succession, so often mentioned. The Sörenskriver superintends the valuation and division of property, to insure its just distribution among the heirs of every deceased proprietor—no trifling

matter—besides executing various subordinate legal duties.

But the most peculiar court of justice in Norway is that named "Forligelses-Commission;" that is, Court of Reconcilement, or Arbitration. There is such a court in every parish: it consists of three persons, chosen by the parishioners, of whom the Priest is almost invariably the chief, with the Churchwardens, or the Lensman, as his Assessors. Every intended litigation must in the first instance be submitted to this Commission, before it can be brought into a higher court. The parties are there personally heard; no professional person being allowed to appear; their evidence is canvassed; and a statement eventually drawn up in which both parties agree, and sign. The Assessors then endeavour to reconcile the parties, usually by proposing some middle course. If both submit to the arbitration, the decision is final: if one demurs, he can carry the case to a higher tribunal,

but at the risk of having the expenses to pay, should it be decided against him; and in no case can any fresh facts be brought forward, other than what are contained in the Protocol of the Forligelses-Commission.

Whether any modification of this institution could be beneficially adopted in a country like ours, I am not prepared to say: but I think there can be no doubt, that in a country like Norway it is productive of much more good, than evil, as tending to cut short a great deal of litigation. Strict legal justice is very probably not so much aimed at by a tribunal so constituted, as equity and concord. But a great deal depends upon the personal character of the Assessors, and especially of the Priest: if he be intelligent and pains-taking, the result is highly satisfactory; but if he be old and stupid, as will sometimes be the case, material facts are frequently omitted, and the whole case is sent up in so incomplete, jumbled, and bungling a form, that I have heard Amtmen

declare it is totally impossible to ascertain its real merits.

The influence of the Clergy is necessarily very great in all countries: but many circumstances contribute to render it still more powerful in Norway, than ordinary. There being scarcely any resident gentry, the Priest inevitably concentrates in himself nearly all the influence attached to superiority of education, manners, knowledge, station, and wealth. The Norwegian Priesthood are uniformly well educated; and, for the country, well endowed: in all these points, there is rarely any one to compete with them in a rural parish, except perhaps a Sörenskriver, or more distant Foged.

But besides these important sources of power, belonging to them as resident gentlemen, the Priests possess a degree of authority, attached to their ministerial character, beyond that of any other Protestant clergy. The Scandinavian Church is, of course, Lu-

theran: and it is well known that the Lutherans have thought fit to retain much more both of the tenets and outward observances of the Romish Church, than any other body of Protestants that separated from that communion. Among other things that they have retained, are the name, the vestments, and a large portion of the ministerial authority, independent of the personal character of the Priest. For thus he is always called; and when he celebrates "the High Mass," as it is also styled, at the High Altar, he wears a linen vestment, with an embroidered cross, reaching from his neck to his feet, precisely similar to those seen in Roman Catholic chapels.

I confess there is much in the public service of the Sabbath, as performed in Lutheran churches, with which I was dissatisfied: there is far too much singing, far too little reading of God's Word, far too little common prayer. As few of my countrymen have had equally good opportunities of observing the manner

in which the Sabbath duties are discharged in Norway, I will briefly describe the order usually followed, which with little variation is the same in all country parishes.

The men and women are seated, in their best attire, on separate sides of the aisle: a large proportion of the building is invariably occupied by the choir, which is railed off, and contains the High Altar, bearing two huge candlesticks, with a metallic receptacle for the Host, and surmounted by a sort of painted shrine, with gilded figures of the Virgin Mary, and saints; the whole, in short, savouring strongly of Romanism.

At the appointed hour (which is usually late, as there is never a second service in the country at least) an officer called the deacon, but not in holy orders, comes forward to the church rails, and repeats a short exhortation to prayer, concluding with the Lord's Prayer; immediately after which two long Psalms are sung by the entire congregation.

The Priest meanwhile has up to this period been either in the vestry, or kneeling at the Altar, engaged in his own private devotions, but with his back to the people, and taking no share in the service. He now turns round, and from the Altar reads the Collect and Epistle for the day: the Epistles and Gospels are the same as ours; the collects are different, and somewhat longer. Next follows another Psalm; after which the Priest reads (he ought, if he can, to chant it) the Gospel. A fourth Psalm is sung; during which the Priest mounts the pulpit, and proceeds to deliver a discourse, either extempore or from manuscript, on a subject invariably taken from the Gospel of the day. When he has concluded, he gives out the banns of marriage, together with other notifications, which in a rural parish are often of a very miscellaneous character. The service concludes with a dismission Psalm.

Such is the ordinary routine: but in the country, there usually are, during the summer,

many occasional services, such as baptisms, administration of the holy communion, marriages, catechizing of the children, &c. which are all performed during the public service, and tend greatly to lengthen it; as appropriate Psalms are sung to each, in addition to the five or six ordinary Psalms, already mentioned.

The public formularies of the Lutheran Church decidedly hold the doctrine of Consubstantiation, with regard to Christ's presence in the Sacrament of the Last Supper: but the generality of the Clergy are said (I believe truly) in reality to entertain opinions on that point, still further removed from the Romish Church, and nearer to ours. Those who wish to receive the Sacrament, merely signify their intention to the Priest on his coming to the church, any Sabbath morning: they go with him into the vestry, where they are "shrived," and receive absolution; and then kneeling round the Altar, receive the Sacrament in

both kinds, as with us, except that the cup is put to their lips by the Priest, not into their hands. The Communion service is in the main very like ours, only shorter: and during its celebration, the congregation sing appropriate Psalms.

On the subject of the other Sacrament, the Lutheran Church holds the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration very strongly. The Priest does not take the child into his arms, but sprinkles it with water, while in the nurse's arms; and signs it with the sign of the Cross, both on its forehead, and its breast: the prayers are very similar to our own. The "Kirke-Ritual," as I understand it, confines the number of sponsors and witnesses to five: but there usually are many more, who stand on each side down the Aisle, and when the ceremony is over march in procession, one after the other, all round the Altar (it is called the "Altar-gang") and as they pass the Priest, severally present him a small piece of money, for which he makes

a slight obeisance, though appearing to be engaged all the time in his private devotions. All the friends of the parties, in the Congregation, next follow, and make a similar offering: the same also takes place at a Marriage; so that, I doubt not, a considerable sum often accrues to the Priest, but, I must say, it has not a good appearance.

When the children are publicly catechized, which is frequently done preparatory to confirmation, the two sexes stand down their respective sides of the Aisle, when the Priest, passing between them, examines them at great length, both in the words, and the spirit, of Martin Luther's "Long Catechism." He is, as might be supposed, very frequently obliged to put the answers into their mouths.

This preparation for Confirmation is the best opportunity the poorer members of the Lutheran Church have of becoming acquainted with God's will and word. I have shown that no more of the Bible is publicly read, than what

is contained in the portion of Scripture appointed for the Epistles and Gospels of the respective Sundays. But previous to Confirmation, each person attends the Priest at his own house, until the latter is quite satisfied with his religious attainments: and as no one can be married, or indeed perform scarcely any civil office, without having been confirmed, it is infinitely more thought of, than in England.

No Religion is allowed to be publicly professed in Norway, but the Established, the Lutheran: and there are practically few, or no Dissenters. There are indeed scattered here and there, throughout the country, principally in the South and West, a few "Hougianers," (see vol. i. page 313,) but they are not only few in number, but also profess to adhere to the Established Church, although they are considered to hold several peculiar tenets, and have private Prayer Meetings in their own houses.

If I were called upon to express my opinion on the subject, I should certainly say that the Norwegians are a generally moral, but not a religious people: the comparative absence of temptation will partly account for the first; while the hints I have given of their social arrangements, and public religious ministrations will perhaps seem sufficient to explain the latter fact. Those who openly confess a more than ordinary care for the things of another world, and a desire for more frequent and more spiritual ministrations, than the usual service of their Church too generally affords, are here, as elsewhere, stamped with the title of "Helge," or Saints: but they seemed to me few and far between, and chiefly confined to the larger Towns.

The Lutheran Church of Scandinavia (including Denmark, Sweden, and Norway) was one of the few Protestant Communities that retained Episcopacy at the time of the Reformation. There are five Bishops in Norway,

and about 340 Parishes. When it is considered that the length of Norway is about 1000 miles, it may easily be imagined of what an enormous size many of these parishes must be. They have been made so in order that the burthen of maintaining the Clergy may fall as lightly as possible upon the scanty and poor population. The Priest receives a fixed amount of corn from each Farm: besides which he has almost always an extensive Glebe, and a good residence, together with the occasional fees before mentioned.

But the necessary consequence of this disproportionate size of the districts intrusted to each Clergyman's care, is a great lack of religious instruction and knowledge. The Parish of Grong, where I resided so long, was upwards of eighty miles in length; with five Chapels. Most of the large Country Parishes contain several Chapels, at great distances from each other: and as it is not the custom in Norway for the Priest ever to perform more than one

Service on the Sabbath, it may be conceived how little opportunity the inhabitants of most retired districts have of publicly praising God, or learning their duty.

The elements of reading and writing, together with Luther's Catechism, are universally taught. In every Parish there are a number of Schoolmasters, proportioned to its size, who during the winter months go from one Farm-house to another, in their respective districts, when all the unconfirmed children of the neighbourhood are compelled to attend. Those who neglect, are not only debarred from the important rite of confirmation; but are also liable to be fined. There is an Annual Visitation of each ecclesiastical district by one of the Priests appointed thereto with the title of "Probst;" when among a great many other similar matters, the list of those who have attended or neglected the schoolmaster is read over, and the delinquents reprimanded or punished: as also the salaries of the schoolmasters

paid. The stipends of the schoolmasters that I was acquainted with, varied from twelve to fifteen dollars, (forty-eight to sixty shillings,) besides which, they are entitled to their board and lodging, gratis, during their three months' circuit.

At this same Annual Visitation, the general state of the Parish is supposed to be accurately inquired into; the parochial Clergyman gives a sample of his preaching; and all the candidates for confirmation undergo a very lengthened examination. This latter is always closed by their singing one or two Psalms: for Psalmody, as I have shown, entering so much into their public worship, is necessarily made almost as much an object of instruction, as reading. Judging by the only opportunity I had of observing the Probst's annual Visitation, I should say it is not only an extremely interesting ceremony, but productive of considerable good; although it cannot be supposed that the Probst, should be inclined to exercise

any great severity towards his brother Priests, with whom he is in daily habits of intimacy, and above whom he enjoys but a temporary elevation.

I must repeat my conviction, derived from a tolerably extensive intercourse with the rural districts of Norway, that the faculty of reading, thus early and generally acquired, is but little improved in after life. Not only is it extremely rare to see a middle aged Norwegian reading, even on their days of rest; but equally uncommon is the sight of half a dozen volumes in any house. The traveller is so commonly lodged in the room that contains all the Bönder's chief valuables, that he could not help often seeing his books, if he possessed any. In the usual family cupboard I have seldom found other than Psalm books, with an ancient volume of devotions, perhaps, and a copy of the Ground-Law. Bibles are most unfortunately rare: and only twice have I found copies of the beautiful Bible, or Testament,

published in Christiania, by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

In these remarks, I must of course be understood as speaking of the interior of Norway: in the Towns, no doubt, there is greater opportunity, as well as desire, of reading; though even there, the study of the higher classes of literature seemed to me confined to very few, and that chiefly foreign, or in translations. In the country, the difficulty of procuring books acts as a great bar to mental improvement. The "Privileged Handlers," who supply the place of shopkeepers throughout the interior, keep only the useful articles, for which they find the most demand: and there being no public conveyances, not even a regular carrier, it is not easy to obtain any intellectual food from the distant city.

Another grievous impediment to the spread of information and education, is the absence of any school superior to the parochial provisions for elementary instruction before described, except

in the few large Towns. This, coupled with the want of any cheap mode of travelling, necessarily confines the education of the great majority of the children of the Clergy and others of the higher classes resident in the country, to private tuition; which with the parent's many other avocations, cannot but be inadequately performed, even where he has the ability and the inclination for it.

It is impossible that these various circumstances of their social position, with the results that will naturally strike any one as flowing from them, should not have a marked effect on the national character of the Norwegians. I am far from saying that they can all be speedily remedied: some may even think it better for the people that they should remain as they are. I cannot bring myself to believe that such ignorance is bliss: and I am sorry to be led to the conclusion, by such opportunities of forming an opinion as I have had, that the measures of the Storthing are characterised by too

niggardly a spirit in these matters: that in short they partake too much of what strikes me to be the leading defect of the national character, namely, an overweening attention to things material, in preference to things moral, or intellectual. There appears to me too democratic an objection to spend money upon any such subjects, too obstinate a jealousy of intrusting any thing to the Executive; which, however it may succeed in effecting a favourable balance sheet, does not contribute to the advance of the national mind, of the moral and intellectual energies of the people.

I do not pretend to understand the intricate subject of the Currency; which, indeed, if we may judge by the disagreement among those who have most studied it, must be a very difficult question. But figures would seem at any rate to show that by the above parsimonious system, the finances of Norway have been brought into a satisfactory state. Its debt is fast disappearing, and its trade is increasing: a

large proportion of the population is in easy circumstances, as far as the produce of their lands is concerned. And yet there seems to be no money in the country: the want of a circulating medium is most grievously felt. Men who have an abundance of all the common necessaries of life, find it very difficult to raise a few shillings: and when they possess some superfluities, which others are willing enough to take, they yet find it next to impossible to obtain ready money, wherewith to purchase other things they want, or pay their taxes.

A very intelligent Scotchman, who rented some large farms near Levanger, told me that this he found to be the great practical evil of the country. He could raise crops to reimburse him at the nominal prices of the neighbourhood: but when he came to sell, he was always obliged to give at the least two years' credit, even to men of substance; and at the last, had such trouble and difficulty to obtain any money, as to oblige him to give up his farms. The only

way he had of getting cash, was to export his corn in his own vessels to Trondhjem, or some other large town.

There is only one Bank of issue in Norway, stationed at Trondhjem: its paper forms the almost universal circulating medium of the country. For though the standard is silver; coins of that metal are so rare, that, I am sure, I did not altogether see five pounds' worth of silver during two long visits; and gold I never saw. I never could make out what becomes of the silver raised at Kongsberg: it does not come into the circulation; and the very scanty supply of spoons and forks, used in Norway, cannot absorb much.

In offering the above general observations on what appeared to me to be the social, moral, and political state of Norway, I have endeavoured briefly, but with all sincerity, to record my impressions of its real character: not feeling it right on the one hand to extenuate what I believed to be faulty in its institutions,

while, on the other, still more unwilling to set down aught in malice.

All right minds take an interest in acquiring a correct estimation of the position and social arrangements of the other members of the great family of man. In no other way can this correct estimate be formed by such as have not the opportunity of personally visiting the respective countries, than by comparing together the accounts of the several travellers who have had fair means of judging them. One man may have seen one aspect of the varying phases of society, another a different one: one traveller may have, voluntary or involuntary, prejudices of one sort, another of a totally contrary kind: and the result is the correction of material error in the mind of the intelligent and unbiassed reader.

With this conviction, I ventured to give my impressions, founded on altogether a nine months' residence in Norway, during which I visited a large portion of the country, and

mixed extensively with the highest and lowest classes of its inhabitants. I can not by any means boast of peculiar powers of observation: but I am sure I can assert my sincere anxiety to arrive at the truth, and a warm, though not blind, affection both for the people and their land.

Norway must ever possess an especial interest in the eyes of England, far beyond what its narrow bounds, or present rank in the scale of nations, would seem to claim: an interest, derived both from the ancient connexion that formerly subsisted between the two countries, as also the present countenance, and future protection that the one looks to from the other. Norway claims our attention even yet more, from the habits, and institutions of the olden time, which it alone among the old countries of Europe has been able to preserve; and which possess a more than ordinary interest at the present time, when there are some wild spirits at home who dream that a democracy, an equalization of property, the abolition of

all hereditary distinctions (all of which Norway practically possesses to a considerable extent) would conduce to the improvement and general benefit of our own nation.

I have endeavoured to show that, though in a country situated like Norway, such institutions do seem to diffuse a certain degree of the common necessaries of life, more generally among all classes, than our more feudal system; yet even in this contracted nation they have a strong tendency to keep the people down at a low intellectual level. In a country like ours (even if such changes could be effected tranquilly, which is impossible) they would without doubt, destroy every thing that constitutes the moral and mental greatness of England.

I trust that the liberties of this small, but interesting land will not be suffered by us to be overwhelmed, if ever they be attacked. On every account, their preservation must be considered a matter of personal importance to

ourselves. The dreaded foe of Norway is the most probable foe of ourselves, in every quarter of the Globe, where we come in contact: the enemy of her liberties is the enemy of those of the whole civilized world. On every side of her overgrown empire, she seems desirous of seizing the deserts of her neighbours, instead of cultivating her own; of adding more and more hordes of savages to the countless millions she already possesses, instead of civilizing and elevating in the scale of being those that have long acknowledged her sway. We have already quite sufficient grounds of jealousy against Russia, at a thousand points, without allowing her to occupy a line of spacious ports, within a short sail of our own Northern shores.

In addition to the moral sources of interest, thus connected with Norway, I have endeavoured (too faintly, I feel and confess,) to bring before the English travelling public, those which are connected with its picturesque phy-

sical features, its scenery, its geology; and especially the advantages it holds out to the Angler. All these recommendations Norway offers for a summer's excursion to the Tourist possessed of a healthy frame of mind and body. The former is necessary to appreciate the unsophisticated claims to his admiration that the inartificial state of society in the North presents: the other may be required at first, by the unaccustomed frugality of Norwegian fare, and the want of usual comforts, together with the unavoidable exposure to weather. I think, however, that a short familiarity with such fare will practically convince him that it is more conducive to lightness of spirits and activity of body, than all the mysteries of a Parisian cuisine; while the experience of a few Skydskaffers' accommodations will realize to his convictions what he may before have only acknowledged theoretically, that "Man does in reality want but little here below."

With such feelings, I will only further

express my hope that these pages may be received as a humble contribution to the knowledge of this interesting country and people; and as a grateful, though imperfect, memorial of very many pleasant hours, and of very much personal kindness, for which I am indebted to Norway and Norwegians.

APPENDIX.

LIST OF SALMON AND TROUT CAUGHT IN 1837.

WHEN.	WHERE.	WHAT.	Total Wt. lbs.	oz.
May .. 30	River Götha, above Trollhættan.....	2 Trout	5	0
,, .. 31	Ditto, below Trollhættan	5 Ditto	17	12
June .. 14	Bogstad, near Christiania	10 Ditto	2	0
,, .. 17	Moe, on Lake Mjösen	8 Grayling.....	5	8
,, .. 22	Near Laurgaard	29 Trout	3	8
,, .. 26	Near Jerkin.....	25 Ditto	11	0
,, .. 27	Ditto	18 Ditto	9	0
July .. 10	Steenkjær	2 Salmon	10	8
,, .. 11	Ditto	6 Trout	6	12
,, .. 12	Ditto	1 Ditto, and 1 Salmon of 14lbs.	15	8
,, .. 15	River Namsen, near Grong	4 Salmon, (28, 15, 14, 14lbs.) rose 8	71	0
,, .. 17	Ditto ditto	6 Ditto, (26, 19, 18, 14, 13½, 4lbs.) rose 8	94	8
,, .. 18	Ditto, near Fossland	1 Ditto ; rose 5	15	0
,, .. 19	Ditto, near Grong	3 Ditto, (5, 4, 4lbs.) rose 6.....	13	0
,, .. 21	Ditto, near Fiskum.....	1 Ditto ; rose 3.....	11	0
,, .. 22	Ditto, ditto	7 Ditto, (24, 13, 6, 6, 5, 5, 5lbs.) rose 18.....	64	0
,, .. 24	Ditto, ditto	4 Ditto, (20, 18, 15, 4lbs.) 2 Sea-trout ; rose 8 Salmon	62	0
,, .. 25	Ditto, ditto	7 Ditto, (30, 24, 19, 16, 6, 4, 4lbs.) rose 16.....	103	0
,, .. 26	Ditto, between Fiskum and Fossland	6 Ditto, (31, 15, 14, 5, 4½, 4lbs.) 2 Sea-trout, (5, 2lbs.) rose 9 Salmon.....	80	8
,, .. 27	Ditto, near Grong	7 Ditto, (24, 7, 5, 4, 4, 4, 4lbs.) 1 Sea-trout, (6lbs.) rose 10 Salmon	58	0

July .. 28	Ditto, near Fossland	5	Ditto, (24, 16, 14, 5, 4lbs.) 1 Sea-trout; rose 12 Salmon	64	0
,, .. 29	Ditto, near Fiskum	4	Ditto, (16, 15, 5, 4lbs) 1 Sea-trout, (6lbs.) rose 6 Salmon	46	0
,, .. 31	Ditto, ditto	2	Ditto, (28, 27lbs.) 1 Sea-trout; rose 5 Salmon	56	8
August 1	Ditto, ditto	5	Ditto, (30, 24, 22, 21, 20lbs.) rose 12.....	117	0
,, .. 2	Ditto, ditto	4	Ditto, (22, 21, 14, 12lbs.) rose 10	69	0
,, .. 3	Ditto, between Fiskum and Fossland	5	Ditto, (30, 28, 25, 16, 5lbs.) rose 8	104	0
,, .. 4	Ditto, near Fossland	2	Ditto, (11, 6lbs.) rose 4	17	0
,, .. 5	Ditto, between Fossland and Fiskum		Caught none! rose 3.		
,, .. 7	Ditto, near Fiskum.....	2	Salmon, (22, 18lbs.) rose 5	40	0
,, .. 8	Ditto, ditto		Caught none! rose 2 Salmon; 1 Sea-trout	1	8
,, .. 9	Ditto, ditto	4	Salmon, (25, 22, 18, 5lbs.) rose 5	70	0
,, .. 10	Ditto, ditto	1	Ditto; rose 7	18	0
,, .. 11	Ditto, ditto		Caught none! rose none.		
,, .. 12	Ditto, ditto		Ditto! rose 1.		
,, .. 14	Ditto, ditto	1	Salmon, (16lbs.) 2 Sea-trout; rose 4 Salmon.....	21	0
,, .. 15	Ditto, ditto	1	Ditto, rose 5	34	0
,, .. 16	Ditto, between Fiskum and Fossland	6	Ditto, (30, 25, 24, 24, 15, 4lbs.) rose 25	122	0
,, .. 17	Ditto, near Fossland	8	Ditto, (30, 22, 15, 10, 6, 5, 4, 3½lbs.) rose 19	95	8
,, .. 18	Ditto, ditto	6	Ditto, (37, 33, 18, 17, 6, 5lbs.) rose 14	116	0
,, .. 19	Ditto, near Grong	1	Ditto, (6lbs.) 1 Sea-trout (3lbs.) rose 7 Salmon.....	9	0
,, .. 21	Ditto, ditto	3	Ditto, (11, 4, 4lbs.) rose 13	19	0
,, .. 26	Lake near Hammer.....	8	Trout	6	8
September 1	River Guul, near Rogstad	2	Salmon, (25, 11lbs.).....	36	0
,, .. 2	Ditto, ditto	5	Ditto, (18, 9, 5, 5, 5lbs.).....	42	0
,, .. 6	River Hitter, near Brækkan	22	Trout	9	0
,, .. 8	Ditto, near Röraas	12	Ditto	7	0
,, .. 9	River Glommen, near Lake Öresund..	7	Ditto	8	0

LIST OF SALMON AND TROUT CAUGHT IN 1839.

WHEN.	WHERE.	WHAT.	Total Wt. lbs.	oz.
May .. 30	Near Husbyfjöl	10 Trout	14	0
,, .. 31	Ditto	6 Ditto	15	8
June .. 16	Beina, near Thomlevolden	1 Ditto	0	4
,, .. 18	Ditto, near Haave	2 Ditto	1	8
,, .. 24	Otte Vand	1 Ditto	0	8
,, .. 25	Gjen-dal	11 Ditto	3	6
,, .. 26	Near Jerkin	20 Ditto and Grayling	9	8
,, .. 27	Ditto	30 Ditto ditto	13	0
,, .. 29	River Guul, near Rogstad	1 Ditto	0	8
July .. 6	Lake at Hammer, (in 2½ hours)	32 Ditto	18	0
,, .. 8	Værdals-Elv	1 Salmon	4	8
,, .. 9	Ditto	5 Trout	5	0
,, .. 12	River Namsen, near Grong	4 Salmon, (25, 13½, 5, 4lbs.) rose 6	47	8
,, .. 13	Ditto ditto	11 Ditto, (21, 21, 20, 19, 18, 13, 8, 5, 4, 4, 4lbs.) rose 22	137	0
,, .. 15	Ditto, near Fossland	3 Ditto, (40, 28, 14lbs.) rose 5	82	0
,, .. 16	Ditto, near Grong	6 Ditto, (20½, 6, 4, 4, 4, 3) rose 16; 1 Sea-trout, (4lbs.) 1 Common Trout, (1lb.)	44	8
,, .. 17	Ditto, near Fossland	Did not see a Fish.		
,, .. 18	Ditto, from Fossland to Fiskum	2 Salmon, (24, 4lbs.) rose 5	28	0
,, .. 19	Ditto, near Fiskum	5 Ditto, (6, 5, 4, 3, 3lbs.) rose 10	21	0
,, .. 20	Ditto, ditto	4 Ditto, (22, 5, 4, 4lbs.) rose 4	35	0
,, .. 22	Ditto, ditto	2 Ditto, (4, 3lbs.) rose 6	7	0
,, .. 23	Ditto, ditto	8 Ditto, (28, 12, 9, 5, 5, 4, 4, 4lbs.) rose 18	71	0

July .. 24	Ditto, between Fiskum and Fossland ..	3 Ditto, (13, 4, 4lbs.) rose 8	21	0
,, .. 25	Ditto, near Fossland	1 Ditto; rose 2.....	15	0
,, .. 26	Ditto, near Grong	5 Ditto; rose 13	20	0
,, .. 27	Ditto, near Værum	9 Ditto, (21, 27, 19, 18, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4lbs.) rose 18.....	112	0
,, .. 29	Ditto, near Grong	9 Ditto, (30, 21, 16, 10, 6, 5, 5, 4, 4lbs.) rose 14; 1 Sea-trout, (4lb.).....	105	0
,, .. 30	Ditto, from Grong to Værum	4 Ditto, and 1 Sea-trout; rose 8 Salmon	22	0
August 1	Ditto, near Værum.....	5 Ditto, (12, 9, 6, 5, 4lbs.) rose 8	36	0
,, .. 2	Ditto, ditto	2 Ditto, (5, 5lbs.) rose 3	10	0
,, .. 3	Ditto, near Grong	Caught none! rose 2 small Salmon		
,, .. 5	Ditto, from Grong to Fiskum	6 Salmon, (27, 18, 11, 6, 4, 3lbs.) rose 13; 1 Sea-trout	69	0
,, .. 6	Ditto, near Fiskum Foss.....	8 Ditto, (30, 18, 17, 16, 16, 12, 5, 4lbs.) rose 13	118	0
,, .. 7	Ditto, below Fiskum	4 Ditto, (22, 18, 16, 4lbs.) rose 13	60	0
,, .. 8	Ditto, near Fiskum Foss.....	9 Ditto, (27, 20, 19, 16, 5, 5, 4, 4, 4lbs.) rose 14	104	0
,, .. 9	Ditto, ditto	2 Ditto, (10, 3lbs.) rose 5.....	13	0
,, .. 10	Ditto, ditto	3 Ditto, (24, 17, 11lbs.) rose 6; 1 Sea-trout	55	0
,, .. 12	Ditto, ditto	11 Ditto, (37, 34, 33, 24, 23, 18, 18, 11, 10, 4, 4lbs) rose 18	216	0
,, .. 13	Ditto, from Fiskum to Fossland.....	4 Ditto, (21, 16, 12, 4lbs.) rose 9; 2 Sea-trout.....	56	8
,, .. 14	Ditto, near Fiskum Foss.....	4 Ditto, (34, 31, 20, 18lbs.) rose 4.....	103	0
,, .. 15	Ditto, below Fiskum	7 Ditto, (25, 21, 19, 18, 5, 4, 4lbs.) rose 16; 1 Sea-trout	97	0
,, .. 16	Ditto, ditto	2 Ditto, (6, 3lbs.) rose 7	9	0
,, .. 17	Ditto, ditto	Caught none! rose 2 small Salmon		
,, .. 19	Ditto, from Fiskum to Grong.....	3 Salmon, (26, 18, 4lbs.) rose 9	48	0
,, .. 21	Ditto, near Fossland	2 Ditto, (4, 4lbs.) rose 6; 1 Sea-trout	9	8
,, .. 29	River Örke, near Moe	1 Sea-trout; 1 Common ditto	2	0
September 2	River Rauma, near Veblungsnæs	1 Salmon	8	0
,, .. 4	Ditto, ditto	1 Ditto	21	0
,, .. 9	Lessöe Lake and River	40 Trout and Grayling, (7, 3, 2, 2lbs., &c.)	26	0
,, .. 12	Near Hund in Biri	5 Trout	0	10

RELATIVE VALUE OF MONEY, WEIGHTS, AND MEASURES.

HAMBURG MONEY.

16 Skillings ..... =1 Mark.
3 Marks ..... =1 Hamburg Dollar.
3 Marks 12 Skillings=1 Specie Thaler.

An English Sovereign is usually equal to about 17 marks; therefore, an English penny equals about 1⅓ Hamburg skilling.

DANISH MONEY.

16 Skillings=1 Mark.
6 Marks.. =1 Rigsbank daler (paper.)
12 Marks.. =1 Specie Rigsdaler (silver.)

An English Sovereign is usually equal to about 9 Rigsbank dalers: therefore, an English penny equals about 3½ Danish skillings.

SWEDISH MONEY.

48 Skillings . . . =1 Rix daler.
2^{x} Banco . . . . $=3^{x}$ Rix.
48 Skillings $b^{co.}$ = 1 Rix daler $b^{co.}$ = 72 Skillings Rixgeld.
48 Skillings rix = 1 Rix daler (rix) = 32 Skillings Banco.

An English Sovereign is usually equal to about 11 dalers 32 skillings Rix: therefore, an English penny equals about $2\frac{1}{3}$ skillings Banco, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ skillings Rix.

NORWEGIAN MONEY.

24 Skillings = 1 Mark, or Ort, as it is called in the North.
5 Marks.. = 1 Daler.

An English Sovereign is usually equal to 5 dalers: therefore, an English penny equals about $2\frac{1}{2}$ Norwegian skillings.

The above relations to English values must of course vary with the rates of exchange: I have given what were the average values during my recent visits; they will be found sufficiently accurate for all ordinary purposes.

NORWEGIAN MEASURES OF WEIGHTS.

2 Lods .=1 Ounce.
2 Marks.=1 Pound.
12 Pounds=1 Bismal Pund (often called simply "a Pund.")
16 Pounds=1 Lispund.
36 Pounds=1 Vog.
320 Pounds=1 Skippund.

100 Pounds Norwegian=109,869lbs. avoirdupois English.

SCANDINAVIAN MEASURES OF LENGTH.

Danish	Mile= 8,244	English yds.=4.684	British stat. miles.
Swedish	do.=11,700	ditto =6.640	ditto.
Norwegian	do.=12,352	ditto =7.180	ditto.

The Norwegian mile is equal to 18,000 ells, or 36,000 feet: the Norwegian and the Rhenish foot are the same.

1000 feet Norwegian are equal to 1029.36 feet English: the Encyclopædia Britannica gives 1000 feet Norwegian, equal to 1033 feet English; but from the authority I had for my statement, I believe it to be the most correct. According to the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, the Norwegian (or Rhenish) ell is

equal to 24.71 British imperial inches; which would make 1000 feet Norwegian, equal to 1028 feet English, nearly.

According to the Edinburgh Encyclopædia the Swedish ell is equal to 23.37 British imperial inches. And, finally, according to the semi-official map of the roads in Sweden and Norway, published at Stockholm by Brandenburg, in 1831, the Swedish mile is said to be to the Norwegian in the proportion of 1 : 1.0572. The discrepancies among the above authorities prove that they cannot be depended on for scientific calculations: but they are probably all sufficiently near the truth for the Tourist's information.

It, perhaps, may be interesting, as serving to convey some idea of the accommodations to be expected in the better kind of Norwegian Inn, as well as of the prices, if I subjoin a copy of the Tariff, established for the district North of Trondhjem; and which will be found nearly similar to those fixed for other rural parts of Norway. These lists being official, a severe penalty is attached to their infraction: and as they are ordered to be affixed in a conspicuous place in the Traveller's apartment, it is his own fault if he be greatly overcharged.

"List of Prices established for North Trondhjem's Amt, *August*, 1836, *by Fogman*, *G. Matthesen*.

For Personer uden for Almuestanden.

	Skillings.
For Værelse, med Lys, Varme, og Seng, per Dogn	16
,, Værelse med Seng, uden Lys og Varme	10
,, een ret varm Mad, med Bröd til	12
,, een ret kold Mad, eller een Portion Smörrebröd, med Ost, og Kjöd, eller deslige.....	8
,, een Contoir-kop god Kaffee, med Flöde, og Sukker	6
,, een Contoir-kop god Congo thee, med ditto ..	3
,, een Flaske, eller een Potte godt, stærkere end almindeligt, Æl.....	4
,, een Flaske, eller een Potte almindeligt Æl	2
,, Dram godt Fransk Brændeviin.....	2
,, Dram godt Fransk Brændeviin, Karve-aquavit	2
,, Dram godt Norsk Brændeviin, à 6 Grader....	1

For Personer af Almuestanden.

For Værelse, med Seng, Lys, og Varme, per Dogn	6
,, Værelse, med Seng, uden Lys og Varme	2

Forlanger den Reisende særdeles Beværtning af Mad og Drikkevarer, betales derfor efter Overeenskomft. Foranforte Taxt gjælder indtil videre.

Translation of the above Tariff:

List of Prices to be paid by persons above the common rank.

	Skillings.
For apartment, with lights, fire, and bed, per diem, (a day and a night)	16
,, Apartment with bed, but without lights or fire	10
,, a good warm meal, with bread to it	12
,, a good cold meal, or a portion of bread and butter, with cheese or meat, or the like	8
,, a large cup of good coffee, with cream and sugar	6
,, ditto congo tea, with ditto	3
,, for a bottle or pot of good ale, stronger than ordinary	4
,, ditto, of common ale.....	2
,, a glass of good French brandy	2
,, ditto of aquavitæ, flavoured with caraway	2
,, ditto good Norwegian brandy, of 6 degrees (of strength)	1

Prices for Persons of the lower orders.

For apartment with bed, light, and fire, per diem..	6
,, ditto ditto without lights and fire....	2

Should the traveller require any particular service of eatables or liquors, they must be paid for according to private agreement.

The above Tariff is in force until further notice.

If the reader will refer to a former table for the value of a Norwegian skilling, he will see there can be no reason to complain of the exorbitance of this list of prices. He must not, however, think that he can readily obtain every one of the above articles by expressing his readiness to pay for them. The third and fourth articles, for instance, will almost invariably, resolve themselves into nothing better than "a portion of bread and butter, with cheese or the like." Very seldom indeed will he get "a good warm or cold meal of meat:" and the "French brandy," he will soon find, was never out of Norway.

I have added a vocabulary of some words and phrases likely to prove most useful to the Traveller either on the road, or at the inn: he may find it more convenient, than to have to search for the words he wants in a dictionary. It will at least serve for a commencement, which I should strongly recommend him to improve and increase by as large an acquaintance with the language itself, as his time and aptitude for foreign tongues will allow.

Nothing is so great a comfort and advantage as to be, at least in some degree, acquainted with the language of the country in which one is travelling. Each step of progress in it amply compensates for the labour bestowed: and Norsk, in particular, is so easy in its construction, and withal so like English, that our countrymen at any rate cannot find

it difficult. It is said, with justice, to bear a still closer resemblance to Lowland Scotch: and in attempting to speak it, I should recommend the stranger to endeavour to imitate the broad accent, and the slow, singsong delivery of the Scottish Lowlander, rather than the rapid, indistinct, closemouthed pronunciation of many of the higher classes of Englishmen.

The vowels have the broad open sound, given them by every people, except ourselves: the final *e* is always sounded, but is usually short. When *o* has two dots over it, as thus, *ö*, it is pronounced like the French diphthong *œ* in *œil*. When *a* has the same two dots, as thus, *ä*, it has the long sound of our *a*, in "*case*," for instance. The double *aa* sounds exactly like our *oa*; thus, *Aar*, the Year, is pronounced as our *Oar*. The vowel *y* is pronounced nearly like the French *u*: while the Norwegian *j* has the sound and power of our consonantic *y*.

The consonants require little remark; except perhaps that *d*, where it follows a consonant, seems, in general, only to increase the sound of the preceding consonant thus, *Fjelder*, Mountains, is pronounced *Fyel-ler:* where it commences a syllable, it has its usual sound. The accents are very various: and no intelligible description of them, or directions for their employment, can easily be given.

The Norsk verbs and substances have as few and simple inflections, as can well be. The regular verbs take a final *r* in the three persons singular of the

present tense; otherwise they end in *e* throughout the active voice; and do not vary, either for person or number. In the passive voice they assume a final *s*, in addition to the corresponding tense of the active: the auxiliary verbs are very similar to ours, both in sound and use. Thus, *jeg* (pronounced *yei*) *elsker*, I love; *han*, or *hun*, *elsker*, he or she loves; *vi elske*, *de elske*, we, they, love. *Jeg elskede*, I loved: *Jeg skal elske*, I shall love. And in the passive, *Jeg*, or *de*, *elskes*, I, or they, are loved: *jeg elskedes*, I was loved: *Jeg skal elskes*, I shall be loved.

Where there is any difference between the singular and plural of substantives, the latter is commonly formed by the addition of *e*, or *er:* the genitive takes a final *s*, or the proposition *af* (of) as in English: the other cases have no inflection.

But by far the greatest peculiarity of the Norsk language is the use of the articles: these are *en* for the masculine and feminine; *et*, for the neuter gender. When prefixed, they constitute the indefinite article; when added as a termination to a substantive, they become the definite: *ne* is the universal definite article of the plural. Thus, *Hest*, horse; *en Hest*, a horse; *Hesten*, the horse: *Hester*, horses; *Hesterne*, the horses: *Hestens*, of the horse; *Hesternes*, of the horses. But when an adjective is joined with the substantive, the demonstrative pronoun (*den*, *det*, *de*) is employed as the definite article: as thus, *den hvide Hest*, the white horse; *det sorte Haar*, the black hair: *de hvide Hester*, the white horses.

The collocation of the words in a sentence follows the English construction, as nearly as possible: but I believe it will be found the best plan, in this as in all other languages, for the beginner to content himself with pronouncing, as distinctly as he can, the substantive that expresses the idea of what he wants. He is thus much more likely to make himself understood, than if he attempt to form a perfectly correct grammatical sentence; and thereby run the chance of perplexing his hearer by so many more words improperly pronounced.

The written language of Norway, as also the language of the pulpit, the stage, and the best society, is precisely the same as the Danish; though the pronunciation is considerably different. The dialects in Norway vary very much; in consequence, doubtless, of the little communication that the inhabitants of their confined vallies have with each other. It may however, be said generally, that wherever the patois of the peasants differ from pure Danish, they approach so much nearer to the Swedish. The latter is so like Norsk, that intelligent natives of the two countries can mutually understand each other: but it is much more harmonious to the ear; indeed, to my taste, when agreeably spoken, as it often is by the Swedish ladies, it is, next to Italian, the sweetest language I ever heard. Many of the harsher Norwegian sounds are softened down. The vowel *e* is frequently changed into *a*: *k*, which in Norsk is pro-

nounced hard (except in a few rare instances where it precedes *j*) is in Swedish always soft whenever it precedes a soft vowel (*e, i, ö.*) Thus *Kinnekulle,* is pronounced *Chinne koolle,* &c.

I proceed now to give a short catalogue of some of the most useful words for the Tourist in Norway.

Carriole .... Name of the Norwegian one-horse carriage.
Vogn ..... Carriage in general
Hjul, (pronounced Hyool) Wheel.
Armene .... The Shafts.
Tomme .... Rein.
Sele ..... Harness.
Svöbe, (in Swedish, Piskan) Whip.
Fjeder .... Spring.
Smör ..... Grease.
Skydskaffer . Man that supplies post horses.
Skydskarl .. Boy that goes with horses.
Tilsigelsepenge, Money paid for ordering the horses: 4 sks. for each.
Skiftet .... The Stage.
Gastgivergaard, Inn.
Dagbog.... Daybook, in which the Traveller must enter his name, &c
Păpīr ..... Paper.
Penne..... Pen.
Blække .... Ink.

Trikke-penge, Drink money.
Koffert .... Portmanteau.
Kasse..... Box.
Foderal .... Case.

Middag-mad, Dinner.
Nat-mad .. Supper.
Frokost .... Breakfast.
Noget til spise, Something to eat.
Kjöd ..... Fresh meat.
Flesk ..... Salt meat.
Vild ..... Game.
Fugl ..... Bird.
Rensdyr.... Reindeer.
Tĭhūr..... Capercailzie.
Urhan .... Black cock.
Rype ..... Ptarmigan.
Hjerpe .... Hasel hen.
Fisk ..... Fish.
Skinke .... Ham, or Bacon.
Sild ..... Herring.
Ægger .... Eggs.
Potata .... Potatoes.
Smörre bröd, Bread and Butter.
Gammel Ost, Old Cheese.
Flad bröd .. Flat bread, or Barley cake.

Melk ..... Milk.
Flöde ..... Cream.
Sukker .... Sugar.
Smör ..... Butter.
Thee ..... Tea.
Kaffee .... Coffee.
En Dram Brandtviin, A glass of Brandy.
Bord ..... Table.
Stul ..... Chair.
Kniv ..... Knife.
Gaffel..... Fork.
Skee ..... Spoon.
Tellerken .. Plate.
Kopp..... Cup.
Stor Glæs .. Large Glass.
Kasserolle .. Kettle.
Stege-pande, Fryingpan.
Ild ..... Fire (the element).
Varme .... Fire (in room).
Nat quartier, Night lodging.
Værelse .... Room, or Chamber
Seng ..... Bed.
Lagene .... The Sheets.
Teppe .... Coverlid.
Lys ..... Lights, or Candle.
Vindue .... Window.
Dören .... The Door.
Vaske bolle . Washing basin.
Vand (vulgar, Vatten) Water.
Haandklæd . Towel.
Sæbe ..... Soap.
Regningen .. The Bill.
Gode Betaling, Good Pay.
Mand ..... Husband.
Kone ..... Wife.

Sön..... Son.
Datter .... Daughter.
Dreng..... Boy.
Pige ..... Girl.
Liden God, (familiar for) Little Child.
Börn ..... Children.
Tjener .... Servant.
Tolk ..... Interpreter.
Frak ..... Coat.
Beenklæder . Trowsers.
Hut ..... Hat.
Lue ..... Cap.
Lomme .... Pocket.

Hest ..... Horse.
Hengst .... Stallion.
Hoppe, or Mær, Mare.
Halt ..... Lame.
Ingen Sko paa, No Shoe on.
Veien ..... The Road.
Bakke .... Hill.
Fjeld ..... Mountain range.
Bjerg ..... Rock.
Fjord ..... Arm of the Sea.
Elv ..... River.
Næs (properly Nose) hence a Promontory.
Vand (used often for Lake) properly Water.
Söe..... Lake, generally large.
Færge..... Ferry.
Foss ..... Waterfall.
Mark ..... Field, or cultivated Land.

Ager ..... Cornfield.
Eng ..... Meadow.
Hvede .... Wheat.
Ryg ..... Rye.
Byg ..... Barley.
Havre .... Oats.
Græs ..... Grass.
Hö ..... Hay.
Lade ..... Barn.
Creatur .... Cattle.
Hund ..... Dog.
Sviin ..... Pig.
Sætter .... Summer pasturage
Skov ..... Wood, or Forest.
Træ ..... (piece of) Wood; also, Tree.
Ask ..... Ash.
Birk ..... Birch.
Fyrū ..... Scotch Fir.
Gran ..... Spruce.
Gaard .... Farm house.
Præstegaard, Priest's Residence.
By ..... Town (from which the termination of so many English places is derived.)
Landet .... The Country.
Björn ..... Bear.
Ræve ..... Fox.
Ulv ..... Wolf.
Baad ..... Boat (sound nearly the same.)
Aare ..... Oar (ditto).
Roerskarl .. Rower.
Fiske-stang . Fishing-rod.
Fiske-snur .. Fishing-line.

Snelle ..... Reel.
Angel, or Krog, Hook.
Flue ..... Fly.
Flu-angel, or Flue-krog } Artificial fly.
Lax ..... Salmon.
Öret, or Örred, Trout.
Syk ..... Grayling.
Gjedde .... Pike.
Aborre .... Perch.
Gorkin .... Bleak.
Naat, or Næt, Large Drawing Net.
Garn ..... Smaller Net, usually fixed.
Idag ..... To-day.
Igaar ..... Yesterday.
Imorgen .. To-morrow.
Tidlig ..... Early.
Seen ..... Late.
Iquell .... In the Evening.
Klokken, to, tre, Two, three o'clock.
Dyb ..... Deep.
Grund .... Shallow.
Færdig .... Ready.
Langsom .. Slow.
Reen ..... Clean.
Smudsig .. Dirty.
Ingen ..... No one.
Intet ..... Nothing.
Ikke ..... Not.
Nei ..... No.
Ja, (jo, in answer to a negative) Yes.
Mange .... Many.

Meget.....	Much.
Noget	Something.
Strax	Immediately.
Snart	Quickly.
Fort!	Get on!
Tilbage	Back again.
Höjere Haand,	Right hand.
Venstre Haand	Left hand.
Kan	Can.
Vil	Will.
Skal	Shall.
Maa	Must.
Faae	to get.
Skaffe	to procure.
Raabe.....	to call.
Hente.....	to fetch.
Springe	to run, or jump.
Reise	to travel.

Hvile	to rest.
Ligge	to lie down.
Sove	to sleep.
Stege	to fry.
Koge	to boil.
Slaae	to strike.
Skee	to happen.
Sætte paa ..	to put on (the fire &c.)
God dag....	Good day.
Adje Farvel .	Goodbye, farewell.
Vär so god, at,	Be so good as to
Om Forladse,	I beg your pardon.
Komm hiit !	Come here !
Giv mig min,	Give me my
Lukke Dören til,	Shut the door.
Aabne Vinduen,	Open the window.

Jeg takker, Mange Tak	Thank you. Many thanks.
Tak skal De have	Thanks shall you have.
Godt Veir	Good weather.
Regn Veir	Rainy weather.
Slem Vei	Bad road.
Bedste Slags	The best kind.
Det blæser	It blows hard.
Hvōrlēdēs befinder De Dem ?	How do you do ?
Hvem hedder Du !.....	What is your name ?
Hvad kales dette ?	What is that called ?
Jeg forstaaer ikke	I do not understand.
Jeg er en Fremmed, en Engelskemand,	I am a stranger, an Englishman.
Jeg kan ikke tale Norsk	I cannot speak Norwegian.
Du maa tale langsom	You must speak slowly.
Hvad koster det ?	What does that cost ?

Hvor langt er det herfra til ..	How far is it from here to
Er denne Veien til.....	Is this the road to
Hvor mange Klokken er det ?	What o'clock is it ?
Er der Ingen hjemme ?.....	Is there no one at home ?
Kan jeg ligge her ?.....	Can I sleep here ?
Kan jeg faae noget til spise ?..	Can I get any thing to eat ?
Hvor ere Hesterne ?	Where are the horses ?
Hesterne vare bestilt om Klokken eet	The horses were ordered for one o'clock.
Hvor er min Tjener ?.....	Where is my servant ?
Hvor mange Aar gammel er Du ?	How old are you ?
Kjærre paa-or, frem !	Drive on !
Giv mig Regningen	Give me the bill.
Findes ingen Baad her ?	Is there no boat here ?
Kan man skaffe mig en Baad, med et Par Roerskarl ..	Can you procure me a boat, with a couple of rowers ?
Kan jeg faae en Hest strax ? ..	Can I get a horse directly ?
Nok een til.....	One more.

NUMERALS.

Een	1	Tretten.....	13
To	2	Fjorten.....	14
Tre	3	Femten.....	15
Fier	4	Sexten	16
Fem	5	Sytten	17
Sex	6	Atten	18
Syv	7	Nitten	19
Otte	8	Tyve.....	20
Ni.....	9	Een og tyve	21
Ti.....	10	To og tyve	22
Elleve	11	Tredive.....	30
Tolv	12	Fyrretyve	40

Halvtresindstyve, or briefly Halvtreds	50	Fjersindstyve	80
Tresindstyve	60	Halvfemsindstyve or Halvfems	90
Halvfjersindstyve, or Halvfjers	70	Hundrede	100

Den förste	The first	Den tredie	The third
Den anden	The second	Den fjerde....	The fourth, &c.

Den förste gang, The first time. Den anden gang, The second time.

Een gang .... Once. To gang..... Twice.
Tre gang .... Thrice.

The Norwegian method of reckoning fractions of time or distances, is rather puzzling to a stranger at first: thus, "Klokken er halv tre;" means, it is half past two o'clock; or, *half way from the last number towards three.* So also "halv tresindstyve," signifies that it is *half way from the last number forty, towards three times twenty,* or sixty; that is, it is fifty: and so on, with the others.

If the stage be a mile and a half, you may perhaps be told that it is "halv anden miil;" or *half way towards the second mile:* but more probably, that it is "Sex fjerding," or six quarters. If the distance be half a mile and an eighth, they will call it "fem ottendeel," or five eighths. A slight acquaintance with vulgar fractions will render this simple to the

Traveller: but should he be told that the stage is "halv sex Fjerding;" he must not fancy it to be only three quarters, or *the half of six:* he will find it to be five quarters, and an eighth; or *half way from five towards six,* upon the same principle as before explained.

THE END.

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